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— The —
Red and White

Junior Issue



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RUTLAND, VERMONT

MARCH 1928

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Editors



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JUNIOR
ISSUE



Editorials



TO THE JUNIORS

One clear Autumnal day, way back in September 1925, a class stepped into our halls of learning who were destined to become a forcible spur in high school life. Pulsating with enthusiasm, their existence as lowly Freshmen soon became a thing of the past. Their many mistakes and short-comings were almost entirely obliterated by the time that they emerged, the following September, as cocky Sophomores. As tradition has it, they made the life of a Freshman a very unhappy and deplorable memory. By observing the other two upper classes and by endeavoring to emulate their behavior, they soon blossomed forth into a worthy constituent of Rutland High.

Many were the amorous affairs upon which this class has embarked but upon this delicate topic more discerning authorities must be consulted. They made their debut upon the athletic field, and we feel certain that the athletic and social prestige, attained by our school, may be safely left in the bosom of this class when the present Senior class passes thru the gateway.

Next year, you will be the first class in Rutland High. According to present indications you will be the first class to graduate from the new high school. May you continue the ideals and sportsmanship in the new high school, which the worthy alumni of the present structure have so virtuously laid down; may the honors which have come to our school in the past, continue to shower down upon the new institution, and leave the present high standards intact—with you as leaders in its initial year.

—o—

Write your own ticket,
Young fellow and state
Your name and address,
Your birth and date,
How far would you travel,
What sights would you see?
What is it you're anxious
To do and to be?

Life's roads are all open!
Which one will you use?
Here are all sorts of stations.
Come! Step up and choose.

Thus runs the first verse of a little poem by Eddie Guest. In the two remaining ones he runs on in the same vein, pointing out the things that are to be had in life if only one makes up his mind to get them; telling of the chances that a young person has to become anything that he wishes, good or bad; questioning as to the destination which each one will write upon his own ticket, and explaining that the future of each one rests entirely within himself.

College is a wonderful institution, and will go a long way towards helping a fellow to make a success in life—but—it cannot do it single-handed. A fellow must be ready to dig in and work hard if he wants to really benefit by it in any way.

So—once again—write your own ticket, plan now what you want to be in life, what you want to accomplish, what you want most of all to win, AND GO AFTER IT.

A. H. A. '29.

“Bluffing” one’s way through school is, to some, comparatively easy. To recite a lesson with the aid of a classmate or an open book which is hidden from the teacher may seem clever at the time. You “put one over” as it were. But—what does it gain for you? Surely there is no real enjoyment in such infamous cowardly resorts to cheating. One who uses such methods must crib in order to pass his examinations. Is it fair to yourself? To your parents? To your Alma Mater? No, a thousand times **no**. It is a habit which, when once acquired is rarely rid of. In later life it brings shame and disgrace if discovered or a moral decline if there is success in this sham. Then your school, too, is lowered in prestige by the fact that its members should be so void of pride as to stoop to such base methods. To bluff is getting to be commonplace occurrence, so much so, in fact, that it is considered a part of the day’s regime. Where is your pride, where is your class and school loyalty? Let’s join together in common cause, namely—to be fair and square always. The biggest successes of the day were the best pluggers and far from the brightest in their class. Think of this when tempted to depend upon convenient means of rattling off a few lines—enough to suffice and get you by. Work with a good wholesome American spirit and for good old R. H. S.

W. J. B. '29.

STATE BASKETBALL CHAMPS!

One of the things that local supporters and adherents had dubbed as an impossible achievement has at last emerged as a glowing example of what an unconquerable fighting spirit and indomitable will can do for an aggregation which was classed as the “underdog.” The spectators at that last game will never forget the marvelous passwork, the wonderful shots, and the impenetrable defense which characterized the team’s play. From a team that had been playing mediocre ball they arose to heights which were inspired by fine coaching and incomparable playing. Our boys clung tenaciously to the hope that they might upset the dope—might bring back the coveted gonfalon to rest in the bosom of R. H. S., and to cover themselves and their supporters with glory. What they succeeded in bringing about is now a past and glorious epoch in our athletic history.

The first team which Rutland encountered was the highly touted Northfield quintet. They were a scrappy and clean-cut bunch of players who were in there fighting for every point. Wemhoff, star center and mainstay of the team, was sewed up by the Rutland defense. The final score was Rutland 28, Northfield 21.

Saturday afternoon Rutland met Black River Academy of Ludlow in the second lap of the semi-finals. This game was not only for a shot at finalist honors—it was the “grudge” game between the two teams, each having previously won one game. Once again Captain Keefe and his worthy band of basketeers came thru in the style characterized and exemplified by that famous quintet of '25 who were beaten in a heartbreaking contest on the same floor by Montpelier High School. The score although close, was enough of a victory to soothe and comfort the Rutland cheerers.

That night Rutland went onto the floor, according to the dopesters, “beat before they started.” The odds were three to one against our team. The betters could conceive, could picture no method by which Rutland could ride roughshod over the strong Cathedral five, the conquerors of Springfield High, and also boasting two victories over Burlington High School, both of which teams had humbled Rutland twice.

How this game culminated is now known to all. How Rutland overcame the seemingly impassable obstacles, how they developed from a poor team into one worthy to play in the finals, is now a beautiful memory to Rutland fans.

The game ended—Rutland for the first time in its Athletic his-

tory, was State Basketball Champion; this honor was doubled for it brought for the first time the envied honor to a team of southern Vermont. The boys have been praised, the coaches have been praised, but to sum it all up—they came thru and showed the sand which we all knew was in them. They may truly feel the exhilarating thrill of accomplishment, brought about by their never-say-die spirit.

We may win at Chicago; more likely we won't win, but win or lose. We have a team which is an honor to our institution, a team which we can be proud of because—they came thru.

THE OUTLOOK TOWARD THE CRIMINAL.

Society has always looked upon criminals—men with a past. They rightly do so, but a great many times they forget that almost every man has a good point, and with half a chance that good point will rise to the surface and remain there.

Many an old and broken "peterman," skillful and daring safe breakers, have pitted their wits and cunning against the police, and incidentally have won oftener than they have lost. To these men it is an obsession, a profession in which they take pride. We must acknowledge that persons of this class, have in practically every case, perverted minds; and more than one are mechanics of unusual ability, who could make a comfortable living at honest labor, if only someone took the pains and trouble to point out to them the error of their ways. If every naturally upright person could understand that practically every confirmed criminal has a twist in his brain, a chronic perversion, or a mental deformity as pronounced as a physical defect, perhaps these unfortunate, misguided wretches would command more sympathy.

The majority of crooks maintain and zealously believe that an inescapable fate, in the form of irresistible human impulses or a combination of malign outward circumstances, has impelled them toward their present state. As long as they cling to such a belief they will continue to be confirmed law-breakers.

While many of these are serving long terms in the pen, conditions are slowly changing. The loneliness and the strait-jacket bring about great change in these wretches. When one is finally released, he finds that what few friends he did possess among the elite are now vanished and they have been replaced by men who look on him with cold and strange eyes. To these he is only a hardened slut, no more to be considered than the habitual dip or the cocaine fiend. At last they must feel, as they see the sunset approaching, that their race is practically run, and that crime does not pay. He knows he has paid the

price in full; now he begs to be let alone and live his few remaining years in peace, in regret for the past. Perhaps even his egotism and confidence is now sapped. He finds a job finally, but the police will not let him keep it. They are familiar with his record and warn people against him. Wherever he appears he is given a tip to move on, and the police harass him until he is compelled to move. He is hounded to the verge of starvation; he begs in order to keep body and soul intact, and a man may be arrested for begging, though ready to drop with hunger.

Still, we cannot blame respectable citizens for this outlook, for it is the usual human way. But they might feel the same if they had been there; the hell of being hounded from pillar to post; they would know what it seems to him that the whole world is against him. How appalling must be the resentment and mad despair that engulfs the soul of such an unfortunate creature.

When a man is convinced that crime doesn't pay, he is in a good way to give up and become a staid and harmless citizen, earning an honest living and who will doubtless be of some service to the community in which he resides. If he is not given this chance, he must be convinced beyond the ghostly shadow of a doubt that there is no justice or fair play in the world for any man who has once borne the stigma of crime.

There is something fundamentally wrong in our methods of dealing with such men, and especially in our methods with lesser criminals and pitiable unfortunates who have stumbled into crooked ways by accident.

It's one of the mistakes society should recognize and make determined steps to rectify. Most people are too selfishly indifferent to such important matters. They cringe from being called reformers or cranks. They acknowledge the abuses of society and of government, but as long as they are not hit hard by any of these abuses they slothfully decline to even raise shouts in protest. That is precisely the reason why other nations think of us as money grubbers, grafters, and even in some cases, as cowards. It can evolve from one spring—prosperity and lazy indifference to the welfare and rights of our fellow men.

If society would only give such matters sufficient thought, then in progress of time, they would surely bring about a different and exceedingly better condition of affairs—then indeed "the mills of the immortals will have ground with exceeding beneficence and unprecedented celerity."

W. McG. '28.



REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR.

Here I'm still hanging after one whole generation has passed. I've seen many scenes during my life time and some of them still reflect in my mind if not on my surface. People call me a looking glass. What a vulgar name to attribute to an antique mirror! Here I've hung and given good service to ladies who have smiled or pouted before me. I have flattered until I'm done to death. Yes, we flatter people. They think they receive a direct reflection of their own countenance, but oh, if we should reflect their real expression and coquettishness. As the old saying goes if we could only see ourselves as others see us., what a world this would be.

Now, it is misfortune to be owned by the new mistresses of the house. They are two typical old maids, and dear me, how vain they are. I overheard a conversation in which I quietly joined but neither paid the slightest attention to me.

May said to Liz that she thought they ought to give a party to Helen, their cousin (the first I've heard of this) as it was the latter's first visit to this home. They decided to invite all the eligible men of the town and see if Helen couldn't make the best of it and draw a husband from the lot. They would play games and have plenty to eat.

Gee, I hope I'm invited.

Oh, I'm going to take part am I?

At last, the big night and here I am ready for the play. I've seen more old dames and wrinkles than there are stars. But who is this beautiful damsel approaching? Oh, she sees me, she's going to use me, I think. This is great, just hanging here looking at her pretty face. She neither pouts nor smiles but is trying to tuck a cunning curl back into place. She admires me and is feeling my frame. A beautiful frame, it? Well, I'm not so hard after all. So, she's going to take me down. She is speaking. "Now mirror, you must do your best, for I've decided to marry the man whose face

shows in your depths." Out into the hall she takes me, brushes me off and places me gently on the buffet in a large brilliantly lighted room. Now, I can see everything that goes on. Look at the old maids! But I see several pretty young girls. Here come the men and not a one do I approve for my found friend.

Oh! there's one that looks eligible, a good determined chin and rather a good looking one too.

My act has come, a game is it? I'm to be held by all the women while they back slowly down the room. I must find a mate for them somehow. First, comes Polly Pringle, I'll have to find a big cross man for her so he can boss her as she's been bossing every one for so many years. Ah, there he is, in the corner and yes, he's looking right at me. Polly chuckles to herself and goes off on his arm while I'm handed on and on to one another of the ladies.

At last I come to Helen. Now is the time. I must look around quickly, so, there he is! Now Helen, I say quietly, do your duty. She becomes nervous and afraid and falls just as the young man catches her in his arms. But I'm doomed for here I lay on the floor smashed to smithereens while these two stand and smile at each other.

M. J. 29.

A BASKET BALL GAME.

"The game is on—Hang on to it—Look Joe's coming down the court with it—Boy can't he dribble?—See he's going to shoot—Oh, if that guard would only stay out of the way we would have a basket.—Guard him, guard him—don't let him shoot.—What's the matter with you fellows anyway—Oh, look—Oh! he missed and Ed. has the ball. Boy we sure have got some pass work.—See them travel—look the referee called a foul on Bennington.—Say hasn't Johnny got a slick—He got it—Oh! Boy! One for Rutland.—Listen to Bennington cry. 'Come on Bennington show these marble-heads what you're made of.' Isn't that number 8 on Bennington's team good looking, they sure have got a dandy looking bunch, but they're older and bigger than our boys. Look—Look—Bennington has the ball and is going to shoot. See—Oh, dear he made it too—two to one in their favor and the end of the first quarter."

"Say, who do you think is the best looking of the boys? Ed. Layden isn't bad is he?—What did you say—Johnny Keefe? Girl

alive what are you thinking of—Well anyway I consider where it came from, Clare."

"The game is on—Rutland got the ball—Look it—Nice one Johnny, come on now, Rutland—Look!—Look! They missed it—Boy this is some game—Rutland fouled—I'm not going to look—Did they make it? Great—We are still ahead. Oh! some one's hurt—it's one of our boys.—It's Johnny Keefe—They've called the doctor—He's all right now. Come on Johnny. That a boy. Ed's got the ball—boy he can play—Oh! wasn't that a slick one—What—doesn't count?—Bennington's ball—Rutland sure is having it hard—Look! Bennington—The whistle—Boy that saved our lives. Three to two in our favor and the half is over."

"Are you going to stay to the dance Ginger? We'll stay and watch but won't dance—NO—it is just because I don't like to and you know it—No such reason—If he was here it wouldn't make any difference—So there—No I haven't Ray. Sure I love to—I've changed my mind Ginger—I've a right to haven't I?—Look—here comes the boys."

Howard looks all tired out—O'bie will probably change some of his men now—Yes sir, just as I said—He's put Tom Eddy in. He's good though—Game's on again—Bennington has the ball—Look! Look! They've made a basket so soon—Watch them Rutland—See Crowley has it—He's not so bad. Boy—that's a peach Tommy—We are still ahead by one point—Oh! There's a foul on Tom—Look, they made it. Rutland has the ball again—come on—come on, Rutland—Show your stuff—We don't want to cheer—wait—the whistle again—a tie now—"

"I don't care Ray is a peach of a fellow—he isn't afraid to spend money and he knows his manners anyhow—All right tell him—I I don't care—What—You said you saw him—it can't be—Oh! sure enough—now what will I do?—Well I can't help it he can like it or lump it—so there—Oh! forget it—"

"The game is on again—Boys you simply have to break the tie and pull through. Oh! Boy! Look! Joe made one—Oh! that's right down mean—the ball had left his hand before the whistle blew.—I don't care it wasn't fair—anyways he made the foul shot. Bennington's ball now—Look—he is going to shoot—he missed—It—Oh! Boy! Best game I've seen for a long time—Look Bennington made a basket—and they still hold the ball and are stalling—Break it up Rutland—That's the boy Ed. Gee! That was great—But—Look—Bennington has the ball again—"

Never mind Harvey is going to shoot—Hold everything girls—
—Oh! Boy! The game is ours.

E. H. '29.

VACATION IN ANTICIPATION.

Soon this school year will be at its end
And o'er our books we will no longer bend,
Nor listen to the constant tock
Of that slowly moving clock.
It seems those hands will never come
To where they say a quarter to one
But we must be patient and think once more
Our friend "vacation" will soon come knocking on our door
To give us a rest from our student lore.

Ah! then how happy we will be
To face Mother Nature and say I'm free.
Once more to paddle out on the lake
And feel our hearts swell at the beauty God made for our sake.
Once more we will sleep out under the stars
And know that those beautiful lights afar
Are made and given by one strong hand
That is guiding us over the roughest sand
And when school time comes round again
We'll go at it with new pep and vim.
We'll work hard with our books and hard with our pens
Until vacation times comes again.

L. H. '28.

MIS-LED.

Miss Clarobel Westover, aged fifty-two and three quarters, yawned petulantly and sat up. Her tired lined face seemed out of place among the lacy pillows on the great four-poster bed.

"Marie, Marie," she rasped, "where is my mail?" She did not really expect much but dressmaker's and milliner's bills but just in case there **should** be something else—.

Ah! there was! A thick lovely letter in a beautiful creamy envelope. As she started to read, a great wonder and excitement dawned in Miss Clarobel's eyes. She searched the envelope to make sure

the address was correct. Yes, it was meant for her all right. It began "May darling, How can I wait for five whole days before I see your lovely face again?" Miss Clarobel glanced in the mirror. Lovely? Perhaps, with the exception of a myriad of wrinkles, a sallow skin and two large moles. She read on. "It seems ages since I have caressed your soft golden hair with ardent lips."

Golden? Soft? Miss Clarobel pulled out a puff here and tucked one in there of the hair which last year had been a fashionable auburn and this season was a stylish but slightly streaky, golden brown.

"How I long to hear your tinkling laugh," the letter continued, "and see your pearly teeth flash a smile at me." Pearly teeth? Miss Clarobel quickly reached for hers which were grinning impishly at her from the dresser.

Thirty miles away a disconsolate young lady, sobbing with her head in the pillows, clutched a letter in one hand.

"Oh, why need he have been so cold, so formal?" she wailed. Why, the only personal note in his whole letter is where he asks if my rheumatism is better. "Rheumatism! Just when I thought I had him landed too." Sobbing angrily she kicked two healthy and far from rheumatic feet in the air.

R. B. '29.

LINDBERG.

In Flanders Fields they dared so much!
And daring died, that we
Might live in peace and harmony
But death did not fulfill the hope
Of those who drank of Lethe's rill
And we forgot—as we forgot the death of Him
The child of Mary, Virgin still,
Who suffered in Gethsemane
To bring good-will.

Undaunted Christ of Calvary
Sent one who dared alone
Whose modesty and courage shone
As did the Star of Bethlehem
And hope again was born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men
Can we forget?

I. C. C.

AN ODE TO A FRESHVIR.

A freshvir full of sapientibus,
The star of the freshvir classorum,
Flunktum his final examibus,
And knew his goose was cooktorum.

He went domus to his mater et pater,
And threw his hat on the floorum,
When asked what was the matter,
He said, "All that I passed was the doorum

His pater looked gravis et said,
"My filius, have you flunktum again?"
The filius' face became red,
For he'd been a freshvir since 1910.

"Pater, I'd rather dig fossious,
School is a horribilis bore,
I'd rather use shovel et pickibus,
Than be a freshvir any more."

The filius got a job at Howe Scale Works,
He labors 'till evening draws near,
When the boss isn't looking he shirks,
And he'd much rather be a freshvir.

H. D. '29.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

Colonel James Galsworthy, formerly a commanding officer in the World War and now a retired citizen of the United States, might, without an unnecessarily hard tug at the imagination, be considered as a rather eccentric old gentleman. Somewhere around ten years ago he had earned a number of service badges and three wound stripes. Symbolic of the latter, upon his return from France, an empty left coat sleeve was pinned not unsuggestively across the front of his officer's uniform.

However, at the present time, the inhabitants of the little Vermont town of Camden knew little more about their most prominent resident than that he lived alone in the imposing white house on the hill, with only his servants, and that an inquisitive visitor would receive no cordial invitation within the huge bronze gate at the entrance.

That is why there was an unusual amount of comment when Jason Brown, who kept the fire burning in the little ten foot square railroad station, triumphantly announced that the Colonel's chauffeur had met a little girl at the afternoon train. "A reg'lar live-wire," he chirped between chuckles. "She'll prob'ly be as welcome to the Colonel as a barrel of sunshine to Miss Olivia's new parlor rug."

Jason's unusual announcement proved to be undisputedly true. As a matter of fact, the little girl was the Colonel's orphaned niece, Miss Shirley Wayne, of Seattle, Washington, reminiscent of a lovely and very skinny cricket with a shock of red hair. And at precisely the same moment Mr. Brown started off on his tale, James Galsworthy made the acquaintance of his niece—nor did he carry off the honors of that first meeting.

The next morning Colonel James did not breakfast alone. As usual, he occupied the chair at the head of the table, but at his right sat Miss Shirley Wayne, of Seattle.

"Shirley, please see to it that you are not late again," remarked the Colonel, from over his grapefruit.

"You can call me mickie," suggested the young lady, amiably, "that is, if you want to. It's what they call me back home." James Galsworthy relieved his peace of mind by forming a personal opinion that a more appropriate name would be "Hoptoad" or "Cricket."

Aloud, he said, "Shirley, remember that I am inconveniencing myself to keep you here as my guest. I hope you will, in the future, address me in a more respectful manner."

Then the Colonel got the surprise of his life. Miss Wayne pushed herself away from the table and glared indignantly at her uncle. She fairly shrieked, "You don't suppose I came here because I wanted to, do you? I just had to come. You're my relative, so the lawyer went and fixed it all up so I just had to. I'd a good deal rather go to an Orphan's Home. At least, there's kids to play with—but, here, everything you do somebody barks up to you as if they'd enjoy eating you between two slices of bread and a dill pickle."

And then the Colonel surprised Shirley Wayne. He banged his fist down on the table, so hard that the dishes rattled and his coffee spilled over the edge of the cup. And he laughed—actually guffawed,

until the butler came running in from another room to see what was the matter.

"By Jove!" chuckled the Colonel, "you ought to be a boy. What a soldier you'd make!" Then he stopped off short, as if he had been reminded of something unpleasant. And he never said another word.

At ten o'clock the Colonel thought he needed some exercise, so he took his cane and started off on a walk around the grounds. As he was passing under an evergreen tree a shower of pine cones fell down onto his head, one of which became securely lodged in back of his ear. He looked up to see what kind of a squirrel had been so unruly as to throw things at him, and he saw a pair of long legs swinging over a limb forty feet in the air.

"Good Heavens!" gasped the Colonel, "child, you'll break your neck! Come down at once."

"No, I can't, called down Shirley Wayne, "if I do, I'll fall. You see, I'm rather high and I have to be careful. Never mind, I'll be with you in a minute."

So the Colonel continued taking exercise, this time with a lively niece just three jumps ahead of him.

"Uncle Jim," said Shirley, "why do you keep yourself shut away from people all the time? Don't you like people, or is it because you only have one arm? My mother said you were something awfully important in the war—a general or something like that. And she told me that you had your name in lots and lots of papers. If folks liked you well enough to put your name in the paper—why do you keep away from 'em?"

"Why," ejaculated the Colonel, surprised and not a little hurt. "When I got back from the war I was fairly shot to pieces, so I just ran away from everybody. I hate people who sympathize. What would you do? Tell the world I had lost an arm and brag about it?"

"No," said Shirley Wayne, thoughtfully, "I wouldn't boast. But," with spirit, "I wouldn't shut myself up all tight, like a clam."

"Pray tell!" The Colonel's eyes were focused upon a dim object, far distant, so Shirley was not entirely sure that the remark was not just a bit sarcastic. At least, she suspicioned. "What would you do?"

"Well," countered Miss Wayne, tipping back and forth on her tip-toes, "if I were you I wouldn't act the way you do."

"How?" queried the Colonel.

"Well, you went to war didn't you? That was for your country and people. Now you aren't shot to pieces any more—at least you

don't look it. So why not make people like you?"

"Proceed, proceed, you're doing fine." This time the voice was sarcastic, noticeably so.

"Umph," indignantly, "if I had all your money, I'd help people with it, and not leave it in the bank for poor tired bankers to keep account of. (I'd give some of it to hospitals and places like that—where it would do somebody good."

"So it doesn't do me any good." Shirley knew that the Colonel's gray eyes were twinkling. It wasn't fair for grown up people—why, the Colonel's hair was gray—to make fun of twelve-year-olds. She straightened her spinal column, threw back her head and tried to look naughty. However, the pug nose spoiled the effect.

"But it wouldn't do me any good," continued the Colonel, "giving away money. After this long time everyone would think I did it for publicity."

"I don't know what pub—pub—bliss—ity means, but—" suggested Shirley Wayne, sweetly, oh, so sweetly, "that would be all right. You could tell 'em that your niece asked you to."

"Tunderation!" roared Colonel Galsworthy, "you're all right!" Shirley thought the Colonel was foolish, imagine him saying that—just a waste of time—she already knew that she was perfectly all right. "A darn sight better than anything else I've ever come into. As you like it, with your assistance, I may be able to make people even like me. From now on I'm putty in your hands."

"Well," said Shirley Wayne, "first of all we might try the friendship plan out on ourselves."

She thrust a grimy paw and the Colonel grasped it tightly. And he was glad the German shell had taken his left arm so he could shake hands, in the right way, with his niece, Miss Shirley Wayne, of Seattle, Washington, reminiscent of a lively and very skinny cricket with a shock of red hair.

M. L. '31.

MY NICHE.

I tried to write a poem
But no words came to me
And so I planted a garden
For everyone to see.

Will someone tell me the difference
Between a garden and poesy?

I tried to write a story
But no words came to mind
And so I read a poem
To a little boy who's blind.

I. C. C.

COMING THRU.

The stands were coming to life, every bit of available space was filling fast. The grandstand had once again taken on the aspect of a seething, excitable throng. This was the day for which the rabid fans had been looking forward for a long time. They had turned out to see their pennant-contender fight for the leadership with last year's world's champions. The close race between the "Orioles" and the "Purple Sox" was to culminate today. From the heavily weighted bleachers and hastily excited additions came the impatient cries to start the game.

The home team, the "Orioles", had finished practising and were slowly jogging off the field, gibing and joking as only big leagues do. The battery mates had finished the warming up process and were raring to go. The umpire gives the signal and the game of the age is on. The fans settle down and enjoy to the fullest extent the fine game which eighteen sport-loving men are playing out there on the sun-baked diamond.

For eight innings the teams struggle neck and neck, each scoring one run, by heady base running and daring tries. The perfect offense of one meets the equally perfect defense of the others. For eight innings now the fans had witnessed one of the most beautiful pitching battles ever staged; they thrilled at the amazing stops and the hair rising catches, caught, although seemingly impossible. It was such a game that only two first class teams could put on—the game of a life-time.

The ninth opens. Jake Sling, still pitching unbeatable ball turns back the "Purple Sox" without permitting an opponent to touch the initial hassock, although he breezes thru on a slashing double-play.

The home team saunters in, knowing that this may be their last chance to win this all-important game. "Slug" McDonough, the manager, meets them and infuses them with some of the confidence which

he makes an endeavor to show. His sarcastic remarks arouse determination and the players resolve that they will make the effort of their lives—to win the coveted gonfalon.

Ted Strong, reputed to be the fastest man in the league between home-plate and first, is at bat. He is pitted against "Lefty" Shaw, one of the league's premier twirlers. "Slug" McDonough, with the cunning of twenty-three managerial campaigns, had ordered Ted to bunt along the third base line, knowing that if any man could beat out a bunt, that man was Ted Strong. On the second ball pitched Ted lays down one of the prettiest drag bunts of his career, one which Willie Keeler might be truly proud of, and by fleet base running he is safe by a hair.

Then the fans catch sight of their idol advancing to the plate, and from the packed enclosure comes a roar that sweeps every other sound from the field. It starts in the bleachers, shrill, penetrating, the very acme of nervous tension, and finds its only relief in voice. It leaped to the grizzled defender behind the plate, booming with confidence, with here and there a piercing note topping the rest. Swifter then a gale-swept conflagration it spreads, a chorus of loyal, staunch confidence, holding no place for a doubt. As it dies down, from every side comes the adjurations of individual hero-worshippers.

"Hi, Frazer, old boy! Stick it over today! Show these has-beens where to get off!" "Lam it out, Whip! You're the boy for it!" "Smash it out, old boy, and we will go ahead!" "Bust the fence, old top."

There was something thrilling in that mighty welcome, so confident, so full of perfect faith in the batting ability of the man. It was like a rough handclasp, like a sock on the shoulder with which one bids an idol go forth and to conquer. Not once in all his years of baseball campaigning had it failed to thrill "Whip" Frazer, and now his shoulders squared, his keen eyes sparkled, and his curving lips straightened. They counted on him, these many thousands, to wipe out the existing tie, to trust the "Orioles" ahead in this bitter struggle for the world's championship. Such absolute faith and boundless confidence would have moved a man of stone. With his cap pulled down over his eyes, the big blond outfielder tapped the plate with his bat and stood ready.

As those two men, the mighty batter and the skillful hurler, matched their wits and skill, the shouting ceased. The pitcher swings backward, poised on a mighty foot; his lithe body swings forward, his waist snaps out sharply. The ball flies from his fingers and clips a

corner of the plate. Frazer swings at it—and misses.

"Strike" bawls the umpire, his arm jerking upwards. A dull, rumbling roar, like the crash of a mighty surge, rolls out from the burdened stands. Frazer recovers himself quickly and once more faces the marvelous flinger.

"Lefty" tries to pull him with a tempting ball, but "Whip" lets it pass, without once moving his willow. Another ball follows—then a foul. Two and two!

Squatting, the backstop makes a sign, and once more Shaw ties himself in a knot. Every movement of his arm seems to proclaim that he would whip one over with the speed of a bullet, yet when the sphere leaves his hands it barely floats up to the plate; every seam could be counted as it journeyed up to the expectant batsman.

"Whip" Frazier was not deceived this time. He guessed what was coming and gauging his swing perfectly, he meets the ball on the nose, and smashes it, a screaming line drive into deep right field.

Frazer's flight down the base line would have shamed Paddock himself. He speeds over the bag, and flies toward the keystone sack. A thunderous roar of frenzied rooters beats down from above. One thought controlled him—it was a double at least. He tries to stretch it into a triple. He skins over second, his toe scarcely touching the bag. In the coaching box he vaguely saw "Skeets" Donahue wildly beckoning him onward.

The wild screech of the fans tells him that Ted Strong has crossed the plate. But intuition tells him that his hit has been fielded and is even now speeding to Bob Armstrong, astride third, waiting to catch the ball and tag the runner. "Skeets" crouching, shouts the command, palms downward, for a slide.

A puff of dust arises as Frazer, still under fuel headway, hits the dirt. He shoots under the baseman with an outward twist that carries his body away from the bag. Armstrong catches the ball, swoops down, only to find that Frazer has completed a marvelous slide. "Ty" Cobb would have applauded such daring, but such heady, base-running.

Panting, Frazer scrambles to his feet and gives himself a mighty shake. The crowd is yelling deliriously, stamping feet adding to the unbearable din. Over and over, in a potent chorus, they shout the name of their idol. A tingling thrill runs up and down the big fielder's spine—the thrill of accomplishment. Once, again, he had proven his worth—he came thru.

W. McG. '28.



ASSEMBLIES—JAN. 4

Rev. E. C. Boynton was the principal speaker at this assembly. He chose "Work" as his topic and told how we are benefited by it and why everyone should work. Altogether a most interesting discussion.

January 18

This assembly was under the direction of the music department. Mary Morris played two piano solos.

Betty Ashley, accompanied by Miss Morris, entertained with several solo selections.

Leila Herman also accompanied by Miss Morris sang several selections and the High School Orchestra, directed by Mr. Phillips, gave a march by Sousa.

February 21

Rev. Yantis was the principal speaker at this assembly. He chose "Criticisms of George Washington" as his subject. After the interesting talk rendered by Rev. Yantis, many of the various hazy reports concerning Washington are now cleared up.

February 25

The assembly for Jan. 25 was under the direction of Miss Howlett, consisting of a play "The Family Album" given by the pupils of Rooms 9, 11, 17, assisted by Miss Mary Houghton.

Miss Houghton took the part of Amaria Pease, owner of the album, who explained the pictures as they appeared. Those taking part were: Betty Ahsley, Dorothy Willett, Florence Baldwin, Dena Barta-

lena, Robert Blanchard, Lester Kelly, Donald Slater, Louise Baldwin, Howard Beardsley, Geraldine Corpron, Mary Stearns, Ruth Bucklin, Vernon Gage, Ralph Lovell, Elizabeth Clark.

The Tournament.

The annual Basketball Tournament, conducted for the championship for the Southern Section of Vermont was played Feb. 24 and 25. As usual eight teams competed; two games Friday afternoon and two more Friday evening. The two survivors of the semi-finals, Rutland and Springfield, met Saturday night for the title. Although it is now ancient history, Springfield defeated Rutland by a very decisive and convincing margin, 41-19. Our boys fell short of the championship it is true, but they carried themselves heroically throughout the games, and emerged as glorious in defeat as they ever had been in victory.

Gov. Weeks was here Saturday and awarded the different medals and trophies. It was the most successful tournament ever staged in Rutland.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK

At a meeting of the Senior Class, Ella Congdon was announced as Valedictorian of the class of 1928. At the same time it became known that Dorothy Boyden will act as Salutatorian on Graduation Night.

Class Elections

The results of the class elections are as follows:

CLASS FLOWER

Edith Cutler, Chairman

Harriet Mattison	Thomas Eddy
Marion La Venture	John Sterns

SENIOR RECEPTION

James Hurley, Chairman

Belle Ingalls	George Costello
Katherine Castle	John Riter

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

Joseph Moloney, Chairman

Goldie Gilson	Harry Miele
Jean Matthews	Jean Phillips

CLASS PICNIC

William McGinnis, Chairman

Marion Willcox	Barabara Farnsworth
Philip Billings	Richard Harrison

CLASS NIGHT

John Quigley, Chairman

Marjorie Rousseau
Jean SimpsonJohn Russell
Edward Layden

CLASS MOTTO

Helen Jasmin, Chairman

Ella Congdon
Mary MorrisAlfred Rabidou
Edgar Stickney

CLASS INVITATION

Thomas Holden, Chairman

Perry Bove
Rudolph MorseDorothy Boyden
Frances Mason

THE HONOR ROLL OF THE CLASS OF 1928

Ella Congdon
Dorothy Boyden
Eva Corsonnes
Ada Haley
Helen JasminMary Morris
Marion Willcox
Ruth Woodfall
Edgar Stickney
Eva Seward

FAIR HAVEN ESCAPE.

On February 14 the Basketball team, accompanied by a large band of rooters, went to Fair Haven and having thoroughly drubbed the Fair Haven quintet started home on what promised to be a most eventful evening.

On the way home beyond West Rutland, one of the busses collided with the fence, having slipped off the icy road. After many humorous scenes, the boys and girls sought shelter in Smith's and Burke's farmhouses. Having been put up for the night, they at once arranged for a most enjoyable evening. They were served with black coffee, the notorious bracer.

Many were the scenes that would tickle the humor of an observer. Picture four laid out on a small couch and about five in the kitchen. Even the piano-stool was utilized as a resting-place with a girl reclining underneath the same. Some were trying to sleep but most of them realizing the futility of this abandoned it and set out to enjoy themselves.

In an adjoining room, Coaches O'Brien and Purdy were cutting up fancy capers for the amusement of all. "O'Bie" started to lead an orchestra, playing on a victrola. At the same time, Jack Lanzillo leading a somnolent band, let's out a huge snore, therefore exciting

our venerable Coach. "Cel" started reading "How to Cook Turkeys and Make Salads" which made everybody's mouth water.

After much of this amusing "stuff" everybody settled down and endeavored to sleep the sleep of the just. About 6 o'clock the following morning the bus left; all being packed in as tight as the proverbial sardine.

"WELL FOUGHT BOYS".

On Saturday night, February 25, a thousand spectators who had crowded into every available inch of space in the immense drill hall of the Armory, witnessed a spectacle they will never forget.

They saw two worthy teams in a bloodless battle, fighting to be the Champion Basketball Team of Southern Vermont. One team a great array of individual stars—the other a band of raw recruits—men who had been under fire but a few times collectively or individually, and moreover one who had lost two important games on its schedule.

Yet they saw our Rutland High School boys start a brilliant attack to carry her battle through to victory, for two periods they saw them emerge from the great onslaught of their opposers, and successfully make a number of baskets.

Then they saw the fury of a team aroused, fighting against time, and a barrier of giants desperately trying to hold their big lead. They saw these determined boys, using every strategy, threatening always in a last superhuman effort to win the game they heroically lost.

Their effort fell short—that is now history—but their courage and indomitable fighting spirit so characteristic of Rutland High School teams will never be forgotten by the students of the same school.

Their stand shall not have been in vain.

THE FINAL GAME.

An Armory, packed with color.
A basketball court, with usual markings.
A Rotary Basketball Tournament in progress.
A referee, blowing a whistle.

A captain, encouraging his team.
 A student-body, cheering their boys to victory.
 A Rotary Club, in dress suits.
 A father, bawling out his son.
 Springfield versus Rutland.
 Bedlam for a good play.
 Bedlam for a bad play.
 Bedlam for every play.

A PROPHECY.

"Oh father, I see a mighty crowd,
 Do tell from whence it come."
 "'Tis people come from afar to see
 The Rutland-Springfield game."
 "Oh father, I smell an odor strong,
 Oh, say, what may it be?"
 "'Tis but the Springfield lads who come
 The Final game to see."
 "Oh father, I hear a mighty yell,
 Oh, say, what may it be?"
 "The Rutland team has made a score,
 The Students shout in glee."
 "Oh father, I hear a sorry sound,
 Much like a mournful bray."
 "'Tis the groan of the defeated boys,
 At the end of the Tournament Day."

One might well pause here to express our great appreciation to the Rutland Rotary Club for the great effort made to promote such a worthy project as the Basketball Tournament which they started seven years ago. Without the whole-hearted co-operation of each member, such an undertaking could not possibly have been successful. Each Rotarian gave of his time and aid unselfishly. Enthusiasm in itself is a prime necessity, but not more requisite than the direc-

tion of this enthusiasm into the proper channels. This was ably done through the excellent supervision of our Coach, and President of the Rotary Club, Mr. Harold I. O'Brien.

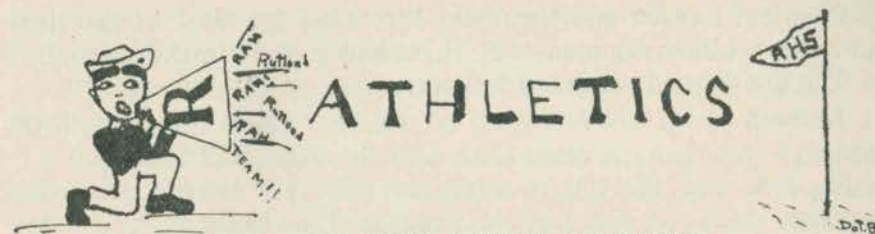
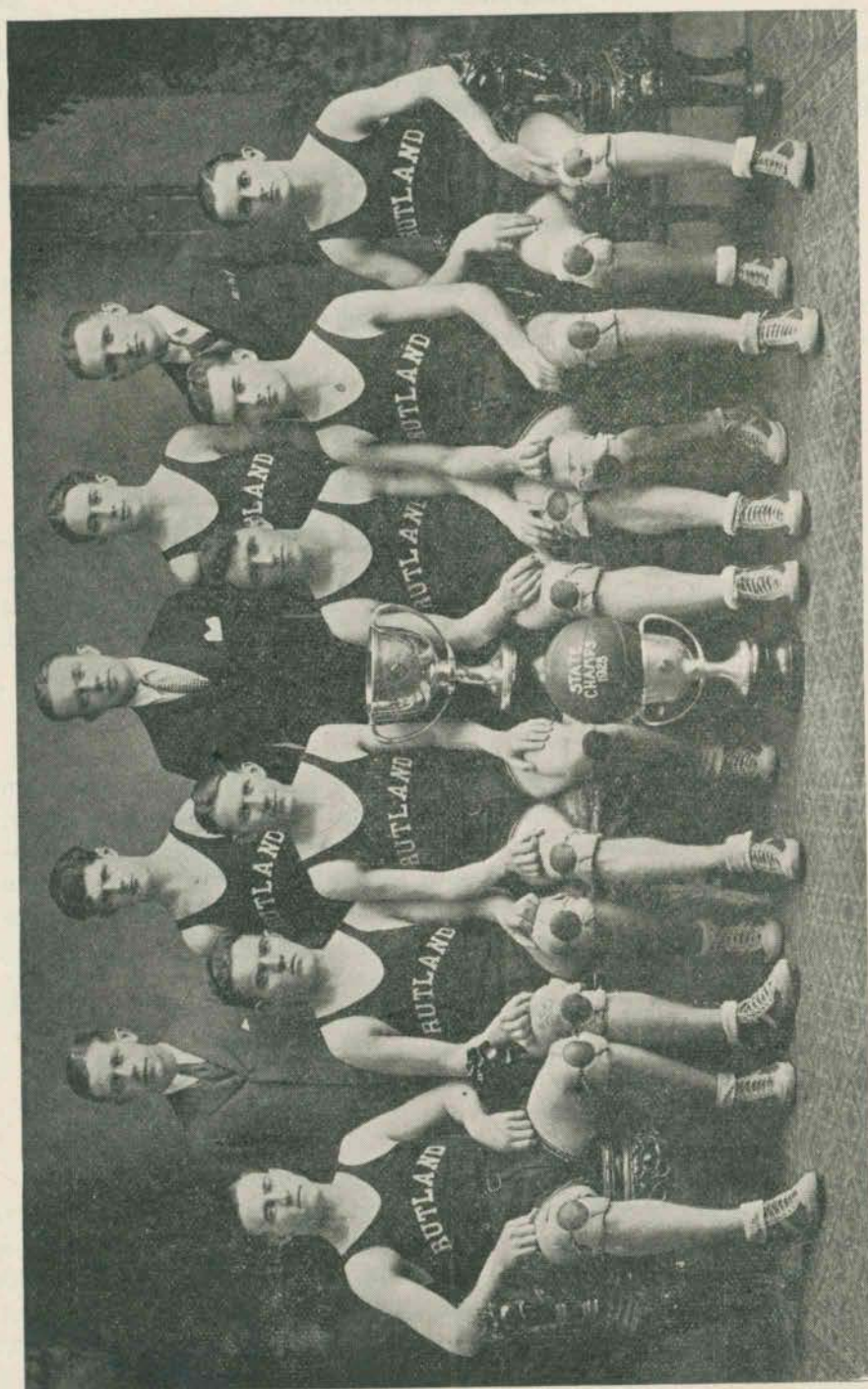
Valedictorian—Salutatorian.

Stand up, all, and give the girls a hand! Where is the source of their knowledge? They are phenomenal! How do they do it? Miraculous, n'est-ce pas? Unsurpassed by none in Our Hall of Fame. I mean they are ACTUALLY good.

The R. H. S. Orchestra.

The versatility of the orchestra is shown in the selection of numbers of widely differing moods. You hear them play the classical, the weird, and the very modern Jazz. The leader in choosing his numbers considers how best to display the technic of his 15, and, above all, how to please every one of you.

Alberic H. Bellerose, Jr., of the class of 1929 has accepted an invitation to membership in the Casque and Gauntlet senior society. There are three senior societies and election to one of these is considered a high honor by Dartmouth students. The members of the graduating class in each society select each year the prominent juniors to whom bids are extended.



RUTLAND HIGH STATE CHAMPS!

By defeating Northfield High 28-21, Black River Academy 19-18 and Cathedral High of Burlington 20-15, the Red and White team upset the "dope" and won the state championship. This entitles the team to a trip to Chicago to compete in the National tourney held there the last of March.

R. H. S., 28; NORTHFIELD, 21.

The first game of the tournament that Rutland played was against Northfield. The team from the college town was good; they were scrappy and were clean players. However, their center, Wemhoff, was held in check fairly well and their team play was stopped.

The Red and White boys came back in the second half and by hard, clean basketball, took the game away from the Northfield quintet.

Every member of the first five had a part in the scoring.

R. H. S., 19; B. R. A., 18.

Once again Captain Keefe's team came through. In the semi-finals played Saturday afternoon, they defeated Black River by a score of 19-18.

It was anybody's game until there was but a few moments to go. However, the splendid defense work of Capt. "Jack" Keefe, Joe Canty and Teid Levins stopped B. R. A. successfully. At the end of the second period, B. R. A. was on the long end of the score 11-7. But the old characteristic of the Rutland team showed up. After a few "touch and go" minutes of play, Rutland obtained the lead and held it most of the game.

Here it was that "Eddie" Vargas showed the gang that he had "the goods." He received the tap from Beardsley and took the ball down the court for a shot. He was fouled by a B. R. A. player and was given two free throws from the foul stripe. He caged both and again Rutland led. The game was won and the points made by Eddie sewed it up for Rutland. It was the first game that he played since the first of the year due to injuries.

Crowley, Layden and Beardsley accounted for most of the Rutland tallies while every man of B. R. A. had a share in the scoring.

The line-up and summary follows:

Rutland	Goals	Foul Shots	Total
Crowley, r. f.	3	2	8
Layden, l. f.	1	1	3
Beardsley, c.	2	0	4
Keefe, r. g.	0	0	0
Canty, l. g.	1	0	2
Eddy, r. f.	0	0	0
Levins, l. g.	0	0	0
Vargas, l. f.	0	2	2
Total	7	5	19

B. R. A.

Zammielo, r. f.	0	3	3
Kolstrum, l. f.	2	0	4
Hastings, c.	2	1	5
B. Chiolino, r. g.	0	2	2
F. Chiolino, l. g.	1	2	4
Total	5	8	18

Officials: Cassidy and Wittner.

R. H. S., 20; CATHEDRAL, 15.

Up to this point, Rutland had played only average basketball, but they had acquitted themselves nobly. However, when they reached the finals, they were a different team. Cathedral, expecting an easy victory came on the floor and soon dropped a nice basket. Jack Keefe made our first tallies and played a wonderful game. Fayette and Oleo, stars of the afternoon games, were held to no floor baskets. However, Dunn and Goyette scored enough to put Cathedral in the lead at the half, 12-9.

The team left the floor. Ten minutes later they returned after listening to the advice of the coach, rectified their previous errors, and played the best game ever seen in Vermont this year, among the High Schools. Their pass work was marvelous, shots accurate and defense almost flawless.

Francis Crowley started the scoring in this period. He received the tap from Beardsley and dribbled down and tossed in a basket in about thirty seconds. Layden then scored on beautiful passing,

Beardsley to Crowley to Layden. Layden then made a foul shot and Rutland led the rest of the game.

The steady playing and passing of Beardsley caused many of our points although he did not find the basket in this game.

Cathedral, surprised by this come-back, showed very little real opposition. When they had possession of the ball, they immediately shot. Goyette caged one basket and one foul shot for all of Cathedral's points in the second half.

The game ended and Rutland was State Champion. As usual they had fought hard and clean and (in that tournament) were unbeatable. They came from behind every game to win gloriously.

All the luck in the world to the State Champs!

R. H. S.	Goals	Foul Shots	Total
Crowley, r. f.	2	2	6
Eddy, r. f.	0	0	0
Layden, l. f.	2	3	7
Beardsley, c.	0	0	0
Keefe, r. g.	1	3	5
Canty, l. g.	1	0	2
Levins, l. g.	0	0	0
Total	6	8	20

Cathedral High School

Olio, l. f.	0	2	2
Fayette, r. f.	0	0	0
Vion, r. f.	0	0	0
Dunn, c.	3	3	9
Doyle, l. g.	0	0	0
Mahoney, l. g.	0	0	0
Goyette, r. g.	1	2	4
Total	4	7	15

The boys came through at U. V. M.; now it's our turn. They deserve the Chicago trip—it's up to us to help them get it. Fortunately, the citizens of Rutland have given us a good start; now let's see what we can do.

But remember this! Win or lose at Chicago, we have a team to be proud of; a team that gets all the credit in the world because their fighting spirit has pulled them through.

RUTLAND, 22; BENNINGTON, 7.

Revenge on Bennington was gained after a hard fought contest. Behind in the first half, 10-8, Rutland came back in the second, with a brilliant rally led by Ed. Layden and quickly gained a lead on Bennington. Superior guarding by Keefe and Canty prevented LaFlamme, the sensational center from nearing his basket.

The line-up:—

Rutland	Bennington
Crowley, r. f.	r. f., Pello
Layden, l. f.	l. f., Tift
Beardsley, c.	c., LaFlamme
Keefe, r. g.	r. g., Pello
Canty, l. g.	l. g., Spear, Fonda

Baskets: Layden 4, Crowley 3, Beardsley 2, LaFlamme 4, Spear 2, and Tift 2. Foul shots were made by Beardsley 3, Keefe 1, and Fonda 1.

BENNINGTON, 34; RUTLAND, 31.

The first defeat of the season was suffered at Bennington in a closely contested game. Bennington led throughout the game and although Rutland showed a more aggressive spirit they could not gain the lead.

In the second half a rally was begun by Rutland, Layden caging two long shots. It looked as if the score would be tied. Layden scored 10 points for Rutland and was the outstanding player of the game.

The line-up:

Bennington	Rutland
Joe Pello, r. f.	l. g., Keefe
Tift, l. f.	r. g., Canty, Eddy, Levins
LaFlamme, c.	c., Beardsley
Spear, r. g.	l. f., Crowley
Pello, l. g.	r. f., Layden

Baskets: Tift 6, LaFlamme 4, Layden 4, Crowley 3, Joe Pello 2, Spear 2, Beardsley 2, Keefe 1, Levins 1, Canty 1. Fouls: Pello 4, Beardsley 3, Canty 2, Layden 2, Tift 1, Spear 1.

RUTLAND BEATEN BY BURLINGTON.

The Red and White basketball team suffered its second set-back at the Armory Saturday night, January 21 by the score of 23-41.

Although Rutland put up a consistent and game fight there was something lacking in their play. The floor work and clever passing

of Burlington was excellent and their defense was well nigh impregnable during the first half. They started off with the scoring and led Rutland by a wide margin all through the first half. Burlington was ten points ahead at half-time.

The second half saw Rutland fighting harder and playing a better game, the ball being in Burlington territory a great deal of the time. Rutland took a great many shots at the basket but most of them went wild until almost the end of the game when several points were scored in rapid succession.

Preston, last year's all-Vermont center, was high scorer for Burlington with 8 points. He was easily the outstanding player of the game. Boyd also played a good game for the Blue and White. For Rutland, Joe Canty starred again with his fine guarding with Beardsley and Crowley looking best on the offensive.

The line-up:

Rutland	Burlington
Crowley, r. f.	r. f., Chase
Layden, l. f.	l. f., Boyd
Beardsley, c.	c., Preston
Keefe, l. g.	l. g., Gadue
Canty, r. g.	r. g., Niles

RUTLAND WINS FROM B. R. A.

Rutland defeated Black River Academy of Ludlow on the Armory court Tuesday afternoon, December 31, 1927 by the close score of 24-19.

The game was fast and hard played from start to finish and although Rutland led most of the way, Black River was once within a single basket of the Red and White.

Through the first and second quarters Rutland, with Beardsley and Crowley doing most of the scoring, was never in danger. However in the last quarter B. R. A. made a sudden attack, that swept the Red and White off their feet and when Captain Keefe called time out the score was 20-18 and Black River needed only another basket to tie the score. From then on both teams gave all they had and Crowley finally sank a long shot for Rutland that put them safely in the lead.

Rutland got the jump on Black River by sucking in their guards while a Red and White forward would take a long pass to score.

Crowley, Beardsley and Canty played well for Rutland while Hastings and Zammello looked best for Black River.

The line-up:

Rutland	B. R. A.
Layden, r. f.	r. f., Zammiello
Crowley, l. f.	l. f., Lannon
Beardsley, c.	c., Hastings
Keefe, r. g.	r. g., B. Chiolina
Canty, l. g.	l. g., F. Chiolina

R. H. S., 36; PROCTOR, 18.

Rutland defeated Proctor High School at the armory Saturday night February 4 in the preliminary game of the Norwich-Middlebury contest, obtaining ample revenge for the defeat received last year at the hands of Proctor. The final count was 36-18.

After a slow start, Rutland warmed up and scored at will through the Proctor defense. Proctor depended mainly on Faignant, their big center, and without him it would not have been any kind of a contest.

Crowley was the high point man of the game with 15 points. Beardsley also played well for Rutland.

The line-up:

Rutland	Proctor
Layden, r. f.	r. f., Chehy
Crowley, l. f.	l. f., Swanson
Beardsley, c.	c., Faignant
Canty, r. b.	r. b., Buggiani
Keefe, l. b.	l. b., Kallio

R. H. S. LOSES TO SPRINGFIELD.

Rutland High School, playing Springfield High School at Springfield, Friday night, February 10, was defeated in a game in which guarding played a large part.

Rutland could not work the ball under Springfield's basket due to the fine guarding of Racy and Dressel and consequently most of their points came by the long shot route, Layden getting six points in this manner.

The game was quite rough, due undoubtedly to the close guarding and Joe Canty was taken out in the second quarter with a sprained ankle.

Springfield, with Charley Tarro and Dressel working together, relied mostly on long shots, but occasionally scored from under the basket, by virtue of their clever floorwork. They led all the way, the score at the half being 13-5.

The line-up:

Rutland	Springfield
Crowley, r. f.	r. f., Hopkins
Layden, l. f.	l. f., Tarro
Beardsley, c.	c., Russell
Canty, r. g.	r. g., Racy
Keefe, l. g.	l. g., Dressell

BURLINGTON WINS OVER RUTLAND.

Rutland journeyed to Burlington Saturday, February 18 for a return game with B. H. S. and were defeated in the U. V. M. gym by the count of 21-14.

During the first half Rutland put up a fine exhibition of basketball and clearly outplayed the Blue and White, leading at half-time by the score 7-5.

At the beginning of the second half, however, Rutland started dropping behind. With Boyd and Preston getting three and two baskets respectively, Burlington put the game on ice.

Teed Levins, starting the game in Canty's place, played a stellar game at guard. Johnny Keefe also played a good defensive game.

The defence of both teams was notable. Rutland was unable to penetrate the Burlington defense and were forced to take many long shots. Burlington, on the other hand, had a much harder time getting through to the Red and White goal than they did when they played here.

The line-up:

Rutland	Burlington
Layden, r. f.	r. f., Boyd
Crowley, l. c.	l. c., Gadue
Beardsley, c.	c., Preston
Keefe, r. g.	r. g., Akins
Levins, l. g.	l. g., Niles

TOURNAMENT GAMES.

RUTLAND DEFEATS BELLOWS FALLS.

In one of the preliminary games of the Rutland Rotary Club Tournament, Rutland High School defeated Bellows Falls High School by the count of 23 to 19. A sensational comeback, in the last few minutes of play, in which the Red and White netted 8 points, enabled them to win.

The lead alternated during the first half and the score at half-time was 12 to 10 in favor of Bellows Falls. However, in the third quarter Bellows Falls unleashed an attack which put them four points in the lead. Tom Eddy then came into the game and on the first score tossed in a pretty basket which was soon followed by another. This was what was needed to start the rally. Crowley and Layden each tossed one in and put the game on the ice.

Fish stood out for Bellows Falls and as for Rutland pick your own, they were all stars.

The line-up:

Rutland

Crowley, r. f.	Bellows Falls
Layden, l. f.	r. f., Fish
Beardsley, c.	l. f., Griffin
Keefe, r. b.	c., Foster
Canty, l. b.	r. b., Zeno
	l. b., Johnson

RUTLAND, 14; HARTFORD, 12.

Rutland nosed out Hartford in one of the semi final games of the Rotary Club Tournament by the close score of 14-12. It was a game in which close guarding was the feature.

Neither team could seem to score and both concentrated on their defense. The score at the half was 7-6 in favor of Hartford.

The lead see-sawed back and forth during the last half, until two baskets, one by Keefe and the other by Crowley, decided the game for Rutland.

The line-up:

Rutland

Crowley, r. f.	Hartford
Layden, l. f.	r. f., Regioni
Beardsley, c.	l. f., Falzarano
Keefe, r. b.	c., White
Canty, l. b.	r. b., Rogenski
	l. b., Johnson

SPRINGFIELD WINS OVER RUTLAND.

In the final game of the Rutland Rotary Club Tournament for the championship of Southern Vermont, Springfield High School won over Rutland High School by the score of 41-19.

Except during the second quarter, when Rutland defense showed its best, Springfield had everything their own way.

Springfield had 7 points before the Red and White scored with a long shot. When the Rutland defense started working and the

play was fast and clean with Springfield gradually increasing their lead until at the half time the score was 19-10.

In the second half there was no stopping Springfield. With Tarro and Dressell scoring almost at will the score mounted higher and higher until the final whistle ended the game, giving Springfield the championship.

Layden and Crowley stood out for Rutland, with Tarro and Dressell starring for Springfield.

The line-up:

Rutland

Springfield

Crowley, r. f.	r. f., Tarro
Layden, l. f.	l. f., Hopkins
Beardsley, c.	c., Russell
Keefe, r. g.	r. g., Dressell
Canty, l. g.	l. g., Racy

GIRLS' GAMES.

T. C. A., 22; RUTLAND, 18.

Coming from behind after a disastrous start that gave the T. C. A. girls a 12-1 lead in the first quarter at Poultney on February 4 the local girls were nosed out at the finish 22-18. The game was played under three-division rules. This was one of the roughest games played this season and although T. C. A. had 17 fouls called, the Rutland girls only made 7 points from the free throw line.

D. Davies with two baskets and five foul shots was high for the Red and White. E. Holland scored three floor goals and two fouls. J. Cioffi tallied once from the foul line.

All of the T. C. A. points were made by the two forwards, Capt. Ross with six baskets and Ellis with five baskets.

Referee—F. Jones.

Scorer—Miss Howlett.

RUTLAND, 40; BENNINGTON, 11.

The Rutland Girls met the Bennington Girls in a return game February 18, playing a consistent defensive game. At all times the Red and White Athletes had little difficulty in holding the Bennington girls to a low score. Aggressive team work enabled them to find the basket almost at will, their clever passing and shooting completely bewildered their opponents. E. Holland was high scorer for Rutland, totaling 19 points.

The line-up:

Rutland**Bennington**

Davies, r. f. r. f., Rizeo
 Holland, l. f. l. f., Fitzgerald
 Grandey, c. c., Colegan
 Juleff, side c. side c., Griffith
 Goddard, r. g. r. g., Pebris
 Chamberland, l. g. l. g., Bennett

Points by Holland, 19; Davies, 14; Grandey, 7; Rizeo, 2; Fitzgerald, 4; Colegan, 5.

Referee—Marrsu of Bennington. Scorer—Miss Hackett of Rutland. Timer—Pello of Bennington.

T. C. A., 11; RUTLAND, 9.

The Rutland girls played a hard fought game with the Troy Conference Girls' Academy on January 14, and lost by only two points. Close thru out with the local girls leading at the half by one point, the T. C. A. girls depended on the uncanny shooting of Capt. Ross to bring their score to 11, while Rutland strived to tie the score in the last minutes of play. The game was played in a continuous uproar from the fans, and was considered one of the best girls games ever seen in Rutland.

The line-up:**Rutland****T. C. A.**

K. Grandey, c. c., Pray
 D. Davies, r. f. r. f., Ross
 E. Holland, l. f. l. f., Ellis
 F. Perfetti, s. c. s. c., Broughton
 J. Goddard, r. g. r. g., Roberts
 I. Chamberland, l. g. l. g., Parker

Substitute for Davies—Cioffi.

Baskets by Ross, 3; Pray, 1; Grandey, 2; Davies, 1; Holland, 1. Foul shots by Ross, 2; Ellis, 1; and Holland, 1.

Referee—M. Walbridge. Scorer—Miss R. Quigley. Timer—J. Quigley.

RUTLAND, 24; B. R. A., 3.

The Rutland girls easily outclassed the Black River girls in floor work and passing when the two teams met on January 31, in the Armory. The Rutland forwards, K. Grandey, E. Holland, D. Davies and J. Cioffi had things their own way under the basket while the guards, I. Chamberland, J. Goddard, M. McHugh and F.

Perfetti broke up the Black River offensive before it became effective.

Baskets by Grandey, 3; Cioffi, 1; Davies, 3; Holland, 4; Rock, 1. Fouls by Grandey, 1; Holland, 1; and Fitzpatrick, 1.

Referee—Walbridge. Scorer—Miss Howlett. Timer—Lanzillo.

RUTLAND, 30; BENNINGTON, 11.

The R. H. S. Girls' basketball team began its season January 6 with a victory over the Bennington Girls' team with a score of 30-11. In the first minute of play Jennie Cioffi playing right forward hooped in a basket from the side of the court. E. Holland scored 13 points; D. Davies, 10; J. Cioffi, 6, and M. Juleff substituting for K. Grandey at center shot one from the foul line. The guards, I. Chamberland, J. Goddard and Florence Perfetti, played a fine game.

The line-up:**Rutland****Bennington**

J. Cioffi, r. f. r. f., A. Colegan
 E. Holland, l. f. l. f., E. Fitzgerald
 K. Grandey, c. c., K. Griffin
 F. Perfetti, side c. side c., M. Pilling
 I. Chamberland, r. g. r. g., M. Pebras
 J. Goddard, l. g. l. g., E. Bennett

Substitutes: For Cioffi, Davies; for Grandey, Juleff; for Colegan, E. Drobet; Rizia.

Referee, M. Walbridge. Scorer, Miss R. Quigley. Timer, E. Purdy.

BURLINGTON, 42; RUTLAND, 9.

The Burlington Girls' team, champions of the Winooski Valley Girls' League, defeated the Red and White team in a game played in Burlington on Feb. 22. The entire first team and principal subs. on the Burlington team will be lost by graduation in June.

Points: By Guremett 9, Kidder 5, Capt. Niles 24, Moulton 4, Davies 7 and Holland 2.

Referee, Carney. Scorer, L. O. Johnson.



Robert W. Tracy, a graduate of Rutland High School, who now attends U. V. M., has been elected editor-in-chief of the Cynic. He is one of the most prominent journalists on the campus. He was elected editor of the 1929 Ariel, junior year book, but resigned; has been a member of the Cynic staff for three years. During the past year he was news editor of that organization. He has been a member of Gold Key, sophomore honorary society, and belongs to Phi-Mu-Delta fraternity.

Delmer F. Borah of Fairhaven, Mass., has been engaged as athletic coach and teacher at Newburyport, Mass. High School. Mr. Borah is a graduate of Rutland High School. Before going to Fairhaven he was coach at Sanborn seminary in New Hampshire.

John Lanzillo, former Rutland High School football star, is placed by George Trevor, sports writer of the New York Sun, on the tentative second team of the Princeton football line-up for 1928. Lanzillo was on the Rutland High School eleven in 1921-23 and was a member of the championship outfit of 1923. Of this promising Rutland athlete Trevor has said: "Much is expected of John Lanzillo who alternates between guard and tackle. Princeton's active New England alumni discovered John at Exeter. He has simian arms and hands of inordinate strength. This even tempered giant is the placid, easy going sort that has to be spurred to a fighting frenzy. When aroused he has the strength of an ox. Perhaps Lanzillo is a Charlie Chadwick in making. He should respond to Roper's dynamic coaching."

Members of the basketball teams made up of R. H. S. alumni which clashed at the Armory some time ago included Bedeke Belle-rose and Ernie Reed of Dartmouth, Pete Bove of Holy Cross, Chunky Beale of Boston University, Austin Wright of the Howe Athletic Association team and Fred Atherton, Bernard Dick, Bunsie Keefe and George Newton of Norwich.

Cadet Freshmen who have recently joined Fraternities are Ken Day and Leo Keefe, who have joined Sigma Alpha, and Theodore Hinkley, who has joined Delta Sigma Tau.

Hubert Gosselin '27—Middlebury.

Jeanette Baldwin '27—Beaver College, Jenkintown, Pa.

Irma Stone '27—Training at Rutland Hospital.

Donald Russell '27—Middlebury.

Horace Yarrington—Norwich.

Cecile Balch '26 Salutatorian—Castleton Normal.

Neva Morse—Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School at Boston.

Ruth Corcoran '27—Office at Howe Scale Co.

Ola La Rose '27—Office at Howe Scale Co.

Antoinette Cioffi '27—Dr. Jenney's Office.

Ruth Bourquin—Syracuse University.

Ethel Palmer—Middlebury.

Carolyn Allen—Middlebury.

Roy Davenport—Middlebury.

Joe Hagan—Norwich.

Louise Pierce—Rutland Business College.

Virginia Marshall—School of Fine Arts, New York.

Josephine Pye—Keene Normal School.

Richard Ryan—St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.

Fred Taylor '25—Norwich.

Sam Young '25—Norwich.

Francis Sabourin '27—Railroad Office.

Luigi Sabataseo '27—Ass't Manager of Merit Shoe Store.

N. K. Chaffee, Jr., of Rutland has been promoted from corporal to sergeant in the R. O. T. C. at the University of Vermont.

Miss Angeline Icolari became Mrs. August F. Corsini October 24. Mrs. Corsini is a graduate of Rutland High School '25, and of the New York School of Applied Design. During the past summer she was handicraft instructor at the Rutland Playgrounds.

Miss M. Coletta Mumford recently became the bride of M. Harrison Baker. Mrs. Baker is a graduate of Rutland High School and has taught school in Springfield for the past two years.



We will do our best to give merited praise or unprejudiced criticism to the members of our exchange department and we hope to receive the same from them. Suggestions are always welcome! Our suggestions to others:

Orange and Black, Dearborn, Mich.

A neat paper. Your arrangement might be improved.

H. H. S. Nooz, Hinesburg, Vt.

Cuts at the heading of the departments would add a great deal to an otherwise excellent magazine.

The Mountaineer, Grafton, W. Va.

A very well-balanced paper. The article, "Facts About West Virginia" gives a fuller acquaintance with your state. Come again.

Winooski High School Banner, Winooski, Vt.

Although your literary work is lacking in quantity, the quality is above the ordinary.

The Register, Burlington, Vt.

Original cuts head interesting and well-developed departments. The literary work is especially well-done.

Reflector, Leonardo, N. J.

You have a well-balanced front page that lends attractiveness to a neat, well written paper.

Lasell Leaves, Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

Your magazine contains some excellent stories and poetry.

Goddard Record, Seminary, Barre, Vt.

Brevity is your sole error. Your advertising department deserves commendation.

Echo, Wilson H. S., Easton, Pa.

A comprehensive magazine with interesting articles, humor, neat cuts, and pointed criticism.

Sportlight, Chelsea, Vt.

Cleverly conceived, particularly the school register but drab for inadequacy of cuts.

Broadcast, Everett, Mass.

Inclusive and interesting but sameness of head-lettering detracts from your paper's appeal. We envy your proposed stadium. Why subordinate news to jokes?

Slate, Fair Haven, Vt.

Unique cover design, well displayed departments. There is beauty in your memorial to Mr. Leavenworth.

Peopleonian, Morrisville, Vt.

A few cuts would lend color to your magazine.

—o—

Hardwickian, Hardwick, Vt.

"Dust-Pan-Dirt" is a clever idea. Perhaps it would be better if the joke department was after the athletic and poetry departments.

Buzzer, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

We sent a great distance for the "Buzzer" and were amply rewarded. Perfectly balanced make-up, concise articles, meaningful editorials. Congratulations.

Static, Brandon, Vt.

Your second issue is a great improvement on your first issue. Where is the exchange department?

Standard Bearer, Rome, N. Y.

A magazine of very good quality.

Green and Gold, West Rutland, Vt.

There is obvious talent in your articles. We are awaiting your next, more extensive, number with interest.

Orleansonian, Orleans, Vt.

Brevity is your only fault.

Spaulding Sentinel, Barre, Vt.

Your magazine holds our interest from cover to cover.

Campus Chronicle, T. C. A., Poultney, Vt.

After reading your magazine we regret that you have ever discontinued.

Sentinel, New Haven, Conn.

If your "Inquiring Reporter" should ask, we like your paper, particularly the features.

Servitor, Bellows Falls, Vt.

When the commercial department does so well, the entire school should create a commendable paper. Why not?

Purple Pennant, Courtland, N. Y.

Your exchange is good but too limited. Why so many jokes and such scattered advertisements?

Clark News, Worcester, Mass.

A neat, newsy paper, but inclined toward editorial lengthiness.

Catamount, Bennington, Vt.

Appealing cuts draw the reader to well-composed sections.

Bi-Weekly, Wallingford, Vt.

An humble beginning displaying talent that will surely develop. Keep coming.

Reporter, Academy, Bradford, Vt.

Brevity is not always a virtue, especially when a paper shows as worthy material as yours.

Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

The "Letter Box" deserves emulation. Other sections are in keeping.

Red and Blue, Jenkintown, Pa.

An enviable exchange and evidence of promising contributors. It becomes, however, slightly tedious trailing "broken" stories through page after page. A few more notes from the classes.

Triangle, Misses' Hebb's School, Wilmnigton, Del.

We sought editorials and found dramatics, exchange comment and went unrewarded. The articles and stories are entertaining and the advertising—it speaks for itself.

Vermont Cynic, U. V. M., Burlington, Vt.

A real newspaper!

OTHERS' SUGGESTIONS TO US:

We are glad to have your paper on our exchange department. Thank you, come again!

—Station B. H. S., Bristol, Vt.

We congratulate your school on having such a scholar as John Livak. Why not have a department for your excellent poetry?

—Hardwickian, Hardwick, Vt.

It pays to work hard. To possess the knowledge such as is revealed in the intelligent essay by Livak, is rare indeed for a high school boy. You starred again in athletics. One tip might be to lessen the number of jokes and allow for a larger exchange department.

—Spaulding Sentinel, Barre, Vt.

We are glad to hear that your school has been honored by the writing of John Livak. His essay "The Relation of Chemistry to Agriculture", needs no comment, for, it speaks for itself. We offer our congratulations on his works.

—Winooski High School Banner, Winooski, Vt.

We enjoyed reading the entire paper. The literary department is especially good.

—H. H. S. Nooz, Hinesburg, Vt.

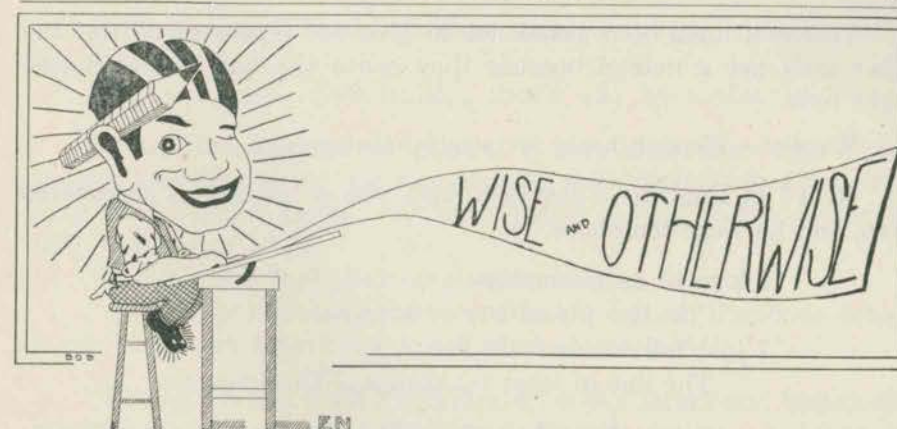
A fine magazine. Your literary and joke departments are excellent.

—Register, Burlington, Vt.

The late issue of your paper was interesting. Your cuts are above the average and show clever thinking on your part.

—Catamount, Bennington, Vt.

—o—



TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR R. H. S.

1. Thou shalt not skip school.
2. Thou shalt not compose thine own excuses.
3. Thou shalt not cast paper wads at thy neighbor nor yet kick thy neighbor's shins in class.
4. Thou shalt make thy way dutifully to the office of thy principal when thou has been evicted from thy class room.
5. Thou shalt sing with all thy heart and all thy soul and all thy vocal cords in Wednesday morning assembly.
6. Thou shalt reverence the dignity of Minerva and thou shalt not endeavor to enhance her charms with the aid of cosmetics.
7. Thou shalt arrive at school as soon after 7:30 as possible.
8. Thou shalt not get E on thy report card lest thy principal be wroth.
9. Thou shalt not masticate thy gum noisily nor with too much energy lest it make thy teacher nervous.
10. Thou shalt obey all these commandments that thy days may be long in the place where thy parents have put thee.

* * * * *

Found on a Frosh composition—He had on a blue pair of pance and his head was bawled.

Layden in Biology class—The natural enemies of the frog are snakes, man, and other long-legged water birds.

A certain Sophomore could not account for his low marks in a Biology test. Rising and waving his paper in the air, he said—"I have corns, flat feet and bunions. What's the matter with that?"

Teachers have been asked not to give out report cards the day after girls get a marcel because they cause the hair to straighten right out.

Wanted—Wooden heels for study hall teachers.

Heard in English—Silas Lampham was a tall, broad shouldered man, and he wore ten shoes.

I love to do Geometry—

"Tis the joy of my existence—

I just follow one main line:

The line of least resistance.—The Iriquois.

* * * * *

T. Eddy—Do you ever expect to find the perfect girl?

Beardsley—No, but I have a great time hunting.

McGuinnis—How do you earn your living? Do you pick pockets?

Mangan—No, I take them as they come.

Noyes—Dearest, I always think of you—always.

J. Plunkett—You do think of the most wonderful things.

Ted Olson's pet wisecrack—"You know how it is; when you're sick you don't feel well and everything you eat goes to your stomach."

Dan Farnsworth—"Did you cut my hair last time I was here?"

Barber—"I don't think so, sir. I've been here only a year."

Many a young man spends a lot time tinkering with a miss in their motor.

Albie H. wants to know if a sleeping bag is the same thing as a knapsack.

John Quigley—"That girl is grace personified."

John Russell—"What did you say her last name was?"

Taylor—"Gee, your car sounds like an old wreck."

Al Rabidou—"It isn't the car. It's the rumble seat."

Holly Whay—"Say do you remember that car you sold me? You said it would give splendid performance."

Dealer—"Yes, why?"

Holly—"Well it did all right. Climbed fences, jumped ditches, turned over and threw a wheel."

Fran Mason—"Since he's been away at college Hubert's letters are so short."

Pauline Lamb—"So's Hubert, that's why he writes 'em."

Tubby Tree considered himself a lady-killer tho' the ladies seemed unaware of it. He was walking with Francis Crowley when they passed Ruth Berry. At once Tubby turned to his companion with a superior smile.

"Did you see that charming young lady smile at me?"

"Oh that's nothing to worry about," replied Hambone consolingly, "the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

"Gin" Kent and Ruth Pinchin met on the street and kissed each other rapturously. Ed Layden and Johnnie Quigley watched the meeting. "There's another of those things that are so unfair" said Ed.

"What's that?" said Johnnie.

He pointed to the scene. "Women doing men's work."

Mr. Phillips—"You haven't changed much since vacation time."

Dot. Boyden—"Is that so! I've changed sweethearts three times!"

Marion Wilcox—"I'll never marry a man I don't love."

Jean Simpson—"But suppose a millionaire wanted to marry you?"

Marion—"I'd love him, that's all!"

* * * * *

A TRAGEDY IN OUTLINE FORM

A little boy—a pair of skates—a hole in the ice—a funeral.

* * * * *

During the flood, when the water started coming into Gemo's basement, he sawed the cellar stairs off so the water couldn't come upstairs.

What's the difference between vision and sight?

That's easy; my girl is a vision, yours is a sight.

Do you think the eyes are an index to the mind?

No. I know lots of girls with bright eyes.

Moreau—"Now I know why you can see so well in the dark."

Hiers—"How come?"

Moreau—"Lookit the lantern jaw you carry."

Purdy—"How did Peter Stuyvesant rule New York?"

George Costello—"With an iron hand and a wooden leg."

Speaking of absent-minded professors, did you hear about Harry Menten?

No, what about him?

He shaved himself three times before he found out there wasn't any blade in his razor.

Rabidou—I hear you're ousted from the Glee club. What's the matter?

Quigley—I had no voice in the matter.

J. Keefe—That sure was a dirty sock that guard gave you.

Crowley—Sock, me eye. That dirty bum used the toe of his shoe.

Harold Allen (At Tuttle's)—I'd like a pencil.

Clerk—Hard or soft?

Harold—Soft. It's for writing love letters.

WHO ARE THEY?

E. L.—He was only a prohibition agent's son but oh how he loved his Gin.

J. C.—He was only a blacksmith's son but oh how he adores his Smith.

J. K.—He was only a paperhanger's son but oh how he liked his Wall.

Miss Howlett in Modern History Class, exhibiting a small piece of paper which represented a dollar bill, exclaimed as she held it in front of her: "Understand class, it isn't the paper that is worth anything, but that which is in back of it."

REMARKS HEARD IN CLASS:

(behind Teacher's back)

"Got your French done? Let me see your paper?"

"Gee, she's crabby this morning!"

"I bet Mrs. Crowley has read everything published!"

"Miss Willis is a good coach, isn't she?"

"Keep still, I want to hear O'Bie's wise cracks!"

"Miss Hackett looks like Pola Negri, eh?"

"Gosh, teacher's nice this morning!"

"I like Miss Higgins, don't you?"

"We had some good chaperones on the Fair Haven trip!"

Miss Johnson said we could type-write this afternoon! She's a peach!"

Layden—Why do girls walk home?

Kent—They don't, they stop at a farmhouse.

P. G. Student—The Sophomores are certainly fast this year.

Senior—Fast?

P. G. Student—Yes, fast asleep!

Mary Houghton—Where are you from?

Charlie Spencer—Home.

Doris Smith—Why did they take Joe out of the game?

Claire Wall—For holding.

Doris Smith—Oh, isn't that just like Joe.

SMILING ALONG

To Mildred Ball.

Some girls smile at evening

Some girls smile at dawn

But the girl worth-while

Is the girl who can smile

When her two front teeth are gone!

Jean McKay—Is she a nice girl?

Ruth Bucklin—I'll say so. The other night when she dreamt of an auto ride she walked in her asleep.

Al Rabidou—Are you letting your hair grow?

Skinny Ball—It will anyway, so I might as well.

Joe Mangan, while introducing the famous "Kitchen Band":

I wish to present this feature attraction for your approval. One member of the orchestra plays a frying pan, another a toaster, and still another plays a unique egg-beater. The leader plays on the floor. (He is old enough to know better.)

O'Brien—Well, Noyes, how near the right answer did you come?

Wendell—Only three blackboards.

Tom Holden—We young people don't need chaperons on parties any more.

Cel Purdy—Naw! What you need are some referees.

Boy Friend—May I kiss you?

Mary Stearns—Heavens! Another amateur.

Ed Pike—My grandfather was a successful man. He made his mark.

Amidon—Yeh, mine couldn't write either.

Soph—Are you a freshman?

Ile—No, I fell out of my crib when I was a baby and it left me in this condition.

Joe Canty—"The more I look at you the more beautiful you seem."

Doris—"Oh!"

Joe—"I ought to look at you oftener."

Mary Sterns—"Did you see the cute miniature 'Al' gave me?"

Dorothy Boyden—"Yes, I recognized it."

Al Penta—"Do you smoke?"

John McGarry—"Well, rather" (very hopefullike).

Al Penta—"Well John, let me give you this little book on curing the tobacco habit."

Blessed is the Sophomore who keepeth quiet and peace within his ranks: and who in fiendish joy, makes no sarcastic remarks at the mistakes of the upper classmen; for he is the delight of the Senior, and on him some day may that worthy name rest.

When you have been struggling with the first question of an exam, and with much effort have a half-page written, isn't it a joy-killer to hear the "Savants" tearing up front for more paper?

Martin Chioffi—"What 'cha doing, Zeke, your Virgil?"

Zeke Eddy (in desperation)—"No, I'm flying kites in a telephone booth."

Crawf Taylor—"Behold! I possess a ten dollar William."

Joe Moloney—"Why that appellation?"

Crawf—"I'm not familiar enough to call it Bill."

Miss Hackett—"What's a metaphor?"

Junior—"For cows to graze in."

Levins—"What makes you breathe so fast?"

Ki-Yi—"My lungs."

W. Curtis—"Does the moon affect the tide?"

Ed. Rounds—"No, only the untied."

Coach Willis—"How come you're all banged up?"

Chamberlain—"I was talking when I should have been listening."

A lot of High School men have formed the habit of looking for this label,

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15½ Center St.

Rutland

Albie H. wants to know if a sleeping bag is the same thing as a knapsack.

Judge Purdy—"What's your name?"

Convict Smith—"Smith."

Judge Purdy—"Your occupation?"

Convict Smith—"Locksmith."

Judge Purdy—"Locksmith up."

Mr. Bridges—Describe the mechanism of a steam shovel.

Poquette—Don't kid me. You can't carry steam on a shovel.

John Quigley—That girl is grace personified.

John Russell—What did you say her last name was?

Taylor—Gee, your car sounds like an old wreck.

Al. Rabidou—It isn't the car. It's the rumble seat.

K. Beardsley—It looks like rain.

Levins—What looks like rain?

Ki-Yi—Water.

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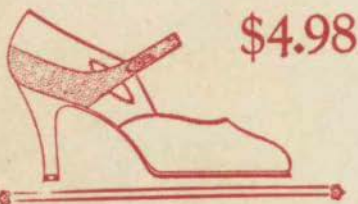
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Commencement Issue



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Established 1870

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Editors



VOL. 7

JUNE, 1928

No. 4

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Entered at the Post Office, Rutland, Vt., as second-class matter.

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First Vice-Principal



ELWOOD F. IRELAND
Second Vice-Principal



MARION C. HACKETT
Consulting Editor





Editorials



IN GRATITUDE

Our high school existence is rich in a load of memories that brings back to us the glamorous experiences of our school days. Each and every one comes back to us in glowing reminiscences. As in every case, there is one light that glows above all others, one that superimposes its magnificence above the shoulders of the rest. That one is my image, nay, the school's image of one of our teachers, who has given her life and soul for the work that she loves—Miss Meldon.

Miss Meldon, head of the French Department, has been a member of the faculty of the Rutland High School for over fifty years. Her knowledge of French and other subjects is a marvel to the students under her charge. Her careful teaching and her profound explanations are worthy of a Dr. Eliot and each year she turns out a class in French that can cope with any of its kind in the country. Through all these years she has never tired of the work which is her very existence, she has never slighted any detail of curriculum which might be helpful to her pupils.

Praise cannot be given to such a woman; human words cannot express the gratitude and love to which she is entitled; she will always be revered as Rutland High's greatest educator; for surely her memory and her standards of education will ring down the halls of time.

Greatness, it is true, is found in memory. Her niche of renown is now heaped with garlands of affection and undying devotion. May the years that are yet to come heap uncalculable amounts to the never-darkening light of virtue. May her character be revered and followed by all who wish to succeed in whatever work they may aspire to do.

It is a fitting memorial that the school in which she has labored for so many years should be named after her. The Meldon School will ever recall the memories for which it stands—it will be a monument to unceasing devotion and an unparalleled example. All hail to Miss Meldon!

GRADUATION

One of the most gratifying sensations that any one can experience is that which presents itself when a goal has been grasped and its benefits attained. There is nothing which gratifies a human being as much as success, there is nothing that stimulates the mind more to scale the impossible.

Each one of us is placed in this world that we may aspire to some degree of renown. Each one of us has an ambition which is but a pillar on the vast shrine of character. When we achieve our ambition then we can truly say that a glowing, emanating niche has been placed on our altar of virtue.

Our ambition, thru four years of study and play, work and recreation, has been graduation—the culmination of all scholastic dreams. Every effort of our schoolday existence has ever visioned this sentinel in the background. But very truly the great Persian poet said, "Sorrow and joy go hand in hand; it is impossible to find a joyous situation which is wholly devoid of some sorrow."

This beacon of light is tinged with sorrow and joy. Each can claim the limelight; each shall forever hold a place in our hearts, throbbing emotional regrets. We are sorry to leave our old school, which has proffered so many opportunities and strewn such promiscuous chances in our path; we are sorry because the crowd that has been moulded into an understanding whole will be broken up and chances are they will never be brought together again. We are leaving everything which has been made dear to us by four years of companionship, good-will and constant co-operation.

On the other hand, joy can rightfully extend her claims. We can feel pleased that we have attained the end for which we have been struggling, we can be joyous because our whole contingent is leaving the school as an excellent and respected group.

Many of our number are leaving school never to return—others will carry their education into higher branches of learning. We carry our life and our future in our hands wherever we go. Some of us, no doubt, will be heroes, will deliberately and courageously sacrifice both health and life, and will be enrolled in the glorious, immortal army of martyrs. Others will perhaps win fame and glory on college battlefields. Others still, will enter the professional world and give their life and ceaseless research work for the good of mankind. However, the greater class will remain on the sidelines of life, watching the others carry on the standards of civilization; they will be immersed in the immemorial veil, from which the backbone of life springs and fluctuates.

Let the rosy, saffron hued affairs of life always hold the uppermost place in our minds; let us always see our fellowmen, not in the eyes of judicial dignity, but with the eyes of merciful guidance and co-operative influence. Let the abyss of the pessimists, that life is vain and hollow be cast aside and may we always take the optimistic viewpoint that life is joyful and worthwhile.

The class of '28 is leaving the home that fostered its ambitions, the instructors that have become dear to us, and above all the under-graduates who will be missed very much. Soon we shall be alumni, but in our hearts will always be carried the image of the old school which gave us so much, Rutland High—our first Alma Mater.

TO THE STAFF

The staff is not regarded as it should be in school life. We think only of our athletic heroes and of those who heap glory and fame upon our school. Perhaps it is right, but remember that the only lasting, tangible memory which we will carry away from Rutland High is the Red and White; and this is made possible by the labors of the staff.

We have been extremely fortunate this year in having an excellent, capable staff. They have turned out their work in a praiseworthy fashion and my only wish is that next year's will be as good.

Ed. Pike is to be congratulated on the fine manner in which he handled the advertising department; thanks are due to Belle Ingalls' efforts in the literary department; Helen Jasmin has done some fine work in the Alumni department and Harriet Mattison has certainly been right there in getting the news. Mary Morris' excellent work in the exchange department cannot be forgotten; "Dudy" Morse has certainly turned out some good puns and jokes; Phil Billings has achieved wonders in the athletic department and "Dot" Boyden, the artist of the staff, has put forth some very fine cuts.

I take this opportunity to thank the assistant editor and all the reporters, who have worked hard that our paper might be a success.

The greatest gratitude is due to Miss Hackett, the faculty advisor, who has guided us over many thorny paths and proffered many helpful suggestion.

Thanks are due to Mr. Johnson, our principal, and other members of the faculty who have helped us.

Our appreciation is tendered to the loyal supporters of the Red and White.

—The Editor.



SENIORS

M. C. L. A.
ROSE

ACTIVITIES

Class of 1928, R. H. S.



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WALLACE AMIDON

General Course

Large Orchestra '26, '27, '28; Theatre Orchestra; "Pickles" Cast '27; Football '26, '27; Orchestra—"Carrie Comes to College"; Orchestra—"Nothing But The Truth."

They say good things come in small packages but this is not always true. Being with Wallace four years has proved this fact.



GENO BACCEI

General Course

Although Geno has not been with us in body the last few months of our High School life, he has still been with us in our hearts.



JANET BAILEY

General Course

Chorus '28.

Her sincerity and frankness have won her many admirers.



CATHRYN BALCH

General Course

Honor Roll.

Cathryn never dodges difficulties for she realizes that one must be strong and fight on by himself to conquer.



PHILIP BILLINGS

College Course

Tres Decem; Athletic Editor "Red & White"; Track '26, '27, '28; Class Picnic Committee.

This peppy little Senior hasn't the height but he sure has the speed.



RITA BISHOP

General Course

Rita spreads sunshine wherever she may be with her cheerful "Hello" and her perpetual giggle.



ALMA BORDEN

College Course

Junior Class Basketball Team; Senior Class Basketball Team; First Squad 1928 Team; Chorus—"Carrie Comes to College"; Hockey.

Always smiling. She never fails to see the joke, even if it is on herself.



VALNA BOSWORTH

College Course

We haven't known you long, Valna, but sure are glad to count you among our friends in R. H. S.



PERRY BOVE

College Course

Track '26, '27, '28; Football '27, '28; Senior Reporter "Red & White"; Class Invitation Committee.

Cheerful, straightforward, well-liked and a good athlete. No wonder that you will be missed in R. H. S., Perry.



DOROTHY BOYDEN

College Course

Salutatorian; "Rose Maiden" '26; "Pickles" '27; "Carrie Comes to College" '28; Orchestra '26, '27, '28; Class Invitation Committee; "Red & White" '27; Art Editor '28; "Hottentot" Committee; Honor Roll '25, '26, '27, '28; Hockey—Cheer Leader.

Her list of activities speaks for Dot. Charmingly attractive, she will make her absence felt in R. H. S.



GRACE BRIGGS

College Course

Hockey; Class Basketball Team; Outing Club.

Quiet and unassuming, Grace has made many friends during her four years with us.



RICHARD CANDLISH

General Course

Rich is one of the boys whom R. H. S. will surely miss. He is known in some circles as an automobile mechanic, but I have other suspicions.



JOSEPH CANTY

General Course

Football '25, '26, '27; Basketball '27, '28; Baseball '26, '27, '28; Track '27; Captain Track, 28; Secretary Athletic Association '27, '28; Secretary Class '25, '26.

Joe will always be remembered for his splendid team work in crucial moments of football games. Best of luck to you!



LULO CARLSON

Commercial Course

Silence is golden. Lulo has always been a bit reserved but we have enjoyed her presence at R. H. S.



CATHERINE CASTLE

General Course

Chorus; "Pickles" '27; "Rose Maiden" '26.

Catherine always enjoys a good joke. She likes to dance and is, in short, a wide-awake peppy miss.



KARL CHAPMAN

General Course

Football '27, '28; Track '27, '28.

We can't remember a year when Karl hasn't won his R. for football. Your many friends wish you luck, Karl.



GABRIELLE CHARRON

General Course

Chorus '25; "Rose Maiden" '26; Spelling Contest '24.

A pleasing personality has Gabrielle. If you don't believe us, ask Geno.



MARTIN CIOFFI

College Course

Senior Class Play '28.

Although Martin likes to tease the girls he is extremely popular among the fellows. Remember how good he was in the Senior play?



FRANCIS CLARKE

College Course

Concert Orchestra '25, '26, '27, '28; Theatre Orchestra '27, '28; Football '26, '27; Hockey '26, '28; Senior Reporter "Red & White".

Francis' cheerful smile has certainly helped to brighten the halls of R. H. S. He and his fiddle will leave a vacant place in the school orchestra.



MARIAN CONANT

Commercial Course

A fun-loving girl and a jolly good sport. We will miss you, Marian.



ELLA CONGDON

College Course

Valedictorian; Senior Reporter "Red & White"; Class Motto Committee; Honor Roll '25, '26, '27, '28; Spelling Contest '26.

Small is Ella's diploma but mighty has the effort to win it been. She climbed though the rocks were rugged. She has won by perseverance. We're mighty proud of you, Ella.



ANNA CONSIDINE

Commercial Course

Class Will.

Smiling or wistful, Anna Mae is still the witty member of her class.



EVA CORSONNES

Commercial Course

Honor Roll '26, '27, '28; Lunch Room Accountant.

Eva is one of our most conscientious members. Your perseverance will take you far along your chosen route.



GEORGE COSTELLO

General Course

Orchestra '25, '26, '27, '28; Theatre Orchestra '26, '28, '27; Football '25, '26; Hockey '26, '28; Baseball '27, '28; Basketball '28; Tres Decem; Senior Reception Committee.

George is very bashful and blushes easily but we don't know what we'd do without him and his fiddle.



MARY COYNE

Commercial Course

Lunch Room Clerk.

Though one of the smallest she's leaving a wide gap behind her.



EDITH CUTLER

General Course

Secretary Tres Decem; Vice-President Senior Class; Chorus '26, '28; Chairman Class Flower Committee.

With her cheerful smile and winning personality "Babe" has made many friends.



M. EVELYN DANIELS

General Course

Chorus; "Pickles"; "Carrie Comes to College"; Oratorical Contest.

Quiet and unassuming but always there, is Evelyn.



GENEVIEVE DESMARAIS

General Course

Basketball '25, '26.

Another quiet girl. We don't know what we or the Library would do without her.



TOM EDDY

College Course

Vice-President Class '26; Basketball '27, '28; Football '27; Senior Play; Senior Representative to A. A.; Baseball '28; Class Flower Committee; Tres Decem.

Tom with his witty sayings nearly always gets a grin but he outdid himself in the "Hottentot."



BARBARA FARNSWORTH

General Course

Senior Play '28; "Once in a Blue Moon"; Spelling Contest '24, '25.

In Barbara you will find one of our most famous pianists. We're sure you've heard her.



DAN FARNSWORTH

General Course

Orchestra '25, '26, '27; Senior Play.

Here is Barbara's twin, and like her he's going to be missed in our musical circles.



LEWIS FINEBERG

General Course

Action speaks louder than words. Lewis is one of the quiet members of our class but he has those qualities that make up a diligent worker and faithful friend.



OLIVE FISK

College Course

Honor Roll '24, '25; Sophomore Spelling Contest.

A quiet girl with a grin for the whole world. Here's to your success!



JOSEPH FOLEY

College Course

Cherry, always smiling, and ever ready to help the other fellow, "Joe" is a friend that we will all remember. Joe is known in certain quarters as a French shark. (We know different.)



ALEXANDER FORKAS

General Course

Through our four years together we have come to know and admire "Alec" for his determination to learn and his good fellowship.



EDWARD FOX

General Course

Football '26, '27, '28; Track '26, '27, '28; Basketball '28; Baseball '28; President Senior Class; A. A. Representative '25, '26; Vice-President Athletic Association '28; Tres Decem.

Here is some one that the class of '28 is justly proud of. Bud is endowed with a fine personality and as a classmate and friend has enjoyed a high measure of popularity. A good athlete, a good student, a good fellow, Bud makes friends with all whom he meets.



JOHN FULLER

General Course

Senior Play Committee.

"Johnny" is known throughout school for his cars, (if one can so term them), and his astonishing ability to make them go. Aside from this Johnny is a hard worker and a good student. Success should certainly be his.



FRANCIS GALLAGHER

General Course

Football '25; Ski Team '26.

Enter the famous pitcher of R. H. S. "Gallop" was following slowly but surely in the footsteps of Walter Johnson until one day he had the misfortune to work out in front of "O'Bie." Exit "Gallop."



JOHN GEMO

General Course

Football '25, '26, '27.

A classmate who is ever ready to lighten a task.



VIVIAN GIBBS

Commercial Course

"Rose Maiden".

Since Vivian became acquainted with a certain "One" we have not had a great deal of time to find out her true qualities.



MILDRED GIFFORD

General Course

"Rose Maiden"; Hiking '27.

Mildred has a continuous smile and impresses one by her cheerful good naturedness. Someone remarked the other day that no word was too hard for you to spell, Mildred?



JOHN GILLIS

Commercial Course

Freshman Reception '26, '27.

"Jack" is a quiet and retiring sort of person and very modest. Those of us who know him realize that he is "true blue."



GOLDIE GILSON

General Course

Orchestra '26, '27, '28; "Rose Maiden"; Chorus '26, '28; Baccalaureate Committee; "Carrie Comes to College."

Since Goldie's grand romance in her sophomore year she has been rather retiring. However we all know her quiet and fine personality.



KITTY GRANDY

General Course

Chorus '28; Basketball '25, '26; Capt. Basketball Team '27, '28; Hockey '27; "Carrie Comes to College."

If you want a pal good-natured and true, that can send the ball right over the top, be it basketball or a kind thought, ask for Kitty.



ADA HALEY

College Course

Honor Roll; Chorus '24, '25; Spelling Contest; "Rose Maiden"; Senior Play; Graduation Essay.

Ada came into our midst from the wilds of Shrewsbury and soon made a name for herself by virtue of her excellent scholarship. Quiet and unassuming with a smile for all, Ada has become known as one of those rare persons called "good kids."



DONALD HARRINGTON

General Course

Football '25, '26, '27; Track '25, '28; Hockey '26, Captain '27, '28; Senior Play Committee.

His managing ability and willingness to help has won for him friends on all sides.



RICHARD HARRISON

General Course

"Rose Maiden"; "Pickles"; "Carrie Comes to College"; Class Picnic Committee.

The departure of good old "Dubber" with his incessant chatter may be a relief to teachers but will be a sorrow to students.



LORRAINE HENDEE

General Course

Chorus '24, '28; "Carrie Comes to College"; "Once in a Blue Moon."

Petite and talkative, Lorraine tripped into High School; thus she skips out.



LEYLA HERRMANN

General Course

Basketball '26, '27; Orchestra '25, '26, '27; Chorus '27.

Leyla's pretty face and charming voice will be missed in next year's assemblies.



ROLAND HIER

General Course

Football '27; Track '27, '28; Freshman Reception.

Roland tried hard to keep us from knowing his good qualities by his quiet nature but we found him out at last!



TOM HOLDEN

General Course

Class Treasurer '25; Tres Decem; Football '27; Chorus '28; Class Invitation Committee; Senior Representative to A. A.

Cheerful always and consequently always popular, Tom will go a long way.



ROGER HOWARD

Commercial Course

Orchestra.

Roger and his racer are two of the advantages we have had over the students of the new high school.



ADA HULETT

Commercial Course

Though quiet and unassuming Stella will make her absence felt in R. H. S.



JAMES HURLEY

General Course

"Rose Maiden"; "Pickles"; "Carrie Comes to College"; Senior Play; Chairman Senior Reception Committee; Track.

Good old Jimmie! They'll miss your unfailing good nature and dramatic ability next year.



ROBERT HUTCHINS

General Course

Plodding and ever trying to do his best, Robert, as always, will win out in the future.



BELLE INGALLS

College Course

Senior Play; Literary Editor; "Red & White" '28; Senior Reception Committee.

Here's to Belle, a scholarly girl; her outstanding qualities are perservance, earnestness, ambition and loyalty.



HELEN JASMIN

College Course

Honor Roll '25, '26, '27, '28; Red & White '27; Alumni Editor '28; Chairman Class Motto Committee; "Carrie Comes to College"; Spelling Contest '25, '26; Hiking '27; Graduation Essay.

It's the little things that count so much. Helen may be small but during our four years at R. H. S. she certainly has counted.



DORIS JILLSON

Commercial Course

Basketball '25, '26; Chorus '28; "Carrie Comes to College"; Outing Club '27.

Silent, sincere, sweet. A quiet conscientious member of our class.



JOHN KEEFE

General Course

President Class '25; Baseball '26, '27, '28; Basketball '26, '27, '28; Capt. Basketball '28.

John is one of the shining lights in the athletic field. His excellent sportmanship has won him much popularity.



PAULINE LAMB

Commercial Course

Basketball '24; "Pickles"; "Carrie Comes to College"; Outing Club '27.

May your future be as bright as your hair, Pauline. R. H. S. will miss your support.



MARY LANAHAN

General Course

"Once in a Blue Moon".

Full of pep, full of fun, Mary the true friend to everyone.



ROBERT LANAHAN

General Course

Chorus '27, '28.

Has he friends, oh yes so many! As for foes, he hasn't any.



JACK LANZILLO

Commercial Course

Football '25, '26, '27; Basketball Manager '28; Track '26, '27; "Pickles"; Tres Decem.

Jack has our greatest respect. A splendid manager of athletics.



ALBERT LAVALLEE

General Course

Freshman Reception.

Faithful to his work and friends, that is Albert.



MARION LAVENTURE

General Course

Class Flower Committee; Basketball '26, '28; Hockey '27; "Carrie Comes to College".

As happy as the day is long. May life always be such to you.



EDWARD LAYDEN

General Course

Baseball '25, '26, '27, '28; Baseball Captain '27, '28; Football '28; Basketball '26, '27, '28; President A. A. '27, '28; Junior Prom.

All gold is not at the end of the rainbow. "Ed" is surely pure gold. May you have the same success in life as you have had in athletics at old R. H. S.



LEONA LONGE

College Course

"Rose Maiden"; "Pickles"; "Carrie Comes to College".

The tiny girl with the golden voice. What will the High School do without its touch of opera furnished by our Leona.



MARJORIE LOVELAND

General Course

Nothing ever worries her, or ruffles her, I ween

If she does possess a temper, it is very seldom seen.



HARRIET LYONS

General Course

Basketball '26, '27; Hockey '27.

It is no harm to dream as long as you get up and hustle when the alarm clock goes off. Are your pleasant thoughts of the future Harriet!



JOHN MCGARRY

General Course

An energetic fellow with an agreeable disposition, admirably fitted for the best in life.



WILLIAM MCGINNIS

College Course

Red and White '27; Editor-in-Chief '28; Baseball Manager '28; Class Treasurer '28; Chairman Class Picnic Committee '28; Tres Decem; Spelling Contest '25, '26.

When any knowledge we might wish to know
To Bill McGinnis we would go
And there we'd find it.
What will R. H. S. do without Bill?



JOSEPH MANGAN

General Course

"Rose Maiden"; "Carrie Comes to College"; "The Hottentot"; Chairman Class Gift Committee; Track '28; Freshman History.

Joe, the capable, ever full of new ideas, one who has done much for the school in his energetic fashion.



FRANCES MASON

College Course

Basketball '26, '27, '28; Secretary of Class '27, '28; A. A. Representative '27; Tres Decem; "Rose Maiden"; Class Invitation Committee; "Pickles".

Who's been four years at R. H. S.?
Who's an ambitious little miss?
Who's an all around athlete?
Who's a peach of a girl anyway?
Why Frances!



JEAN MATTHEWS

General Course

Red and White '28; Baccalaureate Committee; Girls' Hiking Club '26.

With her rougish brown eyes and merry smile Jean can many an hour beguile.



HARRIET MATTISON

General Course

Reporter, Red and White '27; Orchestra '25, '26, '27, '28; Chorus '27, '28; "Carrie Comes to College"; "Pickles"; Hottentot"; Class Flower Committee; News Editor, Red and White '28; Senior History; Class Pastimes.

A sweeter girl cannot be found
Within this school or many a town
Her manner is pleasing as we all know
She radiates smiles where'er she doth go.



HARRY MENTEN

General Course

Senior Play; Orchestra '26, '27, '28.

A smile goes a long way and so does that "school-girl complexion." Success will surely be yours, Harry with these endowments.



HARRY MIELE

General Course

Baccalaureate Committee.

"Smile and the world smiles with you." A true friend, a good pal and a fellow worthy of success.



JOSEPH MOLONEY

College Course

Chairman Baccalaureate Committee.

There are few streams and few woods that have not seen Joe with his rod and gun. He hits the mark.



WILLIAM MOREAU

General Course

Football '27, '28; Junior Prom '27.

Bill likes to play around the Chemistry room we hear. And strange things come from the Chemistry room.



MARY MORRIS

College Course

"Red & White" '27; Exchange Editor '28; "Hottentot"; "Pickles"; Honor Roll '25, '27, '28; School Orator; Motto Committee.

What an orator! There is no doubt in our minds that she will be able to talk her way thru life.



RUDOLPH MORSE

College Course

Senior Play; Class Invitation Committee; Hockey '28; Class President '26; Honor Roll '25; Joke Editor Red and White '28.

To keep you would be selfish, but how can we afford to let you go?



JAMES MUSCATELLO

General Course

Football '25, '26, '27.

Jimmie has a permanent excuse—and as Jimmie looks at it he hates to waste such a great privilege.



SHIRLEY NEGUS

General Course

"Rose Maiden"; "Pickles".

A winning personality and a charming girl—Carl finds her that way also.



HAROLD OLSON

General Course

Basketball '27, '28.

Our best lunch-room customer. What will it do without you, Harold?



RENA PATNODE

Commercial Course

Spelling contest.

Rena does not believe in making a show—nevertheless there will be many who will miss her.



KENNETH PEARSONS

General Course

Track '26, '27, '28.

A true friend of R. H. S. was Kenneth. Good luck to you.



FRANCES PETTY

Commercial Course

You will soon find an important place in life and you may be assured that you have our best wishes.



JEAN JHILLIPS

Commercial Course

Chorus '27, '28; "Pickles"; "Carrie Comes to College"; Baccalaureate Committee.

May you dance to success on your light fantastic toes.



EDWARD PIKE

College Course

Orchestra '25, '26, '27, '28; Freshman Reception Committee '27; Junior Prom Committee '27; Senior Reception Committee '27; "Carrie Comes to College" Cast; Theatre Orchestra '25, '26, '27, '28; Asst. Business Manager Red and White '27; Business Manager Red and White '28; Honor Roll '25; Spelling Contest '25, '26.

As a high school boy he has brought success to himself in numerous fields. How can he be anything else but a success in life.



JOHN QUIGLEY

General Course

Football Manager '27; Basketball '27, '28; Baseball '27, '28; Tres Decem; Chairman Freshmen Reception; Chairman Junior Prom; Chairman Class Night.

It's safe to say that romance has played about the most important part in Johnny's career in high school. He has always been one of the foremost in its curriculum and an ardent supporter of everything that meant excitement.



GRACE POWERS

General Course

Honor Roll '25, '26; Field Hockey; Spelling Contest '25. Quiet, always pleasant and a true supporter of R. H. S.



ALFRED RABIDOU

General Course

Track '27; Chorus '27, '28; Red and White '27; Class Motto Committee; Football '27.

A happy-go-lucky fellow who is in his glory when he is singing some hot tune. He's not so mean on the banjo, either.



LLOYD RIBERDY

College Course

Hockey '27, '28; Football '26, '27; Baseball '28.

Lloyd is one of those fellows who always says "Excuse me!" When he treads on your feet. What more can you ask in this age?



FRED RIBOLINI

College Course

Honor Roll '26; Senior Chorus.
"Speech is great but silence is greater."



SADIE RIDLON

General Course

Spelling Contest '24, '25.
"Her hand was ever ready and willing to help at all times."



JOHN RITER

General Course

"Rose Maiden"; "Pickles"; "Carrie Comes to College"; Senior Reception Committee; Chorus '26, '27, '28.

'Tis indeed a pleasure to find one so congenial with everybody.



MARJORIE ROUSSEAU

General Course

Secretary of Class '26; Honor Roll '25; Freshman Reception Committee '28; Class Night Committee; Lunch Room '27, '28.

What would Mrs. Wilkinson have done if she hadn't had Marjorie to stand behind the counter and sell cocoa, salad, or what have you? Anyway, she gets a ride home every noon, and that's something all of us can't boast of.



LUCILLE ROWE

General Course

Lucille is one of our Cuttingsville lassies—R. H. S. has enjoyed her presence.



JOHN RUSSELL

General Course

Class Night Committee; Hockey '28; Football '28; Baseball '28; Senior Play Committee; Manager Track; Chorus; High School Play.

Here's a fellow that every one likes. If he'll only go thru life putting the same zest into it that he did in football, he's sure to succeed.



LAWRENCE RUSSELL

College Course

If Mill Village knows Lawrence as we do, it's a safe bet that he has a lot of friends there. He was never much for the weaker (?) sex, but lately he's been stepping out. We wonder—.



DOROTHY SEFF

General Course

Chorus '26, '28; "Rose Maiden"; "Carrie Comes to College".

To those who know her not, no words can paint,
And those who know her, know all words are faint.



PEARL SEFF

Commercial Course

Chorus '27; "Pickles".

Pearl has a long walk to school. It must have been this that gave her the inspiration for her intelligence in classes.



ELLEN SELVA

Commercial Course

A staunch supporter of R. H. S. Center Rutland can be proud of you Ellen.



EVA SEWARD

General Course

Honor Roll; Spelling Contest '25.

Much wisdom often goes with fewest words. We have found this true in Eva.



GERTRUDE SHANAHAN

General Course

Chorus '28.

"It's an easy world to live in if you choose to make it so."
Gertrude proves the motto.



BERNADETTE SIGNOR

Commercial Course

Honor Roll '24.

Sober, steadfast and intent, qualities that make for success.



JEAN SIMPSON

College Course

"Carrie Comes to College"; Cheer Leader; Senior Class Basketball Team; Tres Decem.

Sweet as a lily; fair as a rose
She will make friends where ever she goes.



CHARLES SPENCER

General Course

"When The Lamp Went Out"; Junior Prom Committee; Football '26, '27, '28; Representative to A. A. '25, '26; Track '26, '27, '28; Basketball '28; "Carrie Comes to College".

He loves the girls; aye he loves them all,
Beware, young man, or thou shalt fall.



RITA SPOONER

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus; Sophomore Representative in Spelling Contest; Contributions to Red and White.

A great horsewoman and a great friend to everyone.



JOHN STEARNS

Scientific Course

Class Flower Committee.

A very slow and quiet sort, but he loves his Ford.



EDGAR STICKNEY

College Course

Honor Roll; Orchestra, '25, '26, '27, '28; Track, '26, '27, '28; Chairman Class Ring Committee; Harvard Book Prize.

Edgar was one of the meekest boys in the class of '28,—not only the meekest but one of the finest until he took to playing the clarinet.



CLAIRE WALL

Commercial Course

Chorus; "Carrie Comes to College"; Track '27, '28.

Her red hair has never
Had the proverbial effect on her



HARRY WHITNEY

College Course

We wish we were all as ambitious as "Skipper".

MARIAN WILLCOX

College Course

Orchestra '26; Class Treasurer '27; Red and White '27; Basketball '26, '27, '28; Hockey '28; Senior Play Committee; "Rose Maiden"; "Carrie Comes to College"; Senior Honor Roll; Honor Roll '25, '26; Class Picnic Committee.

Marian has a long imposing list of activities and because of her participation in school affairs she deserves many long drawn out hur-rahs!



RUTH WOODFALL

General Course

Orchestra '26, '27, '28; Spelling Contest '25, '26; Hiking '27; Honor Roll '25, '26; Hockey '28; Senior Honor Roll.

Ruth was an orchestral genius and her charming person will be greatly missed from the back row.



RHEA YOUNG

General Course

Rhea is quiet but as somebody has said, "still waters run deep" and we have found Rhea to be a true friend and classmate.



VIOLET YOUNG

College Course

Violet is quiet? Yes when you don't know her. She minds her own business until some one asks for help. Then she shows a side of her character not known before—kindness. We're sure she'll succeed if she uses that worthy characteristic.





DOROTHY BOYDEN

SALUTATORY.

On behalf of the members of my class of '28, it is my privilege to welcome you here tonight. This, the evening of our graduation, marks the end of our happy high school days and the commencement of our life careers. We are all sorry, in a way, to close this chapter in our lives but we are glad that you are now here with us these last moments before we turn the page to behold what is in store for us; therefore it is with greatest love and appreciation that we welcome you, who have made this possible for us.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

Perhaps most of us fail to realize how different is our graduation from that of the first class which stepped out of the portals of Rutland High School seventy-one years ago. There were three in that class of 1857,—three girls who in their long, stiff, white gowns sat

on the platform of the assembly room of their high school. An admiring group of parents and friends were gathered in the audience to listen to the long orations of the awe-struck graduates. The exercises were followed by hearty congratulations which were received by the happy girls, conscious of their great honor in being the first graduates of Rutland Union High School.

Rutland Union High School was established in 1855 by a public meeting of four districts in accordance with an act authorized by the Legislature of Vermont in 1841.

In place of our Board of School Commissioners, a Prudential Committee was elected. The school was headed by a principal, aided by a preceptress, one assistant and a music teacher.

In the first year, 1855, 89 girls and 68 boys were registered. This number included members of the high school and the preparatory course.

The school was comprised of the present east wing with the entrance on Main Street. Downstairs were two recitation rooms for the grammar school. Upstairs, was a large assembly room, from which two small recitation rooms led. The library was also located on the upper floor.

The old belfry bell was rung at a quarter of nine and again at nine, the opening hour of school. After the second ringing, the doors were locked and no scholar was allowed to enter unless presenting a satisfactory written excuse from his parent or guardian. School was opened by Bible reading which was often followed by singing. The classes were visited once a week by one of the Committee. The term of the first year was from August 21 until July 22 with only one week's vacation at Christmas and two weeks at Easter. Why should we complain with our thirty-eight weeks?

Every Wednesday afternoon was filled with recitations given by the pupils. These included essays written by the students, poems committed to memory or sometimes parts of a play by Shakespeare. As there were no theatres or card parties to be attended in those days there were generally large, weekly audiences on these occasions.

How many of you remember the library? Do you remember your great pride in handling the precious books? Do you remember how it boasted of one thousand volumes in the second year of its existence and how the number steadily increased over 1200 even up to 1500? Then do you, boys of the past generation, recall the dictionary, an important part of the library, which was left in the back of the study hall? Remember how you left your rash sentiments be-

tween pages 781 and 782 and threw a note down the aisle with those numbers on it to **her?**

Up until the time of the opening of the Rutland Free Library, by the deposit of one dollar, any resident of the district was entitled to take one book a week from the Library at Rutland High School.

In later years the graduation, which always took place in the morning, was held in the old opera house where the Surprise Store now is. Many of you will recall just how hard it was to get ready for such an important event so early in the day. After the exercises, in which every one took part, the whole class went up the hill to the high school to have their picture taken. Then came the long-looked-for part of the day. At noon, the graduates assembled at the only drug store in the village and were duly treated to ice cream. The afternoon sun, or rain, as the case may have been, looked down on the class day exercises. In the evening the opera house (sans chairs) was the scene of the Senior Reception.

For greater union and efficiency, in 1867 all of the school districts were consolidated under the name of the Rutland Graded Schools. Trustees took the place of the old Prudential Committee.

Up to this time two courses had been maintained, the Literary Course and the Classical Course. Six languages were taught—English, Latin, French, Greek, German and Italian. The German and Italian were not regularly taken—only at the requests of pupils. An interesting course, which we do not now have, was astronomy. For this study a large amount of apparatus was bought so that the course was quite complete.

The class of '80 was the first to have a motto, *Non palma sine pulvere* (No reward without labor). This was printed on the wall of the assembly room, establishing a precedent which was followed by the succeeding classes; however, the records were destroyed when the building was changed.

In 1890, the school was given the colors of red and white. The principal presented the Senior Class with the Key of Knowledge to be handed down each year. The school seal, designed in 1925, now takes the place of that. It was in the year of 1890 also that the syllables of the good old "Hobble gobble" were first heard from the throats of the Rutland High School students.

By act of the Legislature, in the Charter creating the City of Rutland, the Rutland Graded School District was abolished in 1893 when all property was turned over to the city. Since then, the public schools have been managed by the Board of School Commissioners.

1899 saw the presentation of the first Senior Play. The proceeds of the play given in 1906 helped to pay the students' expenses for a trip to Washington during the spring vacation of that year.

Through all of these years the old belfry continued to ring its warning fifteen minutes before the opening hour of school. Probably many of you remember how old Tim Sullivan saved you and many other hurrying and belated pupils from a tardy mark; for his watchful eye would scan the street to see if all were on hand, and would usually pull that bell long enough to give the tardy ones a chance to get within.

In 1909, the last addition, that of the assembly hall, was made to the old building.

Through the latter part of the nineteenth century, athletics had been carried on but not on a very extensive scale. There was no coach and few out of town games were scheduled. The basketball team practised in the Y. M. C. A. gym until the burning of that building in 1906. One year, we find the record that no baseball team was organized as some boys held that erroneous idea that the important thing was victory and not training for the future. We feel that no one can say that of any of our present athletic teams.

All through the history of Rutland High School, we find pleas for more room. At one time classes were held on the second floor of the fire-station beside the school and in a house near the school. For the last few years especially, the demands for a new high school building have been very strong. At last we have one in construction which will fill, we feel, the hopes and expectations of all.

The new building, with a beautiful large entrance facing on Library Avenue, has two smaller entrances on the eastern and western sides.

On the ground floor will be laboratories, domestic science rooms, manual training rooms, a drawing room, a restaurant, and at the rear a large and, in time, fully equipped gymnasium. Girls lockers and showers are provided on the same floor and those of the boys are just above.

The middle floor contains nine class rooms, conference rooms, teachers' rooms, a supply room, the administrative offices and a large auditorium seating 650 and containing a large stage and orchestra pit. Four dressing rooms are provided on each side of the stage.

The top floor is filled with ten class rooms, conference rooms, and a large library.

The hours of the school will be from 8:30 until 12 and 1:15 until 3:15. Some afternoons, a seventh period will be added, the time of which will be spent by meeting of various clubs, French and literary clubs and the like.

The same courses will be taught with the exception of the four year Commercial Course which will take the place of the present two year course.

Much time has elapsed since that first graduation from Rutland High School so many years ago. Many things have changed and will continue to change in the future. Nevertheless we will recall, with only pride and satisfaction that we, the Class of '28, were the last ones to graduate from good old Rutland High School.



ADA HALEY

THE SCHOOL ASSEMBLY

Strange indeed it may seem to be told that high school assemblies, in general, had their early inception in the college, and yet, that is exactly what happened. As the college grew in its facilities a system of generally compulsory chapel service was instituted. Its aim was to bring students together in a body. That plan was found to produce such a beneficial effect upon the students that various states passed laws requiring Bible service in their high schools; however, as with many other things, we have witnessed a change in the high school Bible service. It has now come to take the character of so-called assemblies, unreligious in their form. In college, however, the chapel service is still retained.

The assembly in Rutland High School occurs usually on Wednesday morning for the upper classes and on Wednesday afternoon for the first year students. The few minutes preceding the assembly find us in our home room seats anxiously awaiting the first strains of a march played by our own school orchestra. We file into the hall by rank; that is the seniors first, then the juniors, and lastly the sophomores.

Those few moments during which time we enter the hall, accompanying the beats of a fast march are very stirring. There is probably nothing that can compare with music in its effect upon individuals. It produces a type of reaction upon the emotions making us feel right, thereby leading to a tendency of doing right.

As the students of each class room march into the hall, they are followed by their teacher who sits with them. This develops a more intimate relation between teacher and pupils.

Students first reaching their seats remain standing until the row is completed then all sit down together. In this way an effect of order and quiet is produced.

The regular high school assembly opens by the singing of one or two songs. This is followed by the reading of the essential announcements and sometimes the awarding of honors by the principal. Then, a special program, from some of the different types of which I will make mention, is presented. For a tribute to our school the assembly is always concluded by the singing of the school song, *Amici*, which means friendship. As its last notes fade away the orchestra bursts forth with a march, different from yet equally inspiring as the one which summoned us into the hall. This last one, though it sends us to our classes, is quite as popular as the first.

In addition to our regular assembly, we have a special one, which is shorter and more informal. It is called a cheer rally and consists of short talks by the coaches and by the athletic captains. Then, if Rutland High School has competed or is presently to compete with another school, our cheer leader leads us in yells of appreciation or support. A very vivid example of such a rally took place on the basketball team's return from the State Tournament at which they were champions.

Benefits, both many and valuable, are to be gained from the assembly. Its educational opportunities are splendid since it provides an excellent way for instilling, indirectly, of course, in the minds of students ideals and virtues of their school work. It is, therefore, a sort of supplement to the classroom duties. Fine instruction is given with reference to the mutual relation between the school and the community. That surely will be one of the most discussed topics all through our lives; thus early instruction, to us who are eventually to take over the community affairs, is quite desirable.

There is yet another value which is in regard to the school itself. Who does not like to know what his friends are capable of doing? No one, you will agree. The assembly provides an opportune way for

students to see each other perform and, at the same time, develop self-expression, confidence, and a use of leisure time in a particularly fine way.

The Rutland High School assembly, being under the supervision of a most competent principal, is conducted according to good organization and administration. Since both are especially necessary in life, however exalted or humble our station, the assembly furnishes us with a through primary and perhaps elementary course.

In case there is doubt in some of your minds regarding the source of this instruction it might be well to explain. In commemoration of such special days as Armistice, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and the birthdays of Washington and of Lincoln we have programs relating entirely to the celebration of the particular anniversary. Perhaps it may be a speaker or speakers, from the school body or outside, who tell the history, importance, benefits, or other facts of the specific event or person. For instance, this year in observance of February twenty-second a prominent minister of this city gave a very interesting talk on "Criticisms of George Washington."

The program, to consider it from another viewpoint, often consists of a play suitable to the important occasion. For example, at Thanksgiving Day of last year a group of pupils staged a playlette which reproduced a part of the early life of our ancestors. These speakers and plays present to the young minds of the nation a better appreciation and understanding of the great events that, and personages who have helped to make our country what it is to-day. Moreover, programs of this sort form guidance to a broader, truer, finer conception of patriotism.

As everyone knows, there are certain days such as Labor Day, Fire Prevention Day, and Decoration Day, also series of days as forestry week when observance is made of the different departments in National affairs. All these are met at the assemblies by entertainments appropriate to the occasion.

Speakers from outside the school proper are frequent at the high school assemblies; however, their frequency is fortunate for it is valuable. They represent high development in whatever may be their vocation. From our own city very interesting as well as instructive talks have been given by representatives of music, of law, of medicine, and of other professions. To go farther from home one can mention such speakers as Professor Bruce of Dartmouth College, Colonel E. W. Gibson one of our United States senators, Fred Harris of out-door fame, and Rev. Mr. Thorpe of Brandon.

As students of the Rutland High School, we shall attend the assembly of classes next week for the last time. During the past four years we have looked forward with the keenest of pleasure to the assembly period. Speaking from its effect upon ourselves, we do not hesitate to say that it is probably one of the most important things of the extra-curricular work in school. It has been of the utmost aid to our school career, and, as we have attended it so shall we long cherish it together, for—

"Our strong band can ne'er be broken
 Formed in Rutland High
 Far surpassing wealth outspoken
 Sealed by friendship's tie
 Amici usque adaras,
 Deep graven on each heart,
 Shall be found unwavering true
 When we from life shall part."

—Ada Haley.



HELEN JASMIN

MUSIC IN THE HIGH SCHOOL—THEN AND NOW.

As early as 1855, the year of the founding of our high school, music was carried on in our institution of learning. At that time all pupils were required to take this subject, lessons being given once a week by the supervisor in music. Examinations were given twice each term by the special teacher, the marks being put on the regular report cards.

The first musicale was put on in 1888 with what was then considered great success. The first few years that musicales were presented they were not given quite as early in the year as ours are, thus they had more time for practice than we do and it would seem that they would be better prepared to perform. Not so, however, for at this time there was no auditorium or assembly hall in the high school. This rendered great difficulties, for rehearsals, for the greater part, had to be held in other buildings, outside of school hours. No instruments were used in the school. The teacher was supplied with a C pitch-pipe from which the pupils were taught to find the pitch in all the different keys.

In September, 1897 "The Standard Course of Study in Vocal Music," based on the Normal Music Course, was adopted as a general outline, but the school was not confined to this one method, since all that was best in the other representative courses of instruction in vocal music, was also introduced into the work of the year. In this same year a change was made from the work of past years, in that three lessons a week were given in place of one and examinations were held but once each term.

The technical work covered a review of all musical signs, a study of the major, minor, and chromatic scales, and brief lectures on the subjects of transposition, tone, pitch, and the production and culture of the voice. During the year six choruses were studied by the school as a whole, and four additional selections were prepared by the Girls' Glee Club, an organization formed during the Spring Term of this year, and consisting of twenty members. The eighth annual musicale, held in 1897, was a great success. Special music was prepared for the graduation exercises, as is still done now. Of course they had no high school orchestra to help them along, as we now have. Outside orchestras were employed to play for the exercises.

In 1899 a serious break took place during the latter part of the Fall Term, caused by illness, which was so prevalent among both pupils and teachers. Because of this singing was omitted for a time and work was taken up in different subjects such as studying the lives of the great composers, the setting of words given by the teacher to music of the students' composition, the writing of scales and of exercises—all of which, at least it is stated, proved to be most interesting and useful to the pupils.

One can readily see that much more attention was given to this subject formerly than is in the present day. Thus in the year 1900 a storm of protest arose as to why so much money and time were being spent with music in the school. The superintendent of schools at that time issued a report in which he asked: "Is music a luxury? What are its benefits? Does it cost more than it comes to? Shall the commanding general dispense with fife and drum and prohibit the song that shortens the long march; shall we dispense with choirs and silence the congregation in our churches; shall we lay our dead away without one sympathetic strain; silently celebrate our national holidays and omit the cheerful song at home?" You all know the answer to these questions.

"Music in one form or another meets us at every turn in life; it is the property of all and has come to be a necessity. It is of service

to a greater number of people than any other art, for in joy or grief, it becomes a companion; it spurs to victory and comforts in sorrow. In regard to its physical benefits it is a tonic, it rests the body.

"It would seem from the trend of thought among prominent educators that music is to take a more prominent place in the school curriculum than it has taken before; that useful citizenship may depend for its character building upon emotions stirred by the thrilling tone, fully as much as upon the fact that the three angles of a triangle do really equal two right angles."

Even these strong arguments did not convince all of the importance of music. In the very year that these arguments were set forth the principal of the high school stated that the time had come for making the work in music optional for high school pupils, supporting his statement by the fact that if, after passing through the grades a girl or boy has acquired no taste for these things, it is useless to continue the doses until they become nauseating.

The Course of Study in Music in former years consisted of drill in chorus for everyone once a week and drill in part singing, unaccompanied, once a week. Careful drill in tone production was carried on and much attention was given to individual work. Now in Rutland High School just those pupils who so desire take any work in chorus, meeting two afternoons a week for practice. Credits are given for Music just as for other subjects taken up during school hours.

In the year 1901 no musicale was held as no suitable and adequate hall could be obtained. In this year it was finally decided to have this subject elective but the permanent value was appreciated by the pupils, so that nearly all gladly gave the required time. This year an orchestra was organized for the first time.

The high school did some very good chorus work in 1903; the only drawback was a lack of soprano voices, which is very unusual. The bass voices were strong and goodly in number and several choruses were rendered with bass soli very successfully. At the present time the sopranos are much in the majority. The high school orchestra, organized a few years previous, at this time was really worthy of mention. An orchestra of such merit as this was rarely found in a high school of its size at that time. It contributed largely to public social affairs. Two concerts were given this year, one in February and another in June.

A girls' Chorus or Glee Club was a new feature in 1906 and its initial concert was very pleasing. The school orchestra at this time seemed to be a self perpetuating organization and maintained the

high standards set some years before.

For ten successive years we have picked flowers for the bouquet of our present supervisor of music. For the fame of the producer of our recent musicales has always acted like a veritable magnate upon the town.

Too, our assemblies have been made much more cheerful by the presence of the orchestra. Hardly ever does a speaker come before us without first congratulating our fine orchestra before rendering his address.

That the pupils of Rutland High School thoroughly appreciate the value of good music and enjoy working out the problems in harmony is shown in their interest, their enthusiasm, and their pride in doing well whatever they undertake.

—Helen Jasmin



ELLA CONGDON

PRODUCTS AND BY-PRODUCTS OF HIGH SCHOOL

For most of us, the words "products of high school" are suggestive, at least, of scholastic attainments. It is true that an understanding of French and Latin have helped us from the standpoint of culture, and that a knowledge of shorthand and bookkeeping have added to our earning capacity, but we have gained so much more from our four years of high school that it seems an opportune time to tell you, our friends, what you have helped to give to this class of twenty-eight.

If we place minor influences under general headings, we have then, the mental, moral physical, and social aids of high school which are so interwoven that indeed it would be a difficult task to tell you simply, "From a mental standpoint my school has given me such and such a thing." Remembering the axiom which we learned in Geometry about the "whole being greater than its parts" we think that perhaps it is better so, for now those mental, moral, physical, and social benefits mentioned before have come to mean to us—our high school.

You may say that we will soon forget the Latin, History and Science which we have learned; even so, we shall not be the losers for we have learned to study, to concentrate, and to absorb new knowledge. Surely, in future years this ability will be far more valuable to us than any so-called "book knowledge" which we may have procured. Our teachers have endeavored, by constantly presenting to us new problems, to teach us the value of originality and initiative in our tasks; indeed our work has been marked upon these standards as much as upon the quality and quantity of it.

On the other hand, it is doubtless true and many teachers will testify to the fact, that we have, in some ways, perfected to the degree the means of evading work. You will argue that this occasional evasion may be excused on the grounds of those familiar sayings that "youth will be youth" and "human nature is the same the world over."

High school, from the moral standpoint, is, of the four phases which we are considering, the most difficult of which to give any accurate information. Everyone knows that here are as many moral codes represented in an assembly as there are persons present, and this knowledge tells us that it is as difficult to judge the value of high school insofar as morals are concerned, as it is for one person to attempt to judge impartially the morals of all others.

It has been said that various qualities inborn in every person are the governing factors in that person's moral code, but it cannot be denied that proper instruction can teach one to govern evil instincts and to devote time to developing good ones. Again, the school is not the only place for such instruction for the church and home also play important roles. In school our teachers have taught us to appreciate good books, worthy art and the finer things of life. We have all gained that satisfaction which comes from delving out the answers to our own problems, and have learned that doing one's own work is always the best policy. You will grant that this is no mean beginning.

The physical benefits of high school seem rather obvious to us; indeed most people complain that too much stress is laid on athletics these days and that more time should be given to studies. They do not stop to consider that the school fields of athletics are virtual training camps for citizenship and that athletics are helping to insure robust health for American youth. Perhaps you think that it is foolish for so many boys to go out on the field when only a chosen few will ever gain positions on the teams. Ask those who play on scrub teams about the school's last victory and you will discover that they are as delighted about it as if they had won it themselves.

They did help for without them the big team would not have been a big team. Loyalty and grit are not listed among the things taught in high school but watch our boys and girls practice some day or attend a game and you will realize that, listed or not, those qualities are there.

Perhaps the social side of high school has helped us more than any other phase. There is no one of us here but has changed in more than one respect during the past four years. We have not all grown tall, to be sure, but we confidently assert that our outlook on life has grown; and with it all we have gained confidence in ourselves. Too much confidence, of course, is as bad an evil as too little confidence but we hope, by steering a straight course between these two extremes, to reach shore safely.

Close and daily contact with many others has taught us to forget self in the spirit of cooperation which must exist in any institution, however small, if that institution is to be a success. As a result of this cooperation, we have made friends and who would deny the truth of Oliver Wendall Holme's statement that:

"Fame is the scentless sunflower
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose,
With sweets in every fold."

On summing up, we find that most of us have gained: A knowledge of the value of initiative and originality, a more definite appreciation of the finer things of life, a feeling of loyalty for our school and friends and so many pleasant memories that our feeling of appreciation may best be interpreted by Longfellow's words:

"We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculpture
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations."

VALEDICTORY

Now, after four happy years spent in Rutland High School, we, this class of twenty-eight, bid you farewell. With genuine gratitude we extend heartfelt thanks to our principal, Mr. Johnson, to all the members of the faculty, to our parents, and, in short, to all who have helped to give us these four joyous and profitable years. So we fare on, with a song of thanks for the past, contentment in the present, and strong hope for the future.

—Ella Congdon

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

As it is the custom that most of Senior or Class Night be devoted to the humorous side, it fell to the lot of someone to be more serious, because there are two distinct views to the question when graduating. You are glad to think that you have obtained four years of successful high school life, and sorry to think that four such years shall never be spent again, and now we are forced to vacate.

On an occasion such as this, we are apt to dwell largely upon the privileges and opportunities that may come to us. Attitudes of this kind may have sufficed in former years when each outgoing class faced practically the same conditions as did other predecessors. But times have changed, and we must now go out into the world filled with new and difficult problems.

If the results of the World War were to be analyzed, we would find that the great struggle has brought into clearer understanding the meaning of education in a democratic sense. The demand on the school for service was never before as great as it is at present. We are therefore to be congratulated upon the privileges and opportunities that came to us while being trained for efficiency and service to the world.

We are inclined to praise our educational standards, our systems and the work of the schools and much can be said in favor of them. Still the great conflict, perhaps more than anything else has brought to attention most forcibly some weaknesses. We should not be so radical in our optimistic tendencies as to be blind to defects and the necessity for their removal.

If we consider that there were thousands of men born in this country who were unable although subject to the call of the nation, to understand enough English to carry out the commands of their officers; if we further consider that there were thousands who came into the army, stalwart, patriotic Americans, who could neither read nor write enough to understand English, and then to think that these men were asked to sacrifice home, family, and even life in order to preserve our standards and ideals. We are thus at a conclusion that the elimination of illiteracy and a thorough understanding of our national ideals and institutions on the part of those who wish to become citizens, will be one of the pressing problems that will confront us.

If we bear in mind that a very large percentage of applicants were rejected as physically unfit in the early days of the past war, we are at once struck with the necessity of undertaking a program

for health education and to keep the nation in physical fitness that will withstand the most rigorous tests that so often face a nation such as ours.

But physical fitness alone is not sufficient. We need more trained minds to direct themselves to the protection of the country in the future or when the need may be.

But as the gap of time widens us apart from the war, we shall discover much more than we now see.

But this one thing stands out more clearly than ever before, and that this world is to belong to the workers. It will belong to those who have come to a higher capacity through education and greater experience.

To be useful is to be the best that society will put. Each man's rights are to be measured by what he does with what he has, and not merely with what he has.

And so classmates let us adjust ourselves to the conditions as we shall find them. And as we leave this institution of learning let us extend our sincere appreciation to the faculty, whose untiring efforts have helped us to succeed in life. To Mr. Johnson whose efforts have set an ideal example and last but not least to our parents whose love and care was the foundation of our high school career.

And in behalf of the class of "28" it is my duty to bid you all, not farwell, because it is my hope that we may all meet sometime in the future, but merely adieu.

 THE '28 CLASS AS FRESHMEN.

Now that we have attained the goal which we have for four years aspired to reach, it is fitting that we should look back to the events of the first of the four years.

When we tramped under these venerable portals for the first time as students of R. H. S. back in '24, we certainly were a great bunch. Unacquainted with each other for the most part; unknown to our instructors; unversed in the seemingly intricate systems of working, seating and teaching, we presented a model view of a motley assemblage.

But, under the able leadership and tutelage of our principal and instructors we gradually settled down to the humdrum monotony of acquiring an education, which was broken by some of the following events.

Do you remember our first class officers? John Keefe, President; Jean McLeod, Vice-president; Eddie Pillon, Treasurer, and Joe Canty, Secretary.

Remember how we were amused at the Freshman Reception by the presentation of the "Shooting of Dan McGrew" by the seniors coached by Mrs. Crowley?

Remember how the school football team won eight out of ten games and how Harry Franzoni, the idol of all us Freshmen, was chosen all-state tackle by the Burlington Free Press?

Remember how the basketball team won the Southern Vermont Championship but lost the State Championship to Montpelier at Burlington by one point, and the New England Championship to Rogers High of Massachusetts by two points?

Do you remember how R. H. S. just missed the baseball championship by a 7 to 6 score in a 10-inning game with Spaulding at Barre?

Remember how we were state champs in track?

Remember what a success Mr. Phillips had in his musical comedy, "Once in a Blue Moon"?

Remember all the trouble that we gave Mr. Abbott although it was his last year after eight faithful years of teaching and disciplining?

Remember the glorious time that we had at the twenty-first Baseball Fair, which incidentally was the last?

But up to this point I have confined these memories chiefly to school activities in which, as lowly Freshmen, we were not allowed to participate. However, we showed our mettle by displaying school spirit to a high degree and by leading the honor roll for the first marking period with twenty-three honor grade students. The following paragraph is taken from a "Red and White" of that year:

"It is worthy of note that a large amount of original material submitted by the Freshmen is contained in this issue of the 'Red and White', there being three poems, an editorial, a story, an essay and numerous jokes."

This attests to our activities in the literary life and as for class athletics, the skill and experience received from daily morning practice down at St. Peter's Field has no doubt contributed to the present eminence of many of our best athletes.

Altogether our Freshman year was a happy span in our four years' course, and our glee was tempered with reluctance when we cast aside the hateful opprobrium of "Freshies" and accepted the more sophisticated title of Sophomore.

—Joseph Mangan.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

What a great day it was when we entered into the ranks of upper classmen in the year of 1925. We did away with all our childish pranks as Freshmen. We started to strut around and felt very well pleased with our position with the upper classmen.

Boy! what fun we were going to have with the Freshmen. All the old things that looked brutal to us in our Freshmen year looked like spring after a long, hard, winter. We were going to be busy in the next week or so, trying to introduce the freshmen in the same manner as we were introduced to Rutland High School. And the day of the Freshman Reception—Oh Boy! it was a reception all right; we surely did our part.

It was during our Sophomore year that the Athletic Association was formed. There were to be representatives from each class. Our representative was John Hinsman, and he surely did his work well.

It was during our first few months as upper-classmen that we started the Lunch Room under the supervision of Mrs. Wilkinson. It surely was a great help to have a little to eat so as to tide us over until we went home. Too much cannot be said for the nice dishes Mrs. Wilkinson made for us.

It was during our Sophomore year that we started the weekly scheduled assemblies. We always looked ahead to them and they were always interesting as well as educational.

On November 3, 1925, we put on a play called "The Show Actress." It was very cleverly done under the supervision of Miss McDonough. The cast included Jean McLeod, the Show Actress; Belle Ingalls as Ma Martin; Mary Morris as Mandy Freeman; Barbara Farnsworth as Miss Jordan; Wallace Amidon as Zeb, our hero; Rudolph Morse as Danny Fergusn. All showed remarkable skill and gave great promise for the future.

During our first semester as Sophomores we stuck down to business and had fifteen members of our class on the Honor Roll, leading the upper classmen by six pupils.

Our Athletics were a great success. Our Track team won the three meets they were in and lowered three state records. In Baseball we won practically every game; we had a team far above the average.

In Basketball we won the Southern Vermont Basketball Championship, the team being piloted by Ray Franzoni.

During the end of our stay as Sophomores, the Juniors put on the First Junior Prom. It was held in the assembly hall and was a big success.

Just before graduation we received word that four pupils from Rutland High had won honors in the Prize Chemistry Contest. Jerome Kennedy and Bruno Lucarini both won first prizes and Edward Cooper and George Rounds received honorable mention.

The time became short. Examinations! A few months' vacation and again school! This time we entered as Juniors,—another step toward the goal of Seniors in Rutland High School. May all our remaining years be filled with happiness as they were in our first year as upper classmen.

—Alfred Rabidou '28.

THE JUNIOR HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '28.

It was a glorious day, September 5, when we entered the high school as Juniors. We were next to the Seniors and we could afford to look down upon the Freshmen and Sophomores. We were Juniors.

There still rang in our ears the scathing article that had appeared in the "Red and White." We were classed as ignorant and green. Slow to learn the ways of our elders. Backward in all things. In other words one of the dumbest classes that ever entered the illustrious portals of our school. As Juniors, we were determined to prove our worth, to show the scorers of what mettle we were made.

To represent us in all matters we chose as President, John Hinsman; as Vice-president, Bud Fox; as Secretary, Frances Mason; and as Treasurer, Marian Willcox. They were an able body of officers, as later events proved.

We started out by contributing to the Tuesday assemblies, seventeen musicians. All are now famous, due to Mr. Phillips' careful training. Then, to help make "Pickles" its grand success, we gave to it twenty-two members of the chorus.

The Seniors, always haughty, laughed. Good work, but could they keep it up?

In the spring of our Junior year, under the direction of Miss Beebe, we gave, in the assembly hall, an entertainment for the benefit of the "Red and White". When the news was published, we were rather secretly scoffed at; but nevertheless, with every member of the class of '28 behind the wheel, it was a great success.

To Mr. O'Brien we gave some good timber to be used in baseball and football.

When the Honor Rolls were published, from time to time, five to nine of our illustrious members had earned the right to be enrolled.

Owing to the intercession of our president with the powers that be, we were allowed to have a Junior Prom which, needless to say, was an unqualified success.

We held our own in everything; in fact we did so well that in the Junior issue of the "Red and White," the Editor-in-Chief saw fit to praise our efforts. It was the finishing touch to all our year of work.

"Juniors, you have already done much for your school."

"And thus we have them now, a carefree, light-hearted class, struggling toward the goal of their ambition."

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '28—SENIOR YEAR.

On September 8, 1928—We—The Seniors—entered once more through the stately portals of R. H. S. This was to be our last year—What a year!!! We knew that a great responsibility had to be taken over by us and with this idea in mind we elected, Robert Fox, President; Edith Cutler, Vice-President; William McGinnis, Treasurer, and Frances Mason, Secretary.

We opened the social season with the Freshman Reception. A vaudeville put on by the boys of the Senior Class and directed by Mr. Purdy was pronounced a great success.

Our Tres-Decem, chosen by members of the last year society, managed the corridors and their ability for this kind of work was shown especially during the time of the flood when only three or four managed all the traffic throughout the school.

In athletics we have reigned supreme. Of the sixteen boys who were on the football team we provided ten of the outstanding players who helped win the State Championship.

Our second attempt in athletics came when many of the Senior boys went out for basketball. Although the season looked doubtful, the wonderful training of Coaches O'Brien and Purdy made another Championship possible, it being the first time the State Championship in basketball had ever come to Southern Vermont. This team represented Vermont State in the National Tournament held in Chicago during the week of April first 1928.

During this time our girls' basketball team had not been idle. Coached by Miss Willis and captained by Kitty Grandey of the Senior Class it has shown remarkable success.

For the first time in the history of Rutland High a girls' Hockey team was formed, many of the participants belonging to our class.

The boys' Hockey team with Don Harrington of '28 as Captain has made fine progress and we hope this sport will grow until it earns its place among the major sports of R. H. S.

Ed Layden was captain of the baseball team which has been another credit to Rutland High.

We gave twenty-five Senior boys to the track team and this was one of the best ever put out from R. H. S.

Miss Willis probably took a great chance when she attempted to form a girls' track team. However, the result was amazing and we extend our heartiest congratulations for success in girls' athletics.

Not only in athletics but also in the artistic realm has our class shown its ability. The recent musical comedy "Carrie Comes to College" was one of the outstanding events of the school year. Many of the Senior boys and girls' took part in the chorus and various dancing groups. Ed Pike of our class cut an especially fine figure as "Porky" the fat boy of Beetax College. The school orchestras will suffer a great loss with the departure of the Senior Class. Not to be overlooked, while we are speaking of musical accomplishments, was the winning of the Atwater Radio Contest from Rutland County by Miss Leona L'Ange of the class of '28.

In another field of art, that of the drama, the Senior play entitled "The Hottentot" shines brightly. From the comments of both audiences we think it was one of the most successful ever presented by R. H. S. You will remember the assemblies which our class has put on. Probably "Sousa's Kitchen Band" staged by Room 3 deserved special notice.

For the first time in the annals of R. H. S. a school orator has been chosen. Miss Mary Morris of the Senior Class won this title when she ably defeated five other participants four of whom were members of the Class of '28. Miss Morris also won the contest from Rutland County.

Of the one hundred and thirty-nine who first entered this school as "green" Freshmen, the majority of dignified and supposedly more intelligent Seniors will graduate. We are called "sophisticated" but I wonder how many of us feel that we are able to leave old R. H. S. and take our place eiether in the business or social world! In Rutland High we have found a friend upon whom we might rely and we have fought for the school for everything which it has earned during

our four years. Indeed we '28ters feel that we are to be praised. No other class following will develop such qualities of hardihood and patience as are ours. No future R. H. S. graduates will encounter the obstacles which truly make the road to learning rocky, for their education will be housed in the halls of beauty and loveliness. Ours has been an attainment; for above the trials of our material surroundings, above the wreck of this building, our spirits have soared triumphant. HAIL TO '28.

—Harriet E. Mattison.

—o—

CLASS WILL.

We, the undersigned, being of sound mind do hereby testify this to be our last will and testament.

Nellie Alexander wills a certain friend in Wallingford to her rival, Helen Congdon.

Frances Allson wills his fiddle to Old Black Joe.

Wallace Amidon leaves his Ford carry-all to the Rutland Waste and Metal Company.

Geno Baccei wills a pair of rubber heels to be used in the new high school.

Janet Bailey wills her melodious voice to Margaret Huffert.

Catherine Balch wills her flapper ways to Isabelle Kirk.

Rita Bishop leaves her giggles to Dorothy Austin.

Philip Billings wills his broken heart to Bill Matthews.

Alma Borden wills her permanent wave to Jean McKay.

Perry Bove wills his gridiron ability to his cousin, Victor.

Dorothy Boyden wills her personality to the Junior Class.

Valna Bosworth wills her love for the boys to Harriet Smith.

Grace Briggs leaves her long hair to Esther Holland.

Richard Candlish wills his Hudson to Ruth Burke.

Joe Canty leaves a bus for all those that have to walk to Mill Village.

Lulo Carlson leaves her quiet ways to Mary Stearns.

Catherine Castle wills her aching heart to Florence Perfetti.

Gabrielle Charron wills her love for tall fellows to Ruth Bucklin.

Marty Cioffi bequeaths his harem to "Red" Gallipo.

Francis Clarke wills his herald route to Buddy Mattison.

Marian Conant wills her slogan, "Gentlemen prefer blondes" to Betty Ashley.

Ella Congdon leaves her "A's" to anyone wishing to learn the alphabet.

Eva Corsonnes leaves school with an aching heart.

George Costello wills his red jacket to the flagman of the Rutland Railroad.

Mary Coyne wills her dancing ability to Peter Alexander.

Genevieve Desmarais leaves her position at the library to Grace Fewkes.

Thomas Eddy wills his dramatic talent to Al Routier, and his love for poetry to Miss Newton.

Dan Farnsworth leaves his jacket to the Sioux Indians.

Barbara Farnsworth leaves her educated fingers to Ned Rounds.

Louis Fineberg leaves his husky form to Reggie Billado.

Alexander Forkas leaves his noble brow to Ray Conant.

Bud Fox wills his picture as a reason why girls leave home.

John Fuller leaves his car to the bottom of Otter Creek.

Francis Gallagher wills his Irish name to Clarice Mintzer.

John Gemo leaves his good football work to Teid Levins.

Vivian Gibbs leaves her glasses to Allan Hendee.

Mildred Gifford wills her giggles to whoever can stand them.

Jack Gillis wills his Boy Scout badges to Alice Pendagast.

Goldie Gilson wills her curly hair to Miss Ostiguy.

Kitty Grandy wills her collection of class pins to be used as thumb tacks on the bulletin board.

Ada Haley leaves her place on the honor roll to Wendell Noyes.

Don Harrington leaves his beard to Bill Burke.

Dick Harrison leaves his nickname "Dubber" to be used as a password in the new high school.

Lorraine Hendee leaves her morning talks to the True Romance Magazine.

Leyla Herrman leaves her height to "Grasshopper" Cioffi.

Tom Holden has decided to leave Babe to her rightful owner—"None but the brave deserve the fair."

Roger Howard wills his ability as chauffeur to Barrett Levins.

Stella Hulett leaves her strength to Marian Tyrell.

James Hurley leaves a reward to anyone who finds his brains.

Robert Hutchins bequeaths his picture to Rogues' Gallery.

Belle Ingalls leaves her good work in the Red and White to Allan Adams.

Helen Jasmin and Ruth Woodfall leave Rutland for their future home in Wallingford.

Doris Jillson leaves her love for fat men to Ruth Berry.

John Keefe leaves his love for basketball to Eddie Vargas.

Pauline Lamb leaves nothing—she's taking Don Harrington with her.

Robert Lanahan and Carl Chapman leave their sleeping powders to Charlie Dooley.

Mary Lanahan wills her recipe, "How to keep up with the Joneses."

Albert LaValley leaves his love for bookkeeping to Miss True.

Marian LaVenture leaves her cheers for Springfield to the future cheering squad.

Ed Layden leaves a cushion for future use on Ginna's front porch.

Jack Lanzillo leaves his good leadership to Ansom Ransom.

Leona Longe wills her voice to the National Broadcasting Company.

Marjorie Loveland and Ellen Selva will their books to the Museum of Natural Art.

Harriet Lyons wills her so-called southern drawl to Maud Curtis.

Joe Mangan wills his knowledge of the banjo to Malcolm Robinson.

Jean Matthews wills her brother to any girl in the sixth grade.

Harriet Mattison leaves a place in the Red and White to be filled.

Bill McGuinness bequeaths his books to the Western Story Publishing Company.

John McGarry wills his shieky profile to Ray Holden.

Harry Menten wills his dignified pose to Kiyi Beardsley.

Harry Miele wills his position at Shangraw's to Henry Hostler.

Joe Moloney leaves his wise cracks to the Red and White.

William Moreau leaves his cheers for R. H. S. to the freshmen.

Marry Morris wills her oratorical speech to the Congressional Record.

Rudolph Morse leaves his book, "How to Hunt Deer—Have They Two or Four Legs?"

James Muscatello wills his truck to Frank Cioffi.

Shirley Negus and Grace Powers will their pictures to the Lonely Heart Editor.

Rena Patnod leaves her matrimonial intentions to Tom Porter.

Kenneth Pearsons leaves his love for the Juniors to Miss Willis.

Frances Petty leaves her innocent looks to Marian McHugh.

Jean Phillips leaves her superfluous flesh to Janet Goddard.

Ed Pike leaves his musical instruments to Sousa's Kitchen Band.

John Quigley leaves Ruth Pinchin to the competent care of Harold Allen.

Al Rabideau and Ted Olson leave their line to the Rutland Wet Wash.

Fred Ribolini leaves his picture to be placed with the leading men of Center Rutland.

Sadie Ridlon and Bernadette Signor leave their good dispositions to the Sophomores.

Eva Seward leaves her home in Mendon for R. H. S.

Frances Smith wills her silliness to Vesta Ridlon.

John Riter leaves his favorite songs, "I used to love her but it's all over now" and "I'm in love with a beautiful nurse" to Irving Berlin.

Marjorie Rosseau leaves her poistion at the lunch counter to Joyce Plunkett.

Lucille Rowe leaves Harold Saunders to the care of Marie Jolli.

John Russell leaves the porch at Ruth Bucklin's to Francis Forcier.

Pearl and Dorothy Seff leave their love for ham sandwiches to Winnie Curtis.

Rita Spooner leaves her speed in shorthand to Ruth Pinchin.

Jean Simpson leaves her motto, "Variety is the spice of life" to Gin Chamberlin.

John Stearns leaves his sister, Mary, to be handled with care.

Robert Stevens leaves his drag in History class to Holly Whay.

Edgar Stickney leaves his successful work to Harold Saunders.

Crawford Taylor leaves his knickles to Mrs. Wilkinson and his moustache to the Better Brush Company.

Claire Wall and Babe Cutler leave their popularity to Lorraine Russell.

Harry Whitney wills his knickers to be used as awning for the new high school.

Marian Wilcox leaves her knowledge of history to Mr. Purdy's next year class.

Rhea and Violet Young are compelled to leave their mother's apron strings for five hours a day.

Charles Spencer leaves his vocabulary to the new edition of Webster's dictionary.

Frances Mason and Olive Fiske leave their interest in Middlebury to Dot Davies.

Evelyn Daniels wills her egoistic conversation to Margaret Huffert.

Signed this twelfth day of June, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

ANNA MAE CONSIDINE, Trustee.

Witness:

CLASS OF 1928.

CLASS ELECTIONS.

Best looking girl Claire Wall

Best looking boy Thomas Holden

Best dressed girl..... Kitty Grandy

Best dressed boy..... John Quigley

Most popular girl..... Edith Cutler

Most popular boy..... Edward Fox

Best girl dancer..... Claire Wall, Marian Willcox

Best boy dancer..... John Keefe

Best girl sport..... Frances Mason

Best Boy sport..... Joseph Canty

Class cut-up Theodore Olson

Class goat..... Robert Hutchins

Wittiest boy..... Thomas Eddy

Wittiest girl..... Anna May Considine

Smallest girl..... Helen Jasmin

Smallest boy..... Phillip Billings, Jos. Moloney

One most likely to succeed (girl)..... Ella Congdon, Mary Morris

One most likely to succeed (boy)..... Edward Pike

Best athlete (girl)..... Kitty Grandy

Best athlete (boy)..... Joseph Canty

Woman hater..... Lewis Fineberg

Man hater..... Janet Bailey

Tallest girl..... Leyla Hermann

Tallest boy Charles Spencer

Class vamp.....	Marian Willcox
Class sheik.....	John Quigley
Laziest girl	Harriet Lyons
Laziest boy.....	Daniel Farnsworth
Best lunch customer.....	Sadie Ridlon
Best girl actress.....	Mary Morris
Best boy actor.....	Thomas Eddy
Driver of school "Taxi".....	Edward Pike
Most bashful boy.....	George Costello
Most bashful girl.....	Lulu Carlson
Champion gum chewer.....	Joseph Foley
Girl who talks most.....	Lorraine Hendee
Boy who talks most.....	Alfred Rabidou
Teacher's pet (girl).....	Jean Matthews
Teacher's pet (boy).....	Harry Miele
Always tardy.....	John Quigley
Most dated up.....	Marian Willcox
Spends most time in office.....	Crawford Taylor
Most musical.....	Edw. Pike, Daniel Farnsworth
Most dramatic	Barbara Farnsworth
Girl who has done most for class.....	Harriet Mattison, Mary Morris
Boy who has done most for class.....	William McGuinnis
Class grind	Eva Corsonnes
Class grouch	John Stearns
Girl with most pleasing personality....	Edith Cutler
Boy with most pleasing personality....	Thomas Holden
Most intelligent.....	Ella Congdon
Best orator	Mary Morris
Neatest girl.....	Gabrielle Charon
Neatest boy.....	John Quigley
Class pest.....	Wallace Amidon

Now you've all heard of our class elections

These are 28's selections:

Our best looking girl is not very tall
Just look at her boys—she's Miss Claire Wall.

We've chosen Tom Holden for the best looking boy
He's handsome 'tis true but not very coy.

Babe is known as our most popular girl
She's tiny and peppy and her hair is curley.

Bud Fox is our choice for the most popular boy
To be with him a moment is certainly a joy.

Our best dressed girl is Kitty Grandy
And take it from me, Kit sure is a dandy.

Johnnie Quigley, the boy with the clothes
He is a fellow that everyone knows.

For our best girl sport we root for Fran
She has a good time where no one else can.

Jo Canty is the boy we all adore
He's the one good sport that holds the floor.

Claire Wall and Marian Willcox are the steppers for the girls
There is gracefulness and life in their flashing whirls.

John Keefe is the boy who is the best at dancing
And take it from us he does some prancing.

We've chosen Bob Hutchins for the class goat
It's a good idea but it's rather remote.

Tom Eddy is the boy with the wit
And when he starts talking, he sure makes a hit.

Our wittiest girl is Anna May
She likes to talk and has a lot to say.

The class cut-up is called Ted Olson
In his jokes and pranks he's a second Al Jolson.

Jo Moloney is short and Phil Billings too
But their size doesn't hinder their worth to you.

Helen Jasmin is our smallest miss
We certainly think you'll agree with this.

Ed Pike's the boy most likely to succeed
He is always around whenever there's need.

Ella Congdon and I were chosen to succeed
We'll do our best and try to finish in the lead.

We've chosen Jo Canty as best athlete
We knew the others dared not compete.

Kitty Grandy is our best girl athlete
With bat and ball she can't be beat.

Lewis Fineberg hates the women
But we know that someday he'll change his opinion.

Janet Bailey dislikes the boys
She thinks them useless and merely boys.

Leyla Hermann may be tall
But she has advantages over the small.

Charlie Spencer of '28
Is very tall and very straight.

We have a vamp within our band
In the presence of Marion the boys expand.

Johnnie Quigley is the sheik of '28
With the girls et cetera he's never very late.

Harriet Lyons is the girl that's laziest
When the bell doth ring, she's the haziest.

Our laziest boy is known as Dan
He can sleep in peace where nobody can.

Sadie Ridlon dines above par
But she's good-natured as most fat people are.

Mary Morris's acting is considered very fine
And of all class she ranks first in that line.

Tom Eddy as an actor is one of the best
And if you have seen him you know it's no jest.

The driver of the school "Taxi" is known as "Ed"
He's driving the Peerless when we're all in bed.

George Costello may be very shy
But he watches the girls from the corner of his eye.

The most bashful girl in '28 goes by the name of Lulu
Now, that you've seen her does she look bashful to you?

Jo Foley chews gum the most
He knows it's true but he doesn't boast.

Lorraine Hendee is an awful talker
But then if she says something why should we mock her?

The boy that talks most is called "Al"
He sure is some talker but he's a good pal.

Jean Matthews is the teacher's pet
She gets her marks you can bet.

Harry Miele is another teacher's pet
But he works hard for all he can get.

Johnnie Quigley may be late for school
But when it's a date he omits the rule.

Marion Willcox has the most dates
But if you don't suit her—she'll show you the gate.

The boy most in the office is our popular "Craig"
He's a wonderful fellow if he hasn't a drag.

The most musical pair are Dan Farnsworth and Ed Pike
They're both good fellows and boys we all like.

The most dramatic is a girl named "Bob"
When she gets going she draws a mob.

Harriet and Mary 'twas foolish to ask—
Are the girls in '28 who've done most for the class.

The boy who did most for his class is "Bill"
His place in this school will be hard to fill.

Eva Corsonnes is the class grind
But in her lessons she's never behind.

Johnnie Stearns may be a grouch
But we girls like plain men who don't talk so much.

"Babe" is always the same
Her gay personality wins every game.

Tom Holden's personality we think is most pleasing
With his winning ways to the girls he's most teasing.

Ella Congdon is our most intelligent miss
And everything included, she's the teacher's bliss.

Our neatest girl is Gabe Charron
She looks perfect no matter what she has on.

When it comes to orating Mary Morris is blest
And for our class orator '28 thinks she's best.

John Quigley is the neatest of our boys
Keeping his clothes clean is always a joy.

Wallace Amidon is the class pest
We hated to do it but thought it best.

—Harriet E. Mattison, Mary Morris.

—o—

Well, well, here's a letter from my old friend Brute Billings. He's on a triumphal tour now through the states just like Lindbergh's in 1927. He certainly pulled a great stunt making the first continental solo flight around the world. Well I'll see what the letter says.

San Francisco, Cal.,

June 12, 1950.

Dear Zeke:

Well I am nearly on the end of my triumphal tour and I am pretty well tired out. I passed through every city in the United States that Lindbergh did.

And say, you remember the old class of 1928, well in every city I hit at least one turned up to have a chat with me. Everyone of them has turned out to be a huge success and it makes me feel proud to belong to such a class.

You remember—

—o—

CLASS PROPHECY.

Nellie Alexander has been elected mayor of Greenwich Village, where she is studying art.

Francis Allson is starring in his new picture, "The Blond Lover."

Wallace Amidon is running an academy for aesthetic art and tight rope walking.

Geno Baccei is a daring swimmer; he nearly had his neck broken in a **dive** at Atlantic City.

Janet Bailey is living with her uncles, Barnum and Bailey.

Cathryn Balch is a successful business woman in Boston.

Rita Bishop is selling real estate in Africa.

Alma Borden is chief of police in Chicago.

Valma Bosworth is writing poetry.

Perry Bove is running a beauty parlor and gas station in Rutland.

Dorothy Boyden is drawing cartoons for the New York Herald Tribune.

Grace Briggs is a successful playwright.

Joe Canty is selling electric refrigerators to the Eskimos; he reports a rushing business.

Lulo Carlson is now in Scotland, where men are women and there are no baggy trousers.

Catherine Castle is a famous nurse in London.

Karl Chapman is a famous bull fighter. When he isn't fighting the bull he's shooting it.

Gabrielle Charron is specializing in French at Paris.

Martin Cioffi has succeeded Mussolini as head of the Italian Government.

Francis Clarke is cleaning up; he is a dishwasher at Prouse's.

Ella Congdon is still at Middlebury; she's flunking her subjects right and left.

Anna Considine has designs upon certain people; she is a tatooer.

Eva Corsonnes came out of college disappointed because the professors weren't absent minded.

George Costello is now a farmer and is farming the old Hatch Place on upper Killington Avenue.

Mary Coyne is a professor at Wellesley College.

Edith Cutler has been promoted to the rivet room in the Howe Scale.

Evelyn Daniels is preparing to swim the English Channel.

Genevieve Desmarais is attempting to regain a book loaned out from the library to Alec Forkas in 1925.

Barbara and Daniel Farnsworth have played before all the crowned heads of Europe and are now playing before the Bald Heads of America.

Lewis Fineberg has succeeded Gene Tunney as heavyweight champion of the world.

Olive Fisk is running Cook tours through the Green Mountains.

Joseph Foley in attempting to spell out an advertisement for a Russian cigarette in his aeroplane went into a tail spin and was injured.

Edward Fox is doing detective work; at present he is tracking elephants in Alaska.

John Fuller has set the world's speed mark at 230 miles per hour in his new Essex "The Spirit of St. Vitus."

Francis Gallagher is pitching for the Giants in the Northern Vermont Horseshoe League.

Vivian Gibbs is a stenographer and can chew gum much faster than she used to.

Mildred Gifford is writing for the Morning Bugle.

John Gillis is teaching the Ukelele course at Vassar.

Donald Harrington is in big time vaudeville; he comes on immediately after a monkey act. Many people think it is an encore.

Richard Harrison is running a permanent wave shop.

Lorraine Hendee is writing of her experience in love for the Boston Advertiser.

Leyla Herrman and Leona Longe are in grand opera.

Rollie Hires is now in the root beer business.

Tom Holden lives in Chicago; just another big splash from the Great Lakes.

Roger Howard has taken Hoot Gibson's place in Western thrillers.

Ada Hulett is preaching the gospel in China as a missionary.

James Hurley is a butler in the Newport home of Jack Lanzillo.

Robert Hutchins on a recent visit to New York bought Central Park and Brooklyn Bridge; he is now negotiating for the Hudson Tube.

Belle Ingalls has made a big hit with the radio audience singing "Jingle Bells."

Helen Jasmine is married to a former baseball pitcher; it is rumored that he is wild.

Doris Jillson is giving bed time stories over the radio.

Pauline Lamb is making cross word puzzles.

Mary Lanahan is toe dancing in the Follies.

Albert Lavalley is now a doctor and is in partnership with Harry Menten who is an undertaker.

Marion LaVenture is doing research work. She discovered that one could stuff macaroni with the holes in doughnuts.

Ed Layden is a renowned chemist, at present he is working on a noiseless explosion.

Marjorie Loveland is writing dime novels.

Harriet Lyons has taken up law in Boston.

John McGarry now owns Chalmers'. More power to him!

William McGinnis is with Ringling Brothers running the three shell game "My hand against your eye."

Joseph Mangan, an experienced biologist, has discovered a way to keep potato bugs from ravaging a trap. He dynamites them.

Frances Mason runs a hat establishment in Paris.

Jean Matthews is the dean of women in a leading university.

Harriet Mattison is now in London composing music.

Harry Miele has married into French nobility.

Joseph Moloney and Rudolph Morse are making a fortune in the fish business. Joe blows the horn and Dudey yells "Fresh Fish."

William Moreau has taken over Lon Chaney's part in pictures.

Mary Morris is now in Broadway's White Lights. She is playing in Flaming Youth.

James Muscatello and Zip Gemo are with the Rutland Fire department.

Shirley Negus is teaching elocution in a High School.

Harold Olson has just bought out William Randolph Hearst.

Rena Patnode is happily married.

Kenneth Pearsons is mayor of Rutland.

Frances Petty is a nurse in Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

Jean Phillips and Dorothy Seff are dazzling Broadway with their sensational dancing.

Edward Pike is making a fortune selling life insurance to flag pole sitters.

Grace Powers is teaching in a girl's college.

John Quigley is an explorer. He recently made a trip to the North Pole. John reports the weather was cold.

Alfred Rabidou is a huge success writing and singing "Mammy Songs."

Lloyd Riberdy is playing ball with the New York Yankees.

Frederick Ribolini is a professor at U. V. M.

John Riter is a famous artist. At present he is in Paris claiming that he is painting the Eiffel Tower.

Marjorie Rousseau is in the Silent Drama.

Lucille Rowe has settled down to a happy married life.

John Russell is in Russia trying to start a revolution.

Lawrence Russell is now a big butter and egg man in Vermont.

Pearl Seff is giving music lessons.

Ellen Selva is running a furniture store in Grand Rapids.

Eva Seward writes heart-rending epitaphs for tomb stones.

Jean Simpson and Marion Willcox are doing slap stick comedy in big time vaudeville.

Charles Spencer recently wrote a book of fairy tales. Charles is a popular author with the children.

Rita Spooner is running a bus from Rutland to New York.

John Stearns and Harry Whitney are selling real estate in New York.

Edgar Stickney has taken the place of the great Sousa.

Crawford Taylor is training women for the chorus in New York.

Ruth Woodfall is driving racing cars at Indianapolis.

Rhea Young and Violet Young have invented cough drops that put Smith Brothers out of existence.

Richard Candlish is a sailor with a wife in every port.

Marion Conant is in politics.

John Keefe holds the open championship of England in golf.

Robert Lanahan is a famous inventor, he recently invented a rubber enamel for cars which enables pedestrians to bounce off.

Robert Stevens is now in Africa serving with the Foreign Legion.

Claire Wall is in deepest Africa hunting big game. (Up to her old tricks.)

CLASS OF 1928

We are self same people
 Who four short years ago
 Were initiated into high school.
 We all survived, and so
 The next year we were Sophomores
 T'was a happy year we passed,
 We worked and plugged along
 And the next year we were classed
 As Juniors in Rutland High School.
 It was an honor then
 Because the whole class knew
 They would never be Juniors again.
 And now this same little group
 Is all in the Senior class
 Nearing Commencement day
 And we're sorry our school days have passed.
 In the four short years just gone,
 We have loved our gay school life
 But we're eager to enter the world,
 To work mid the joy and the strife.
 Along earth's merry path-way
 We'll follow the straightest lane,
 That leads us right to happiness
 Away from turmoil and pain.
 When we reach the prime of life
 And each of us has succeeded,
 We'll think of our happy school days
 And the things we learned, that we needed.
 And when we are old and feeble
 And our hair is turning gray
 We'll sit in a comfy rocker
 And think of Commencement day.
 We'll get out our old worn year book
 And turn the pages with care,
 And gaze with fast dimming eyes
 At the faces printed there.
 We'll think of the good old times—
 We were happy and careless and young—
 We'll think of assembly day
 And that dear old song that we sung.

Our friendship ties never were broken
 "Amici's" engraved in our hearts
 And we'll always remember its meaning
 Until we from this world depart.

—Rita Bishop '28.

WISHES!

I wish I were a little Ford
 And never need repair
 So I could hustle you around
 And all your pleasure share.

I wish I were a drawing
 For everyone to see
 With your name in the corner
 You'd be so proud of me.

I wish I were a golf stick
 So when the sky is blue
 You'd let me be your little pal
 And play around with you.

I wish I were a fire place
 By which you'd sit and gaze
 And think about the memories
 Of happy bygone days.

I wish I were a pillow
 Nestled softly in your bed
 For then I know YOU'd come to me
 To rest your weary head.

These wishes are impossible
 But then I needn't bawl
 Because I am your sweetheart
 And you love me best of all.

---C. Spencer '28.

It's a wonderful thing in a world like this
 To find a friend who is true
 A pal who is interested
 And understands you too.

For folks although they love you well,
 Can sometimes make you sad,
 They say things that are most unkind,
 And hurt you pretty bad.

But if you have a little pal,
 Who seems to understand
 And gives you just a cheery smile
 As he grips you by the hand,

Then life is full of sunshine,
 And there's no need feeling blue
 That's the reason why I'm happy—
 I have found a friend—it's you.

—C. Spencer '28.

MEDITATION

It is just before graduation,
 A thought which strikes me new.
 For it sometimes makes me glad
 And it sometimes affects me bad.

It is easy now to sit,
 And recall with deep regret
 Those, who tried to teach us;
 What we just refused to get.

It is fun for us to repeat
 All the pleasures one might meet
 In that old, red, brick, schoolhouse
 Situated on Center Street.

Oh! how nice it would be to pack,
 All our troubles in a sack
 And forever reside,
 In our, Alma Mater, "Rutland High."

But the time must soon come
And the future with its net
Will attract us like a magnet
To our work which waits us yet.

So it is graduation
When we last meet one and all
Before our separation
To the fork of the road which calls.

So this is the cogitation
Which makes me feel so sad
I wonder friends
If it is affecting you as bad.

—Alma G. Borden.

— o —
TO A. M. B.

The thought of you
Is like a summer night
When stars hang low
And thru soft clouds
A crescent moon
Looks down upon
The earth
Which peaceful sleeps
In silent recognition.

The memory of you
Is like a mountain brook
That rushes on and on
O'er rocks and stones
Thru field
And trees
And marshy places
Into
Eternity.

W.

A SNOW STORM.

The angels
Are engaged
In a pillow fight.
The wind
Is enraged
At their behavior.
A breeze
Becomes
A terrific gale
And the feathers
Are blown
From the floor of heaven
And come floating
Down to earth.

—Rita Bishop '28.

— o —
OUR BALL TEAM

Oh! Rutland has a good ball team
A good ball team indeed
For we have old Joe Canty
Whenever a run we need.

At short we have George Ianni
A wizard sure is he
For a ball can never pass him
Though it's buzzing like a bee.

Behind the plate is Johnnie Keefe
A mother's fighting son
Who always evades the basemen
And then brings in the run.

Now Eddie Layden in the box
And boy he's got some curve
So when a batter toes the plate
He needs a lot of nerve.

At first we have Smooth Clifford
And maybe he can't bat
For when he hits that little ball
They say "Goodbye" to that.

Now Teid Levins may be quite small
And that is plain to see
But he takes care of second
Just like Tony Lazzeri.

Now Ned Rounds is another boy
Who won his present place
Is helping Rutland all he can
To win that pennant race.

He hits, he slides, he's safe at home
And I'll be a son of a gun
If George Costello, our Babe Ruth,
Hasn't hit for another home run.

We have plenty of substitutions
With lots of pep and steam
And all the base ball cuties say
They're the makings of a team.

Of course every team has a coach
And there's no use in tryin'
To beat our man, for we have the best
In Coach Harold I. O'Brien.

Of all the big time managers
There's none that can come near
To Bill McGinnis of R. H. S.
Who managed us this year.

—R. Billado.



HONOR ROLL—5TH MARKING PERIOD

SENIORS		JUNIORS	
Catherine Balch	(2)	Irvin Beinhower	(2)
Rita Bishop		Ruth Berry	(5)
Dorothy Boyden	(5)	Barbara Butterfield	(5)
Ella Congdon	(5)	Harold Davis	(5)
Eva Corsonnes	(5)	Warren Goodrich	(3)
Ada Haley	(5)	Virginia Kent	(4)
Helen Jasmin	(5)	Anson Ransom	(2)
Mary Morris	(3)	Vesta Ridlon	
SOPHOMORES		FRESHMEN	
Dorothy Barton	(3)	Gertrude Block	(3)
William Brislin	(4)	Patrick Clifford	
Ruth Bucklin	(4)	Arthur Dick	
Virginia Chamberland		Gladys Hall	(3)
Helen Congdon	(4)	Robert Stafford	(5)
Elizabeth Corcoran	(4)	Ralph Sussman	(5)
Geraldine Corpron			
Ruth Head	(2)		
Edward Marceau	(3)		
Bella Perry			
Colin Woodfall	(2)		

Requirements: A in three prepared subjects or their equivalents.

No prepared subject lower than B—.

Figures in parenthesis indicate number of times pupil has been on the Honor Roll this year.

TRI-COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Tri-County Teachers' convention was held in Rutland May 4 and 5. The High School Orchestra played at the beginning of each meeting.

J. Alan Taffs, one of the most celebrated of virtuoso pianists in this country and abroad, delighted a small but music loving audience with his rendition of the various difficult numbers which made up his program.

The proceeds of the concert were given to the Rutland Parent-Teachers' Council.

Among the cast of "The First Year" staged by the Rutland Players' Club was Miss Marion Willcox '28.

Thimio Koutsoucolis '26 has been chosen as one of the leading boxers at Norwich.

We were very pleased to welcome the three Proctor girls who visited our school April 22. The doors are always open to visitors and we hope more will come.

Hurrah for "Fran" Crowley who won the six-mile road race from Proctor to Rutland! Among the contestants were boys from B. R. A., Pittsford High, Middlebury, DeMolay, Rutland A. A. and Cuttingsville.

R. H. S. is proud of Miss Frances Howley who took part in the U. V. M.-Maine Debate. Miss Howley is a graduate of the class of '25. The debate was won by U. V. M.

Further notice comes from the University of Vermont that Miss Howley represented Vermont in the women's debate held at Pembroke College of Brown University April 28. Vermont lost to Pembroke 2-1.

OLDER GIRLS' CONFERENCE.

The Older Girls' Conference was held in Rutland May 10-11-12. The girls were chaperoned by Misses Louise Willis and Alberta Whitmarsh.

Among the girls who helped entertain the visitors were: Esther Holland, Frances Mason and Ruth Berry.

Among the girls who attended Junior Week at Norwich were Winnie Curtiss and Goldie Gilson.

The recent musical comedy entitled "Carrie Comes to College" was a great success. The proceeds were given to the A. A.

Babe Cutler of the Class of '28 has accepted a position as stenographer at the Howe Scale Works.

ASSEMBLIES.

March 21

This assembly was in charge of the Junior English Classes under the direction of Miss Hackett. A play entitled "Grandma Pulls the Strings" was presented to an appreciative audience.

The cast was as follows:

Grandma Blessington	Ruth Berry
Mrs. Cummings	Elizabeth Landon
Nora Cummings	Winifred Curtis
Julia Cummings	Ruth Pinchin
Hildegard Cummings	Jean McKay
Bill Thornton	Francis Forcier

April 4

At this assembly the theatre orchestra entertained with the following program:

Selection from "The Connecticut Yankee".
 "Lovely Lady".
 "Marionette".
 "My Heart Stood Still".
 "Broadway".

April 1

Mr. J. M. Fitzmaurice, a railroad official, spoke to the student body on the subject of "Transportation." It was a most educational talk.

May 11

Professor Schildraut of Northeastern University spoke at this assembly. His subject was "The Choice of a Career."

At a special boys' assembly held April 22nd, Professor R. P. Baker, Dean of Rensselaer College, was the speaker.

To offset that, the girls were entertained by Miss Nona S. Mills who gave an instructive talk on "Linen."

TRI-COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Tri-County Teachers' convention was held in Rutland May 4 and 5. The High School Orchestra played at the beginning of each meeting.

J. Alan Taffs, one of the most celebrated of virtuoso pianists in this country and abroad, delighted a small but music loving audience with his rendition of the various difficult numbers which made up his program.

The proceeds of the concert were given to the Rutland Parent-Teachers' Council.

Among the cast of "The First Year" staged by the Rutland Players' Club was Miss Marion Willcox '28.

Thimio Koutsonicolis '26 has been chosen as one of the leading boxers at Norwich.

We were very pleased to welcome the three Proctor girls who visited our school April 22. The doors are always open to visitors and we hope more will come.

Hurrah for "Fran" Crowley who won the six-mile road race from Proctor to Rutland! Among the contestants were boys from B. R. A., Pittsford High, Middlebury, DeMolay, Rutland A. A. and Cuttingsville.

R. H. S. is proud of Miss Frances Howley who took part in the U. V. M.-Maine Debate. Miss Howley is a graduate of the class of '25. The debate was won by U. V. M.

Further notice comes from the University of Vermont that Miss Howley represented Vermont in the women's debate held at Pembroke College of Brown University April 28. Vermont lost to Pembroke 2-1.

OLDER GIRLS' CONFERENCE.

The Older Girls' Conference was held in Rutland May 10-11-12. The girls were chaperoned by Misses Louise Willis and Alberta Whitmarsh.

Among the girls who helped entertain the visitors were: Esther Holland, Frances Mason and Ruth Berry.

Among the girls who attended Junior Week at Norwich were Winnie Curtiss and Goldie Gilson.

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FORTY-FIVE OUT FOR BASEBALL.

A squad of over 45 responded to Coach O'Brien's call for candidates for the 1928 baseball team and the initial practice was held April 18 at St. Peter's field.

Among the veterans out were Ed Layden, captain of this year's team Joe Canty and George Ianni, in addition to several of last year's substitutes.

With the loss of "Ben" Dick, catcher, and the entire 1927 infield with the exception of Ianni, it is apparent that Coach O'Brien will be called upon to use new material for the most part.

The leading candidates to help Capt. Layden with the pitching burden are "Tom" Eddy, "Vic" Bove, and "Reg" Billado. John Keefe and Clifford are being tried out behind the bat and Joe Canty has come in from the outfield to first base. Others trying out for the infield are Costello, Ianni, Fox, and Rounds. The outfielders are Paul, Levins, Crowley, Quigley and Riberdy.

With this material there should be no reason why Rutland will not put in a strong bid for its third state championship and thus successfully bring to a close one of the best years in the athletic history of Rutland High School.

RUTLAND DEFEATS PROCTOR

A heavy hitting Rutland High School base-ball team defeated the Proctor High School nine May 1, on St. Peter's field, by the score of 11 to 8 in a game characterized by heavy hitting on the part of both teams. It was the opening game of the season for Rutland.

Clifford, Canty, Layden and Costello all hit the apple lustily, Clifford, who by the way is a sophomore, getting five hits out of six times at bat. Not bad for a sophomore.

Captain Ed Layden was touched for fourteen hits but struck out ten men. Johnson also struck out ten but had eighteen hits credited against him.

The fine playing of the newcomers in the Rutland infield was quite surprising, Joe Canty playing first base like a veteran.

Rutland got off to an early lead in the first inning scoring three runs on hits by Keefe, Clifford, Canty and Layden. Proctor was held scoreless until the sixth when they started a rally that netted them four runs. Rutland, however, continued to score in the third, fourth, sixth, and seventh innings, piling up in all eleven runs which were quite sufficient.

Score in detail:

RUTLAND							PROCTOR						
	ab	r	h	po	a	e		ab	r	h	po	a	e
Keefe, c. . .	6	0	1	13	1	0	Illinske, ss..	5	2	3	2	1	2
Clifford, c. f.	6	3	5	0	1	0	Kallio, c. . .	5	1	1	10	1	0
Canty, 1b. . .	5	3	3	9	1	0	Faignant, 1b.	5	1	3	5	1	1
Layden, p. . .	5	2	2	1	4	0	Chehy, 3b. . .	5	3	2	0	0	0
Costello, 3b.	4	2	2	1	2	1	Johnson, p. .	4	0	2	1	2	0
Ianni, ss. . .	3	1	1	1	0	0	Baccei, c. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Fox, 2b. . . .	6	0	2	1	0	1	Erickson, l. f	4	0	0	1	0	1
Rounds, 2b..	0	0	0	1	0	1	Westin, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Paul, l. f. . .	3	0	0	0	0	0	Seyani, 2b. .	2	1	1	3	1	0
Levins, l. f..	1	0	0	0	0	0	Total . .	38	8	14	24	6	4
Riberdy, r. f.	2	0	1	0	0	0							
Quigley, r. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0							
Crowley, r. f.	1	0	1	0	0	0							
Total	44	11	18	27	9	3							

Summary:

Home run, Costello; three base hit, Canty; struck out by Layden 10; bases on balls, off Layden, 1; off Johnson, 3; sacrifice hits, Ianni; hit by pitched ball, Johnson.

Score by innings:

Proctor	000004013—	8
Rutland	30110330x—	11

RUTLAND WINS FROM SPRINGFIELD

The Rutland High School baseball team defeated Springfield High, rated as one of the strongest contenders for the state baseball championship, in a slugfest at St. Peter's field, Saturday, May 11, by the score of 14 to 8.

At only one time during the game did Springfield threaten. That

was in the fifth inning, when hits by Tarro, Scofield and Hopkins, and errors by the Rutland infield enabled the Green and White to score four runs, tying the count at five all.

However, Rutland went on a scoring rampage in the last half of this inning and scored six runs. With three on bases, George Costello hit a home run over the right fence. Nickerson then replaced Hopkins on the mound for Springfield and proceeded to walk three men and force in another run. Charlie Tarro, Springfield's pitching ace was immediately sent into action and retired the side without further scoring. The score at the end of this inning was 11 to 6.

In the sixth inning Rutland again got to the Springfield pitcher and scored three more runs. But Tarro refused to be rattled and this ended the scoring for Rutland. Springfield pushed two runs across the plate in the seventh and Tarro scored another one in the ninth.

Capt. Ed. Layden pitched fine all throughout but the bad condition of the field and the inability of the infielders to judge hardhit liners brought the total of Springfield hits up to fifteen.

Summary:

RUTLAND							SPRINGFIELD						
	ab	r	h	po	a	e		ab	r	h	po	a	e
Keefe, c. . .	5	2	2	4	3	2	Nickerson,						
Layden, p. . .	5	3	2	1	5	0	2b., p.	5	1	2	1	1	2
Clifford, c. f. .	5	0	0	2	0	0	Scofield, l. f. .	5	1	1	4	0	0
Canty, 1b. . .	5	2	1	16	2	0	Tarro, 3b., p.	5	2	4	1	1	1
Costello, 3b. .	5	2	2	1	1	3	Dressel, ss. .	5	1	1	3	1	1
Ianni, ss. . .	5	3	1	0	0	0	Corliss, 1b. .	5	1	1	3	1	2
Fox, 2b. . . .	5	1	1	3	4	1	Yessman, cf.,						
Paul, l. f. . .	4	0	0	0	0	0	2b.	5	0	1	1	1	0
Levins, r. f. .	4	1	0	0	0	0	Racey, r. f. .	5	0	1	2	0	0
							Durovich, c. .	4	0	0	9	0	1
Totals . . .	43	14	9	27	15	6	Hopkins, p., cf.	4	2	3	0	0	1
							Totals . . .	43	8	15	24	5	8

Score by innings:

Rutland	2	0	2	1	6	3	0	0	x—14
Springfield	0	0	1	0	4	0	2	0	1— 8

Summary:—Bases on balls, off Hopkins 2, Nickerson 3; struck out, by Layden 4, Hopkins 3, Tarro 4; hit by pitcher, Keefe, Levins, Hopkins; three base hits, Corliss, Dressel, Layden; home runs, Layden, Costello.





OUR OPINION OF OTHERS

"Whittiertown Sentinel"—Amesbury, Mass.

A paper which gives a true insight into the school activities. The front page might have a neater appearance if the advertisements were distributed among the other pages.

"Boston University News"—Boston, Mass.

Your paper gains interest from its numerous pictures but the front page is too crowded.

"Stingaree"—Miami, Florida

A newsy, well-written newspaper. A welcome addition to our department.

"Nutshell"—Moorestown, New Jersey

May we congratulate you on your excellent editorial department? The "Pepper Box" is clever and original.

"Blue and White"—Vergennes, Vermont

Your editorial department stands at the head.

"Tech. News"—Worcester, Mass.

A perfectly balanced front page, heads an excellent paper.

"Lasell Leaves"—Lasell Seminary, Auburndale. Boston, Mass.

Interesting and well written news and stories. We hope to see you again.

"Vermont Cynic"—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.

A fine newspaper dealing with a **varied subject**.

"Reflector"—Leonardo, New Jersey

The Junior Reflector is a good idea. A neat, well-written newspaper.

"Rustler"—Rochester High School, Rochester, Vt.

A few cuts would add color. Your writings show talent. Come again!

"Clark News"—Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

A neat front page excites interest for exploring into an extensive, well-written paper.

"Station B. H. S."—Bristol, Vt.

You have a commendable magazine with a fine literary department.

"Hi-Newsette"—Vandergrift High School, Vandergrift, Pa.

The front page arrangement might be improved. Arrangement of advertising is the best.

"Reporter"—Bradford Academy, Bradford, Vt.

"Lemore! From the Temple of Death" is one of the most interesting stories in our collection. A few cuts would be fitting headings to well-developed departments.

"Whisp"—Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Delaware

Your exchange department must be commented upon because of its extensiveness. The literary department is far above the ordinary.

"Ashland Hi-Life"—Ashland High School, Ashland, Kentucky

Congratulations on your basketball victories. R. H. S. wishes you all success.

"Standard Bearer"—Rome Free Academy, Rome, New York

Your art department is very original. The jokes are enjoyable, to say the least.

"Sutherland"—Proctor, Vermont

Your paper becomes more interesting with each issue. Come again!

"Goddard Record"—Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vt.

Good cuts head enjoyable departments, "Books" is a good idea.



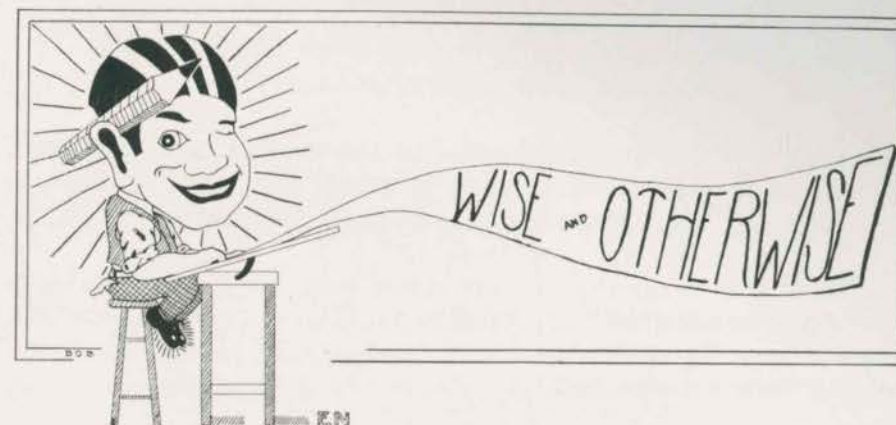
Among the Vermont students who have been winning special honors in scholarship and student activities at Keene Normal is Josephine Pye, a graduate of Rutland High School, who is one of the eleven students of the three year high school course having had marks of 85 or better during the entire three years.

W. A. Walker, '31, of the University of Vermont made the trip with the Vermont Glee Club to Boston. The Glee club took part in the New England Glee Club contest and came out near the top. He is a graduate of Rutland High School.

Frances Howley seems to be just as popular at U. V. M. as she used to be in R. H. S. She was chosen for the junior basketball team there this year. And we sure felt proud to see her back on the platform in our assembly hall, helping to carry her debating team to victory by her convincing arguments in the debate recently held with debaters from Maine.

Among the members of the Norwich Track team who recently competed at Worcester, Mass., were Theodore Hinkley, in the two-mile, and Horace Yarrington, in the high hurdles. Both boys are graduates of Rutland High School.

Miss Gladys Swenson, a recent victim of typhoid in this city, was a graduate of Rutland High School.



The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find.
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.

So if you meet some ancient joke
Stept out in wonder guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake,
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

* * * * *

Spencer (at box office)—"Two upstairs tickets, please."

Ticket Seller—"For what date?"

Charlie (absent mindedly)—"Mona"!

Mr. Bridges—"What is the technical word for snoring?"

H. Allen—"Sheet Music".

Miss Hackett—"What is a paradox?"

V. Kent—"I'm not sure, but I think it is a pair of wharves.

Matthews—"So you are a salesman are you?"

Man at door—"Yes, I sell salt. I'm a salt seller."

Bill—"Shake."

"Lizzy Kirk"—To what do you attribute the fact that sometimes you are very masculine, and then again, very effeminate?"

W. Goodrich—"I don't know unless it's that half my ancestors are masculine and the other half feminine.

Hakins—"Do you dance?"

Berry—"Yes. I love to."

Walt—"Great! that beats dancing any time!"

Quigley—"I've got a new name for Pinch, I call her Spearmint."

Canty—"Why? Because she's wrigley?"

Johnnie—"No. Because she's always after meals."

* * * * *

A certain young man in our school calls his sweetie **Garbage**. Now isn't that the most ridiculous thing. Do you want to know the reason why? To quote the honored Mr. Keefe, "Nobody can love me like my little garbage can!"

* * * * *

Spencer claims he is going to undertake great things in life. If he follows in his father's footsteps—It will probably be embalming elephants.

* * * * *

The only difference between a girl chewing gum and a cow chewing its cud is that the latter usually looks thoughtful.

* * * * *

Quigley—"I told my girl just what I thought of her after the prom."

Layden—"What did she say?"

Quigley—"I love you, too."

Harrington—"Every time I have an argument with my girl I write it in a small diary."

Mangan—"Ah, I see. You keep a little scrap book."

Billings—"Where were you last night?"

Zeke—"I went to a wooden wedding."

Billings—"What do you mean, wooden wedding?"

Zeke—"Why, two Poles were married."

Hutchins—"What do you charge for rooms?"

Mrs. Parker—"Ten dollars up."

Hutchins—"But, madam, I am a student."

Mrs. Parker—"Then it's ten dollars down."

M. Cioffi—"I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?"

Foley—"Yes, I don't."

Ada Haley—"How can I drive a nail without hitting my fingers?"

Shirley Negus—"Hold the hammer in both hands!"

Spencer—"You don't know who I was at the game yesterday, did you?"

Willcox—"No, who were you?"

That excitable Mary Stearns—

I want some hot poppered butt corn—I mean cot buttered bop horn—that is—corn hottered pop butt—or rather hop cuttered pot born, I mean—oh, well, gimme some peanuts.

Harriet M.—"Where did you learn to smoke cigarettes?"

Craig—"In Paris."

Harriet—"It's a good thing you didn't go to Norway. I hear they smoke herrings up there."

Sign on a Ford—O. K. EMMA NECKS.

Pike—"What do you do with your worn-out razor blades?"

Fineberg—"I shave with them."

Billado—"Say, do you know what a prune is?"

McGarry—"Nope, what is it?"

Billado—"A raisin with inflammatory rheumatism."

1st Gold Dust Twin—"Lux against us."

2nd Gold Dust Twin—"You sud it!"

D. Boyden—"How do you like my new shoes?"

J. Simpson—"They're immense!"

D. B.—"Huh?"

E. Congdon—"I expect to graduate Cum Laude."

C. Wall—"Well, I expect to graduate come June, 1929."

J. Sullivan—"Hey, you can't smoke in here."

Rounds—"I'm not smoking."

Sullivan—"Well, you've got a cigarette in your mouth."

Rounds—"Yeah, and you got pants on, but you're not panting."

Mother—"You're wanted on the telephone."

Bill McG.—"Tell 'em I'm taking a bath."

Mother—"I did and they said they didn't believe it."

Bill McG.—"Then I'd better answer it, it must be somebody who knows me pretty well."

A Curtis Crack:

What's the difference between a mouse and a co-ed?
One harms the cheese and the other charms the hes.

Wallac Amidon—"Pardon me for walking on your feet."

Doris Jillson—"Oh, that's all right; I walk on 'em myself."

Make a sentence with the word "sanctuary."
Sanctuary much for the buggy ride.



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SWIMMING TIME.

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think of Wilson's for Bathing Togs.

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D. M. D.

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of

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for SHOES, HOSIERY

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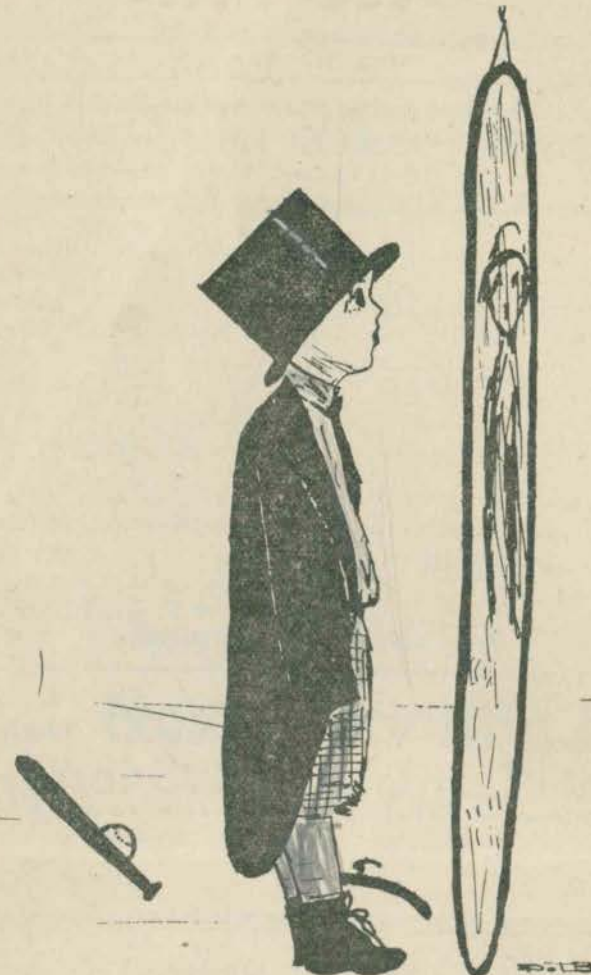
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JUNIOR
ISSUE



Editorials



TO THE JUNIORS

One clear Autumnal day, way back in September 1925, a class stepped into our halls of learning who were destined to become a forcible spur in high school life. Pulsating with enthusiasm, their existence as lowly Freshmen soon became a thing of the past. Their many mistakes and short-comings were almost entirely obliterated by the time that they emerged, the following September, as cocky Sophomores. As tradition has it, they made the life of a Freshman a very unhappy and deplorable memory. By observing the other two upper classes and by endeavoring to emulate their behavior, they soon blossomed forth into a worthy constituent of Rutland High.

Many were the amorous affairs upon which this class has embarked but upon this delicate topic more discerning authorities must be consulted. They made their debut upon the athletic field, and we feel certain that the athletic and social prestige, attained by our school, may be safely left in the bosom of this class when the present Senior class passes thru the gateway.

Next year, you will be the first class in Rutland High. According to present indications you will be the first class to graduate from the new high school. May you continue the ideals and sportsmanship in the new high school, which the worthy alumni of the present structure have so virtuously laid down; may the honors which have come to our school in the past, continue to shower down upon the new institution, and leave the present high standards intact—with you as leaders in its initial year.

—o—

Write your own ticket,
Young fellow and state
Your name and address,
Your birth and date,
How far would you travel,
What sights would you see?
What is it you're anxious
To do and to be?

Life's roads are all open!
Which one will you use?
Here are all sorts of stations.
Come! Step up and choose.

Thus runs the first verse of a little poem by Eddie Guest. In the two remaining ones he runs on in the same vein, pointing out the things that are to be had in life if only one makes up his mind to get them; telling of the chances that a young person has to become anything that he wishes, good or bad; questioning as to the destination which each one will write upon his own ticket, and explaining that the future of each one rests entirely within himself.

College is a wonderful institution, and will go a long way towards helping a fellow to make a success in life—but—it cannot do it single-handed. A fellow must be ready to dig in and work hard if he wants to really benefit by it in any way.

So—once again—write your own ticket, plan now what you want to be in life, what you want to accomplish, what you want most of all to win, AND GO AFTER IT.

A. H. A. '29.

“Bluffing” one’s way through school is, to some, comparatively easy. To recite a lesson with the aid of a classmate or an open book which is hidden from the teacher may seem clever at the time. You “put one over” as it were. But—what does it gain for you? Surely there is no real enjoyment in such infamous cowardly resortions to cheating. One who uses such methods must crib in order to pass his examinations. Is it fair to yourself? To your parents? To your Alma Mater? No, a thousand times **no**. It is a habit which, when once acquired is rarely rid of. In later life it brings shame and disgrace if discovered or a moral decline if there is success in this sham. Then your school, too, is lowered in prestige by the fact that its members should be so void of pride as to stoop to such base methods. To bluff is getting to be commonplace occurrence, so much so, in fact, that it is considered a part of the day’s regime. Where is your pride, where is your class and school loyalty? Let’s join together in common cause, namely—to be fair and square always. The biggest successes of the day were the best pluggers and far from the brightest in their class. Think of this when tempted to depend upon convenient means of rattling off a few lines—enough to suffice and get you by. Work with a good wholesome American spirit and for good old R. H. S.

W. J. B. '29.

STATE BASKETBALL CHAMPS !

One of the things that local supporters and adherents had dubbed as an impossible achievement has at last emerged as a glowing example of what an unconquerable fighting spirit and indomitable will can do for an aggregation which was classed as the “underdog.” The spectators at that last game will never forget the marvelous passwork, the wonderful shots, and the impenetrable defense which characterized the team’s play. From a team that had been playing mediocre ball they arose to heights which were inspired by fine coaching and incomparable playing. Our boys clung tenaciously to the hope that they might upset the dope—might bring back the coveted gonfalon to rest in the bosom of R. H. S., and to cover themselves and their supporters with glory. What they succeeded in bringing about is now a past and glorious epoch in our athletic history.

The first team which Rutland encountered was the highly touted Northfield quintet. They were a scrappy and clean-cut bunch of players who were in there fighting for every point. Wemhoff, star center and mainstay of the team, was sewed up by the Rutland defense. The final score was Rutland 28, Northfield 21.

Saturday afternoon Rutland met Black River Academy of Ludlow in the second lap of the semi-finals. This game was not only for a shot at finalist honors—it was the “grudge” game between the two teams, each having previously won one game. Once again Captain Keefe and his worthy band of basketeers came thru in the style characterized and exemplified by that famous quintet of '25 who were beaten in a heartbreaking contest on the same floor by Montpelier High School. The score although close, was enough of a victory to soothe and comfort the Rutland cheerers.

That night Rutland went onto the floor, according to the dopsters, “beat before they started.” The odds were three to one against our team. The betters could conceive, could picture no method by which Rutland could ride roughshod over the strong Cathedral five, the conquerors of Springfield High, and also boasting two victories over Burlington High School, both of which teams had humbled Rutland twice.

How this game culminated is now known to all. How Rutland overcame the seemingly impassable obstacles, how they developed from a poor team into one worthy to play in the finals, is now a beautiful memory to Rutland fans.

The game ended—Rutland for the first time in its Athletic his-

tory, was State Basketball Champion; this honor was doubled for it brought for the first time the envied honor to a team of southern Vermont. The boys have been praised, the coaches have been praised, but to sum it all up—they came thru and showed the sand which we all knew was in them. They may truly feel the exhilarating thrill of accomplishment, brought about by their never-say-die spirit.

We may win at Chicago: more likely we won't win, but win or lose. We have a team which is an honor to our institution, a team which we can be proud of because—they came thru.

THE OUTLOOK TOWARD THE CRIMINAL.

Society has always looked upon criminals—men with a past. They rightly do so, but a great many times they forget that almost every man has a good point, and with half a chance that good point will rise to the surface and remain there.

Many an old and broken "peterman," skillful and daring safe breakers, have pitted their wits and cunning against the police, and incidentally have won oftener than they have lost. To these men it is an obsession, a profession in which they take pride. We must acknowledge that persons of this class, have in practically every case, perverted minds; and more than one are mechanics of unusual ability, who could make a comfortable living at honest labor, if only someone took the pains and trouble to point out to them the error of their ways. If every naturally upright person could understand that practically every confirmed criminal has a twist in his brain, a chronic perversion, or a mental deformity as pronounced as a physical defect, perhaps these unfortunate, misguided wretches would command more sympathy.

The majority of crooks maintain and zealously believe that an inescapable fate, in the form of irresistible human impulses or a combination of malign outward circumstances, has impelled them toward their present state. As long as they cling to such a belief they will continue to be confirmed law-breakers.

While many of these are serving long terms in the pen, conditions are slowly changing. The loneliness and the strait-jacket bring about great change in these wretches. When one is finally released, he finds that what few friends he did possess among the elite are now vanished and they have been replaced by men who look on him with cold and strange eyes. To these he is only a hardened slut, no more to be considered than the habitual dip or the cocaine fiend. At last they must feel, as they see the sunset approaching, that their race is practically run, and that crime does not pay. He knows he has paid the

price in full; now he begs to be let alone and live his few remaining years in peace, in regret for the past. Perhaps even his egotism and confidence is now sapped. He finds a job finally, but the police will not let him keep it. They are familiar with his record and warn people against him. Wherever he appears he is given a tip to move on, and the police harass him until he is compelled to move. He is hounded to the verge of starvation; he begs in order to keep body and soul intact, and a man may be arrested for begging, though ready to drop with hunger.

Still, we cannot blame respectable citizens for this outlook, for it is the usual human way. But they might feel the same if they had been there; the hell of being hounded from pillar to post; they would know what it seems to him that the whole world is against him. How appalling must be the resentment and mad despair that engulfs the soul of such an unfortunate creature.

When a man is convinced that crime doesn't pay, he is in a good way to give up and become a staid and harmless citizen, earning an honest living and who will doubtless be of some service to the community in which he resides. If he is not given this chance, he must be convinced beyond the ghostly shadow of a doubt that there is no justice or fair play in the world for any man who has once borne the stigma of crime.

There is something fundamentally wrong in our methods of dealing with such men, and especially in our methods with lesser criminals and pitiable unfortunates who have stumbled into crooked ways by accident.

It's one of the mistakes society should recognize and make determined steps to rectify. Most people are too selfishly indifferent to such important matters. They cringe from being called reformers or cranks. They acknowledge the abuses of society and of government, but as long as they are not hit hard by any of these abuses they slothfully decline to even raise shouts in protest. That is precisely the reason why other nations think of us as money grubbers, grafters, and even in some cases, as cowards. It can evolve from one spring—prosperity and lazy indifference to the welfare and rights of our fellow men.

If society would only give such matters sufficient thought, then in progress of time, they would surely bring about a different and exceedingly better condition of affairs—then indeed "the mills of the immortals will have ground with exceeding beneficence and unprecedented celerity."

W. McG. '28.



REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR.

Here I'm still hanging after one whole generation has passed. I've seen many scenes during my life time and some of them still reflect in my mind if not on my surface. People call me a looking glass. What a vulgar name to attribute to an antique mirror! Here I've hung and given good service to ladies who have smiled or pouted before me. I have flattered until I'm done to death. Yes, we flatter people. They think they receive a direct reflection of their own countenance, but oh, if we should reflect their real expression and coquettishness. As the old saying goes if we could only see ourselves as others see us., what a world this would be.

Now, it is misfortune to be owned by the new mistresses of the house. They are two typical old maids, and dear me, how vain they are. I overheard a conversation in which I quietly joined but neither paid the slightest attention to me.

May said to Liz that she thought they ought to give a party to Helen, their cousin (the first I've heard of this) as it was the latter's first visit to this home. They decided to invite all the eligible men of the town and see if Helen couldn't make the best of it and draw a husband from the lot. They would play games and have plenty to eat.

Gee, I hope I'm invited.

Oh, I'm going to take part am I?

At last, the big night and here I am ready for the play. I've seen more old dames and wrinkles than there are stars. But who is this beautiful damsel approaching? Oh, she sees me, she's going to use me, I think. This is great, just hanging here looking at her pretty face. She neither pouts nor smiles but is trying to tuck a cunning curl back into place. She admires me and is feeling my frame. A beautiful frame, it? Well, I'm not so hard after all. So, she's going to take me down. She is speaking. "Now mirror, you must do your best, for I've decided to marry the man whose face

shows in your depths." Out into the hall she takes me, brushes me off and places me gently on the buffet in a large brilliantly lighted room. Now, I can see everything that goes on. Look at the old maids! But I see several pretty young girls. Here come the men and not a one do I approve for my found friend.

Oh! there's one that looks eligible, a good determined chin and rather a good looking one too.

My act has come, a game is it? I'm to be held by all the women while they back slowly down the room. I must find a mate for them somehow. First, comes Polly Pringle, I'll have to find a big cross man for her so he can boss her as she's been bossing every one for so many years. Ah, there he is, in the corner and yes, he's looking right at me. Polly chuckles to herself and goes off on his arm while I'm handed on and on to one another of the ladies.

At last I come to Helen. Now is the time. I must look around quickly, so, there he is! Now Helen, I say quietly, do your duty. She becomes nervous and afraid and falls just as the young man catches her in his arms. But I'm doomed for here I lay on the floor smashed to smithereens while these two stand and smile at each other.

M. J. 29.

A BASKET BALL GAME.

"The game is on—Hang on to it—Look Joe's coming down the court with it—Boy can't he dribble?—See he's going to shoot—Oh, if that guard would only stay out of the way we would have a basket.—Guard him, guard him—don't let him shoot.—What's the matter with you fellows anyway—Oh, look—Oh! he missed and Ed. has the ball. Boy we sure have got some pass work.—See them travel—look the referee called a foul on Bennington.—Say hasn't Johnny got a slick—He got it—Oh! Boy! One for Rutland.—Listen to Bennington cry. 'Come on Bennington show these marble-heads what you're made of.' Isn't that number 8 on Bennington's team good looking, they sure have got a dandy looking bunch, but they're older and bigger than our boys. Look—Look—Bennington has the ball and is going to shoot. See—Oh, dear he made it too—two to one in their favor and the end of the first quarter."

"Say, who do you think is the best looking of the boys? Ed. Layden isn't bad is he?—What did you say—Johnny Keefe? Girl

alive what are you thinking of—Well anyway I consider where it came from, Clare."

"The game is on—Rutland got the ball—Look it—Nice one Johnny, come on now, Rutland—Look!—Look! They missed it—Boy this is some game—Rutland fouled—I'm not going to look—Did they make it? Great—We are still ahead. Oh! some one's hurt—it's one of our boys.—It's Johnny Keefe—They've called the doctor—He's all right now. Come on Johnny. That a boy. Ed's. got the ball—boy he can play—Oh! wasn't that a slick one—What—doesn't count?—Bennington's ball—Rutland sure is having it hard—Look! Bennington—The whistle—Boy that saved our lives. Three to two in our favor and the half is over."

"Are you going to stay to the dance Ginger? We'll stay and watch but won't dance—NO—it is just because I don't like to and you know it—No such reason—If he was here it wouldn't make any difference—So there—No I haven't Ray. Sure I love to—I've changed my mind Ginger—I've a right to haven't I?—Look—here comes the boys."

Howard looks all tired out—O'bie will probably change some of his men now—Yes sir, just as I said—He's put Tom Eddy in. He's good though—Game's on again—Bennington has the ball—Look! Look! They've made a basket so soon—Watch them Rutland—See Crowley has it—He's not so bad. Boy—that's a peach Tommy—We are still ahead by one point—Oh! There's a foul on Tom—Look, they made it. Rutland has the ball again—come on—come on, Rutland—Show your stuff—We don't want to cheer—wait—the whistle again—a tie now—"

"I don't care Ray is a peach of a fellow—he isn't afraid to spend money and he knows his manners anyhow—All right tell him—I I don't care—What—You said you saw him—it can't be—Oh! sure enough—now what will I do?—Well I can't help it he can like it or lump it—so there—Oh! forget it—"

"The game is on again—Boys you simply have to break the tie and pull through. Oh! Boy! Look! Joe made one—Oh! that's right down mean—the ball had left his hand before the whistle blew.—I don't care it wasn't fair—anyways he made the foul shot. Bennington's ball now—Look—he is going to shoot—he missed—It—Oh! Boy! Best game I've seen for a long time—Look Bennington made a basket—and they still hold the ball and are stalling—Break it up Rutland—That's the boy Ed. Gee! That was great—But—Look—Bennington has the ball again—"

Never mind Harvey is going to shoot—Hold everything girls—
—Oh! Boy! The game is ours.

E. H. '29.

VACATION IN ANTICIPATION.

Soon this school year will be at its end
And o'er our books we will no longer bend,
Nor listen to the constant tock
Of that slowly moving clock.
It seems those hands will never come
To where they say a quarter to one
But we must be patient and think once more
Our friend "vacation" will soon come knocking on our door
To give us a rest from our student lore.

Ah! then how happy we will be
To face Mother Nature and say I'm free.
Once more to paddle out on the lake
And feel our hearts swell at the beauty God made for our sake.
Once more we will sleep out under the stars
And know that those beautiful lights afar
Are made and given by one strong hand
That is guiding us over the roughest sand
And when school time comes round again
We'll go at it with new pep and vim.
We'll work hard with our books and hard with our pens
Until vacation times comes again.

L. H. '28.

MIS-LED.

Miss Clarobel Westover, aged fifty-two and three quarters, yawned petulantly and sat up. Her tired lined face seemed out of place among the lacy pillows on the great four-poster bed.

"Marie, Marie," she rasped, "where is my mail?" She did not really expect much but dressmaker's and milliner's bills but just in case there **should** be something else—.

Ah! there was! A thick lovely letter in a beautiful creamy envelope. As she started to read, a great wonder and excitement dawned in Miss Clarobel's eyes. She searched the envelope to make sure

the address was correct. Yes, it was meant for her all right. It began "May darling, How can I wait for five whole days before I see your lovely face again?" Miss Clarobel glanced in the mirror. Lovely? Perhaps, with the exception of a myriad of wrinkles, a sallow skin and two large moles. She read on. "It seems ages since I have caressed your soft golden hair with ardent lips."

Golden? Soft? Miss Clarobel pulled out a puff here and tucked one in there of the hair which last year had been a fashionable auburn and this season was a stylish but slightly streaky, golden brown.

"How I long to hear your tinkling laugh," the letter continued, "and see your pearly teeth flash a smile at me." Pearly teeth? Miss Clarobel quickly reached for hers which were grinning impishly at her from the dresser.

Thirty miles away a disconsolate young lady, sobbing with her head in the pillows, clutched a letter in one hand.

"Oh, why need he have been so cold, so formal?" she wailed. Why, the only personal note in his whole letter is where he asks if my rheumatism is better. "Rheumatism! Just when I thought I had him landed too." Sobbing angrily she kicked two healthy and far from rheumatic feet in the air.

R. B. '29.

LINDBERG.

In Flanders Fields they dared so much!
And daring died, that we
Might live in peace and harmony
But death did not fulfill the hope
Of those who drank of Lethe's rill
And we forgot—as we forgot the death of Him
The child of Mary, Virgin still,
Who suffered in Gethsemane
To bring good-will.

Undaunted Christ of Calvary
Sent one who dared alone
Whose modesty and courage shone
As did the Star of Bethlehem
And hope again was born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men
Can we forget?

I. C. C.

AN ODE TO A FRESHVIR.

A freshvir full of sapientibus,
The star of the freshvir classorum,
Flunktum his final examibus,
And knew his goose was cooktorum.

He went domus to his mater et pater,
And threw his hat on the floorum,
When asked what was the matter,
He said, "All that I passed was the doorum

His pater looked gravis et said,
"My filius, have you flunktum again?"
The filius' face became red,
For he'd been a freshvir since 1910.

"Pater, I'd rather dig fossious,
School is a horribilis bore,
I'd rather use shovel et pickibus,
Than be a freshvir any more."

The filius got a job at Howe Scale Works,
He labors 'till evening draws near,
When the boss isn't looking he shirks,
And he'd much rather be a freshvir.

H. D. '29.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

Colonel James Galsworthy, formerly a commanding officer in the World War and now a retired citizen of the United States, might, without an unnecessarily hard tug at the imagination, be considered as a rather eccentric old gentleman. Somewhere around ten years ago he had earned a number of service badges and three wound stripes. Symbolic of the latter, upon his return from France, an empty left coat sleeve was pinned not unsuggestively across the front of his officer's uniform.

However, at the present time, the inhabitants of the little Vermont town of Camden knew little more about their most prominent resident than that he lived alone in the imposing white house on the hill, with only his servants, and that an inquisitive visitor would receive no cordial invitation within the huge bronze gate at the entrance.

That is why there was an unusual amount of comment when Jason Brown, who kept the fire burning in the little ten foot square railroad station, triumphantly announced that the Colonel's chauffeur had met a little girl at the afternoon train. "A reg'lar live-wire," he chirped between chuckles. "She'll prob'ly be as welcome to the Colonel as a barrel of sunshine to Miss Olivia's new parlor rug."

Jason's unusual announcement proved to be undisputedly true. As a matter of fact, the little girl was the Colonel's orphaned niece, Miss Shirley Wayne, of Seattle, Washington, reminiscent of a lovely and very skinny cricket with a shock of red hair. And at precisely the same moment Mr. Brown started off on his tale, James Galsworthy made the acquaintance of his niece—nor did he carry off the honors of that first meeting.

The next morning Colonel James did not breakfast alone. As usual, he occupied the chair at the head of the table, but at his right sat Miss Shirley Wayne, of Seattle.

"Shirley, please see to it that you are not late again," remarked the Colonel, from over his grapefruit.

"You can call me mickie," suggested the young lady, amiably, "that is, if you want to. It's what they call me back home." James Galsworthy relieved his peace of mind by forming a personal opinion that a more appropriate name would be "Hoptoad" or "Cricket."

Aloud, he said, "Shirley, remember that I am inconveniencing myself to keep you here as my guest. I hope you will, in the future, address me in a more respectful manner."

Then the Colonel got the surprise of his life. Miss Wayne pushed herself away from the table and glared indignantly at her uncle. She fairly shrieked, "You don't suppose I came here because I wanted to, do you? I just had to come. You're my relative, so the lawyer went and fixed it all up so I just had to. I'd a good deal rather go to an Orphan's Home. At least, there's kids to play with—but, here, everything you do somebody barks up to you as if they'd enjoy eating you between two slices of bread and a dill pickle."

And then the Colonel surprised Shirley Wayne. He banged his fist down on the table, so hard that the dishes rattled and his coffee spilled over the edge of the cup. And he laughed—actually guffawed,

until the butler came running in from another room to see what was the matter.

"By Jove!" chuckled the Colonel, "you ought to be a boy. What a soldier you'd make!" Then he stopped off short, as if he had been reminded of something unpleasant. And he never said another word.

At ten o'clock the Colonel thought he needed some exercise, so he took his cane and started off on a walk around the grounds. As he was passing under an evergreen tree a shower of pine cones fell down onto his head, one of which became securely lodged in back of his ear. He looked up to see what kind of a squirrel had been so unruly as to throw things at him, and he saw a pair of long legs swinging over a limb forty feet in the air.

"Good Heavens!" gasped the Colonel, "child, you'll break your neck! Come down at once."

"No, I can't," called down Shirley Wayne, "if I do, I'll fall. You see, I'm rather high and I have to be careful. Never mind, I'll be with you in a minute."

So the Colonel continued taking exercise, this time with a lively niece just three jumps ahead of him.

"Uncle Jim," said Shirley, "why do you keep yourself shut away from people all the time? Don't you like people, or is it because you only have one arm? My mother said you were something awfully important in the war—a general or something like that. And she told me that you had your name in lots and lots of papers. If folks liked you well enough to put your name in the paper—why do you keep away from 'em?"

"Why," ejaculated the Colonel, surprised and not a little hurt. "When I got back from the war I was fairly shot to pieces, so I just ran away from everybody. I hate people who sympathize. What would you do? Tell the world I had lost an arm and brag about it?"

"No," said Shirley Wayne, thoughtfully, "I wouldn't boast. But," with spirit, "I wouldn't shut myself up all tight, like a clam."

"Pray tell!" The Colonel's eyes were focused upon a dim object, far distant, so Shirley was not entirely sure that the remark was not just a bit sarcastic. At least, she suspicioned. "What would you do?"

"Well," countered Miss Wayne, tipping back and forth on her tip-toes, "if I were you I wouldn't act the way you do."

"How?" queried the Colonel.

"Well, you went to war didn't you? That was for your country and people. Now you aren't shot to pieces any more—at least you

don't look it. So why not make people like you?"

"Proceed, proceed, you're doing fine." This time the voice was sarcastic, noticeably so.

"Umph," indignantly, "if I had all your money, I'd help people with it, and not leave it in the bank for poor tired bankers to keep account of. (I'd give some of it to hospitals and places like that—where it would do somebody good."

"So it doesn't do me any good." Shirley knew that the Colonel's gray eyes were twinkling. It wasn't fair for grown up people—why, the Colonel's hair was gray—to make fun of twelve-year-olds. She straightened her spinal column, threw back her head and tried to look naughty. However, the pug nose spoiled the effect.

"But it wouldn't do me any good," continued the Colonel, "giving away money. After this long time everyone would think I did it for publicity."

"I don't know what pub—pub—bliss—ity means, but—" suggested Shirley Wayne, sweetly, oh, so sweetly, "that would be all right. You could tell 'em that your niece asked you to."

"Tunderation!" roared Colonel Galsworthy, "you're all right!" Shirley thought the Colonel was foolish, imagine him saying that—just a waste of time—she already knew that she was perfectly all right. "A darn sight better than anything else I've ever come into. As you like it, with your assistance, I may be able to make people even like me. From now on I'm putty in your hands."

"Well," said Shirley Wayne, "first of all we might try the friendship plan out on ourselves."

She thrust a grimy paw and the Colonel grasped it tightly. And he was glad the German shell had taken his left arm so he could shake hands, in the right way, with his niece, Miss Shirley Wayne, of Seattle, Washington, reminiscent of a lively and very skinny cricket with a shock of red hair."

M. L. '31.

MY NICHE.

I tried to write a poem
But no words came to me
And so I planted a garden
For everyone to see.

Will someone tell me the difference
Between a garden and poesy?

I tried to write a story
But no words came to mind
And so I read a poem
To a little boy who's blind.

I. C. C.

COMING THRU.

The stands were coming to life, every bit of available space was filling fast. The grandstand had once again taken on the aspect of a seething, excitable throng. This was the day for which the rabid fans had been looking forward for a long time. They had turned out to see their pennant-contender fight for the leadership with last year's world's champions. The close race between the "Orioles" and the "Purple Sox" was to culminate today. From the heavily weighted bleachers and hastily excited additions came the impatient cries to start the game.

The home team, the "Orioles", had finished practising and were slowly jogging off the field, gibing and joking as only big leagues do. The battery mates had finished the warming up process and were raring to go. The umpire gives the signal and the game of the age is on. The fans settle down and enjoy to the fullest extent the fine game which eighteen sport-loving men are playing out there on the sun-baked diamond.

For eight innings the teams struggle neck and neck, each scoring one run, by heady base running and daring tries. The perfect offense of one meets the equally perfect defense of the others. For eight innings now the fans had witnessed one of the most beautiful pitching battles ever staged; they thrilled at the amazing stops and the hair rising catches, caught, although seemingly impossible. It was such a game that only two first class teams could put on—the game of a life-time.

The ninth opens. Jake Sling, still pitching unbeatable ball turns back the "Purple Sox" without permitting an opponent to touch the initial hassock, although he breezes thru on a slashing double-play.

The home team saunters in, knowing that this may be their last chance to win this all-important game. "Slug" McDonough, the manager, meets them and infuses them with some of the confidence which

he makes an endeavor to show. His sarcastic remarks arouse determination and the players resolve that they will make the effort of their lives—to win the coveted gonfalon.

Ted Strong, reputed to be the fastest man in the league between home-plate and first, is at bat. He is pitted against "Lefty" Shaw, one of the league's premier twirlers. "Slug" McDonough, with the cunning of twenty-three managerial campaigns, had ordered Ted to bunt along the third base line, knowing that if any man could beat out a bunt, that man was Ted Strong. On the second ball pitched Ted lays down one of the prettiest drag bunts of his career, one which Willie Keeler might be truly proud of, and by fleet base running he is safe by a hair.

Then the fans catch sight of their idol advancing to the plate, and from the packed enclosure comes a roar that sweeps every other sound from the field. It starts in the bleachers, shrill, penetrating, the very acme of nervous tension, and finds its only relief in voice. It leaped to the grizzled defender behind the plate, booming with confidence, with here and there a piercing note topping the rest. Swifter then a gale-swept conflagration it spreads, a chorus of loyal, staunch confidence, holding no place for a doubt. As it dies down, from every side comes the adjurations of individual hero-worshippers.

"Hi, Frazer, old boy! Stick it over today! Show these has-beens where to get off!" "Lam it out, Whip! You're the boy for it!" "Smash it out, old boy, and we will go ahead!" "Bust the fence, old top."

There was something thrilling in that mighty welcome, so confident, so full of perfect faith in the batting ability of the man. It was like a rough handclasp, like a sock on the shoulder with which one bids an idol go forth and to conquer. Not once in all his years of baseball campaigning had it failed to thrill "Whip" Frazer, and now his shoulders squared, his keen eyes sparkled, and his curving lips straightened. They counted on him, these many thousands, to wipe out the existing tie, to trust the "Orioles" ahead in this bitter struggle for the world's championship. Such absolute faith and boundless confidence would have moved a man of stone. With his cap pulled down over his eyes, the big blond outfielder tapped the plate with his bat and stood ready.

As those two men, the mighty batter and the skillful hurler, matched their wits and skill, the shouting ceased. The pitcher swings backward, poised on a mighty foot; his lithe body swings forward, his waist snaps out sharply. The ball flies from his fingers and clips a

corner of the plate. Frazer swings at it—and misses.

"Strike" bawls the umpire, his arm jerking upwards. A dull, rumbling roar, like the crash of a mighty surge, rolls out from the burdened stands. Frazer recovers himself quickly and once more faces the marvelous flinger.

"Lefty" tries to pull him with a tempting ball, but "Whip" lets it pass, without once moving his willow. Another ball follows—then a foul. Two and two!

Squatting, the backstop makes a sign, and once more Shaw ties himself in a knot. Every movement of his arm seems to proclaim that he would whip one over with the speed of a bullet, yet when the sphere leaves his hands it barely floats up to the plate; every seam could be counted as it journeyed up to the expectant batsman.

"Whip" Frazer was not deceived this time. He guessed what was coming and gauging his swing perfectly, he meets the ball on the nose, and smashes it, a screaming line drive into deep right field.

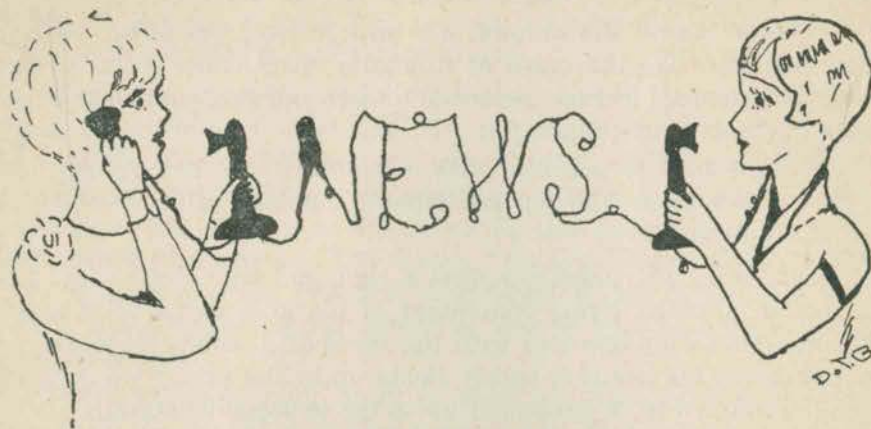
Frazer's flight down the base line would have shamed Paddock himself. He speeds over the bag, and flies toward the keystone sack. A thunderous roar of frenzied rooters beats down from above. One thought controlled him—it was a double at least. He tries to stretch it into a triple. He skins over second, his toe scarcely touching the bag. In the coaching box he vaguely saw "Skeets" Donahue wildly beckoning him onward.

The wild screech of the fans tells him that Ted Strong has crossed the plate. But intuition tells him that his hit has been fielded and is even now speeding to Bob Armstrong, astride third, waiting to catch the ball and tag the runner. "Skeets" crouching, shouts the command, palms downward, for a slide.

A puff of dust arises as Frazer, still under fuel headway, hits the dirt. He shoots under the baseman with an outward twist that carries his body away from the bag. Armstrong catches the ball, swoops down, only to find that Frazer has completed a marvelous slide. "Ty" Cobb would have applauded such daring, but such heady, base-running.

Panting, Frazer scrambles to his feet and gives himself a mighty shake. The crowd is yelling deliriously, stamping feet adding to the unbearable din. Over and over, in a potent chorus, they shout the name of their idol. A tingling thrill runs up and down the big fielder's spine—the thrill of accomplishment. Once, again, he had proven his worth—he came thru.

W. McG. '28.



ASSEMBLIES—JAN. 4

Rev. E. C. Boynton was the principal speaker at this assembly. He chose "Work" as his topic and told how we are benefited by it and why everyone should work. Altogether a most interesting discussion.

January 18

This assembly was under the direction of the music department. Mary Morris played two piano solos.

Betty Ashley, accompanied by Miss Morris, entertained with several solo selections.

Leila Herman also accompanied by Miss Morris sang several selections and the High School Orchestra, directed by Mr. Phillips, gave a march by Sousa.

February 21

Rev. Yantis was the principal speaker at this assembly. He chose "Criticisms of George Washington" as his subject. After the interesting talk rendered by Rev. Yantis, many of the various hazy reports concerning Washington are now cleared up.

February 25

The assembly for Jan. 25 was under the direction of Miss Howlett, consisting of a play "The Family Album" given by the pupils of Rooms 9, 11, 17, assisted by Miss Mary Houghton.

Miss Houghton took the part of Amaria Pease, owner of the album, who explained the pictures as they appeared. Those taking part were: Betty Ahsley, Dorothy Willett, Florence Baldwin, Dena Barta-

lena, Robert Blanchard, Lester Kelly, Donald Slater, Louise Baldwin, Howard Beardsley, Geraldine Corpron, Mary Stearns, Ruth Bucklin, Vernon Cage, Ralph Lovell, Elizabeth Clark.

The Tournament.

The annual Basketball Tournament, conducted for the championship for the Southern Section of Vermont was played Feb. 24 and 25. As usual eight teams competed; two games Friday afternoon and two more Friday evening. The two survivors of the semi-finals, Rutland and Springfield, met Saturday night for the title. Although it is now ancient history, Springfield defeated Rutland by a very decisive and convincing margin, 41-19. Our boys fell short of the championship it is true, but they carried themselves heroically throughout the games, and emerged as glorious in defeat as they ever had been in victory.

Gov. Weeks was here Saturday and awarded the different medals and trophies. It was the most successful tournament ever staged in Rutland.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK

At a meeting of the Senior Class, Ella Congdon was announced as Valedictorian of the class of 1928. At the same time it became known that Dorothy Boyden will act as Salutatorian on Graduation Night.

Class Elections

The results of the class elections are as follows:

CLASS FLOWER

Edith Cutler, Chairman

Harriet Mattison	Thomas Eddy
Marion La Venture	John Sterns

SENIOR RECEPTION

James Hurley, Chairman

Belle Ingalls	George Costello
Katherine Castle	John Riter

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

Joseph Moloney, Chairman

Goldie Gilson	Harry Miele
Jean Matthews	Jean Phillips

CLASS PICNIC

William McGinnis, Chairman

Marion Willcox	Barabara Farnsworth
Philip Billings	Richard Harrison

CLASS NIGHT

John Quigley, Chairman

Marjorie Rousseau
Jean SimpsonJohn Russell
Edward Layden

CLASS MOTTO

Helen Jasmin, Chairman

Ella Congdon
Mary MorrisAlfred Rabidou
Edgar Stickney

CLASS INVITATION

Thomas Holden, Chairman

Perry Bove
Rudolph MorseDorothy Boyden
Frances Mason

THE HONOR ROLL OF THE CLASS OF 1928

Ella Congdon
Dorothy Boyden
Eva Corsonnes
Ada Haley
Helen JasminMary Morris
Marion Willcox
Ruth Woodfall
Edgar Stickney
Eva Seward

FAIR HAVEN ESCAPEDE.

On February 14 the Basketball team, accompanied by a large band of rooters, went to Fair Haven and having thoroughly drubbed the Fair Haven quintet started home on what promised to be a most eventful evening.

On the way home beyond West Rutland, one of the busses collided with the fence, having slipped off the icy road. After many humorous scenes, the boys and girls sought shelter in Smith's and Burke's farmhouses. Having been put up for the night, they at once arranged for a most enjoyable evening. They were served with black coffee, the notorious bracer.

Many were the scenes that would tickle the humor of an observer. Picture four laid out on a small couch and about five in the kitchen. Even the piano-stool was utilized as a resting-place with a girl reclining underneath the same. Some were trying to sleep but most of them realizing the futility of this abandoned it and set out to enjoy themselves.

In an adjoining room, Coaches O'Brien and Purdy were cutting up fancy capers for the amusement of all. "O'Bie" started to lead an orchestra, playing on a victrola. At the same time, Jack Lanzillo leading a somnolent band, let's out a huge snore, therefore exciting

our venerable Coach. "Cel" started reading "How to Cook Turkeys and Make Salads" which made everybody's mouth water.

After much of this amusing "stuff" everybody settled down and endeavored to sleep the sleep of the just. About 6 o'clock the following morning the bus left; all being packed in as tight as the proverbial sardine.

"WELL FOUGHT BOYS".

On Saturday night, February 25, a thousand spectators who had crowded into every available inch of space in the immense drill hall of the Armory, witnessed a spectacle they will never forget.

They saw two worthy teams in a bloodless battle, fighting to be the Champion Basketball Team of Southern Vermont. One team a great array of individual stars—the other a band of raw recruits—men who had been under fire but a few times collectively or individually, and moreover one who had lost two important games on its schedule.

Yet they saw our Rutland High School boys start a brilliant attack to carry her battle through to victory, for two periods they saw them emerge from the great onslaught of their opposers, and successfully make a number of baskets.

Then they saw the fury of a team aroused, fighting against time, and a barrier of giants desperately trying to hold their big lead. They saw these determined boys, using every strategy, threatening always in a last superhuman effort to win the game they heroically lost.

Their effort fell short—that is now history—but their courage and indomitable fighting spirit so characteristic of Rutland High School teams will never be forgotten by the students of the same school.

Their stand shall not have been in vain.

THE FINAL GAME.

An Armory, packed with color.
A basketball court, with usual markings.
A Rotary Basketball Tournament in progress.
A referee, blowing a whistle.

A captain, encouraging his team.
 A student-body, cheering their boys to victory.
 A Rotary Club, in dress suits.
 A father, bawling out his son.
 Springfield versus Rutland.
 Bedlam for a good play.
 Bedlam for a bad play.
 Bedlam for every play.

A PROPHECY.

"Oh father, I see a mighty crowd,
 Do tell from whence it come."
 "'Tis people come from afar to see
 The Rutland-Springfield game."
 "Oh father, I smell an odor strong,
 Oh, say, what may it be?"
 "'Tis but the Springfield lads who come.
 The Final game to see."
 "Oh father, I hear a mighty yell,
 Oh, say, what may it be?"
 "The Rutland team has made a score,
 The Students shout in glee."
 "Oh father, I hear a sorry sound,
 Much like a mournful bray."
 "'Tis the groan of the defeated boys,
 At the end of the Tournament Day."

One might well pause here to express our great appreciation to the Rutland Rotary Club for the great effort made to promote such a worthy project as the Basketball Tournament which they started seven years ago. Without the whole-hearted co-operation of each member, such an undertaking could not possibly have been successful. Each Rotarian gave of his time and aid unselfishly. Enthusiasm in itself is a prime necessity, but not more requisite than the direc-

tion of this enthusiasm into the proper channels. This was ably done through the excellent supervision of our Coach, and President of the Rotary Club, Mr. Harold I. O'Brien.

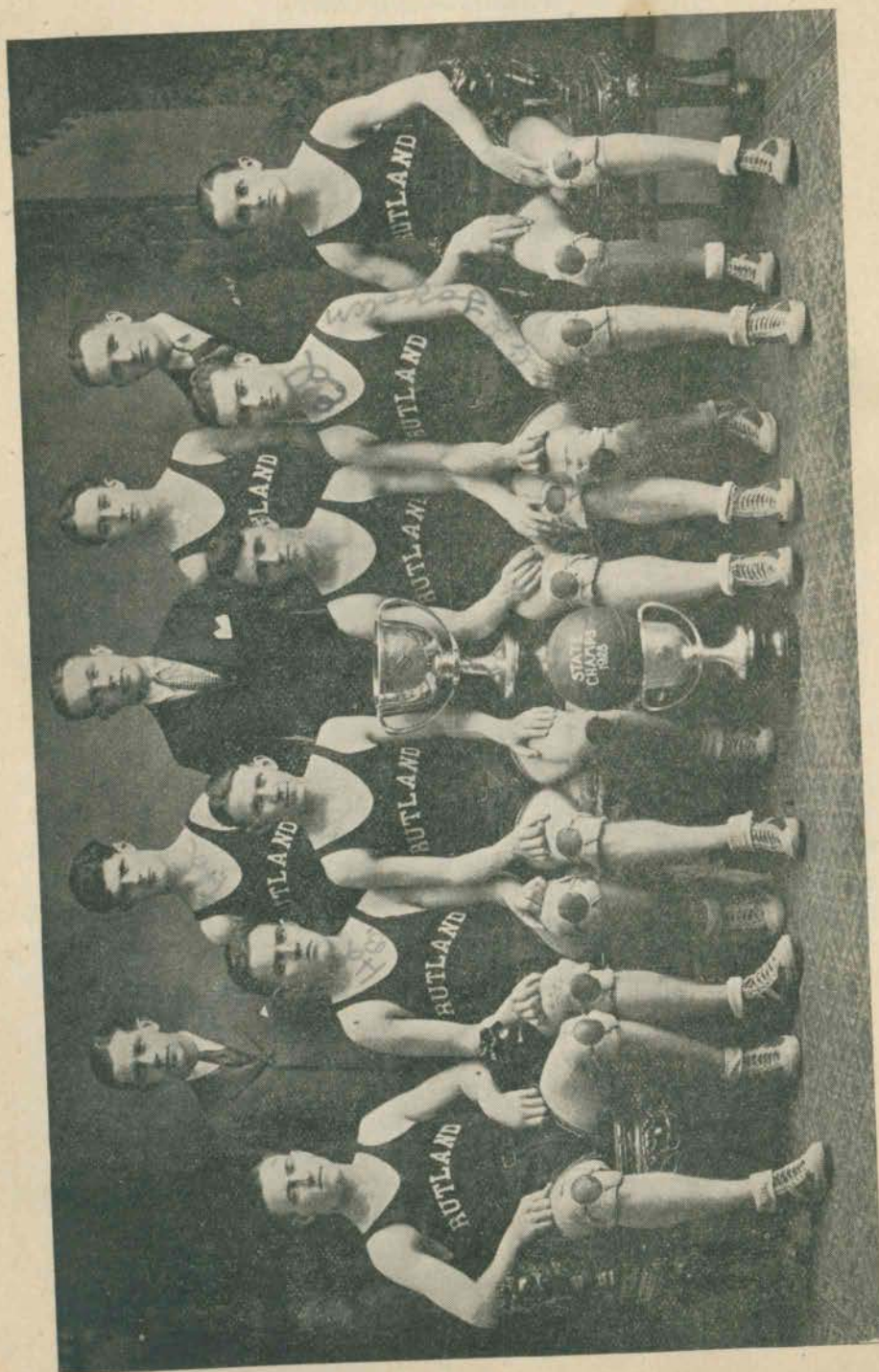
Valedictorian—Salutatorian.

Stand up, all, and give the girls a hand! Where is the source of their knowledge? They are phenomenal! How do they do it? Miraculous, n'est-ce pas? Unsurpassed by none in Our Hall of Fame. I mean they are ACTUALLY good.

The R. H. S. Orchestra.

The versatility of the orchestra is shown in the selection of numbers of widely differing moods. You hear them play the classical, the weird, and the very modern Jazz. The leader in choosing his numbers considers how best to display the technic of his 15, and, above all, how to please every one of you.

Alberic H. Bellerose, Jr., of the class of 1929 has accepted an invitation to membership in the Casque and Gauntlet senior society. There are three senior societies and election to one of these is considered a high honor by Dartmouth students. The members of the graduating class in each society select each year the prominent juniors to whom bids are extended.



RUTLAND HIGH STATE CHAMPS!

By defeating Northfield High 28-21, Black River Academy 19-18 and Cathedral High of Burlington 20-15, the Red and White team upset the "dope" and won the state championship. This entitles the team to a trip to Chicago to compete in the National tourney held there the last of March.

R. H. S., 28; NORTHFIELD, 21.

The first game of the tournament that Rutland played was against Northfield. The team from the college town was good; they were scrappy and were clean players. However, their center, Wemhoff, was held in check fairly well and their team play was stopped.

The Red and White boys came back in the second half and by hard, clean basketball, took the game away from the Northfield quintet.

Every member of the first five had a part in the scoring.

R. H. S., 19; B. R. A., 18.

Once again Captain Keefe's team came through. In the semi-finals played Saturday afternoon, they defeated Black River by a score of 19-18.

It was anybody's game until there was but a few moments to go. However, the splendid defense work of Capt. "Jack" Keefe, Joe Canty and Teid Levins stopped B. R. A. successfully. At the end of the second period, B. R. A. was on the long end of the score 11-7. But the old characteristic of the Rutland team showed up. After a few "touch and go" minutes of play, Rutland obtained the lead and held it most of the game.

Here it was that "Eddie" Vargas showed the gang that he had "the goods." He received the tap from Beardsley and took the ball down the court for a shot. He was fouled by a B. R. A. player and was given two free throws from the foul stripe. He caged both and again Rutland led. The game was won and the points made by Eddie sewed it up for Rutland. It was the first game that he played since the first of the year due to injuries.

Crowley, Layden and Beardsley accounted for most of the Rutland tallies while every man of B. R. A. had a share in the scoring. The line-up and summary follows:

Rutland			
	Goals	Foul Shots	Total
Crowley, r. f.	3	2	8
Layden, l. f.	1	1	3
Beardsley, c.	2	0	4
Keefe, r. g.	0	0	0
Canty, l. g.	1	0	2
Eddy, r. f.	0	0	0
Levins, l. g.	0	0	0
Vargas, l. f.	0	2	2
Total	7	5	19

B. R. A.			
Zammielo, r. f.	0	3	3
Kolstrum, l. f.	2	0	4
Hastings, c.	2	1	5
B. Chiolino, r. g.	0	2	2
F. Chiolino, l. g.	1	2	4
Total	5	8	18

Officials: Cassidy and Wittner.

R. H. S., 20; CATHEDRAL, 15.

Up to this point, Rutland had played only average basketball, but they had acquitted themselves nobly. However, when they reached the finals, they were a different team. Cathedral, expecting an easy victory came on the floor and soon dropped a nice basket. Jack Keefe made our first tallies and played a wonderful game. Fayette and Oleo, stars of the afternoon games, were held to no floor baskets. However, Dunn and Goyette scored enough to put Cathedral in the lead at the half, 12-9.

The team left the floor. Ten minutes later they returned after listening to the advice of the coach, rectified their previous errors, and played the best game ever seen in Vermont this year, among the High Schools. Their pass work was marvelous, shots accurate and defense almost flawless.

Francis Crowley started the scoring in this period. He received the tap from Beardsley and dribbled down and tossed in a basket in about thirty seconds. Layden then scored on beautiful passing,

Beardsley to Crowley to Layden. Layden then made a foul shot and Rutland led the rest of the game.

The steady playing and passing of Beardsley caused many of our points although he did not find the basket in this game.

Cathedral, surprised by this come-back, showed very little real opposition. When they had possession of the ball, they immediately shot. Goyette caged one basket and one foul shot for all of Cathedral's points in the second half.

The game ended and Rutland was State Champion. As usual they had fought hard and clean and (in that tournament) were unbeatable. They came from behind every game to win gloriously.

All the luck in the world to the State Champs!

R. H. S.			
	Goals	Foul Shots	Total
Crowley, r. f.	2	2	6
Eddy, r. f.	0	0	0
Layden, l. f.	2	3	7
Beardsley, c.	0	0	0
Keefe, r. g.	1	3	5
Canty, l. g.	1	0	2
Levins, l. g.	0	0	0
Total	6	8	20

Cathedral High School			
Olio, l. f.	0	2	2
Fayette, r. f.	0	0	0
Vion, r. f.	0	0	0
Dunn, c.	3	3	9
Doyle, l. g.	0	0	0
Mahoney, l. g.	0	0	0
Goyette, r. g.	1	2	4
Total	4	7	15

The boys came through at U. V. M.; now it's our turn. They deserve the Chicago trip—it's up to us to help them get it. Fortunately, the citizens of Rutland have given us a good start; now let's see what we can do.

But remember this! Win or lose at Chicago, we have a team to be proud of; a team that gets all the credit in the world because their fighting spirit has pulled them through.

RUTLAND, 22; BENNINGTON, 7.

Revenge on Bennington was gained after a hard fought contest. Behind in the first half, 10-8, Rutland came back in the second, with a brilliant rally led by Ed. Layden and quickly gained a lead on Bennington. Superior guarding by Keefe and Canty prevented LaFlamme, the sensational center from nearing his basket.

The line-up:—

Rutland**Bennington**

Crowley, r. f.	r. f., Pello
Layden, l. f.	l. f., Tift
Beardsley, c.	c., LaFlamme
Keefe, r. g.	r. g., Pello
Canty, l. g.	l. g., Spear, Fonda

Baskets: Layden 4, Crowley 3, Beardsley 2, LaFlamme 4, Spear 2, and Tift 2. Foul shots were made by Beardsley 3, Keefe 1, and Fonda 1.

—o—

BENNINGTON, 34; RUTLAND, 31.

The first defeat of the season was suffered at Bennington in a closely contested game. Bennington led throughout the game and although Rutland showed a more aggressive spirit they could not gain the lead.

In the second half a rally was begun by Rutland, Layden caging two long shots. It looked as if the score would be tied. Layden scored 10 points for Rutland and was the outstanding player of the game.

The line-up:

Bennington**Rutland**

Joe Pello, r. f.	l. g., Keefe
Tift, l. f.	r. g., Canty, Eddy, Levins
LaFlamme, c.	c., Beardsley
Spear, r. g.	l. f., Crowley
Pello, l. g.	r. f., Layden

Baskets: Tift 6, LaFlamme 4, Layden 4, Crowley 3, Joe Pello 2, Spear 2, Beardsley 2, Keefe 1, Levins 1, Canty 1. Fouls: Pello 4, Beardsley 3, Canty 2, Layden 2, Tift 1, Spear 1.

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RUTLAND BEATEN BY BURLINGTON.

The Red and White basketball team suffered its second set-back at the Armory Saturday night, January 21 by the score of 23-41.

Although Rutland put up a consistent and game fight there was something lacking in their play. The floor work and clever passing

of Burlington was excellent and their defense was well nigh impregnable during the first half. They started off with the scoring and led Rutland by a wide margin all through the first half. Burlington was ten points ahead at half-time.

The second half saw Rutland fighting harder and playing a better game, the ball being in Burlington territory a great deal of the time. Rutland took a great many shots at the basket but most of them went wild until almost the end of the game when several points were scored in rapid succession.

Preston, last year's all-Vermont center, was high scorer for Burlington with 8 points. He was easily the outstanding player of the game. Boyd also played a good game for the Blue and White. For Rutland, Joe Canty starred again with his fine guarding with Beardsley and Crowley looking best on the offensive.

The line-up:

Rutland**Burlington**

Crowley, r. f.	r. f., Chase
Layden, l. f.	l. f., Boyd
Beardsley, c.	c., Preston
Keefe, l. g.	l. g., Gadue
Canty, r. g.	r. g., Niles

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RUTLAND WINS FROM B. R. A.

Rutland defeated Black River Academy of Ludlow on the Armory court Tuesday afternoon, December 31, 1927 by the close score of 24-19.

The game was fast and hard played from start to finish and although Rutland led most of the way, Black River was once within a single basket of the Red and White.

Through the first and second quarters Rutland, with Beardsley and Crowley doing most of the scoring, was never in danger. However in the last quarter B. R. A. made a sudden attack, that swept the Red and White off their feet and when Captain Keefe called time out the score was 20-18 and Black River needed only another basket to tie the score. From then on both teams gave all they had and Crowley finally sank a long shot for Rutland that put them safely in the lead.

Rutland got the jump on Black River by sucking in their guards while a Red and White forward would take a long pass to score.

Crowley, Beardsley and Canty played well for Rutland while Hastings and Zammeillo looked best for Black River.

The line-up:

Rutland

B. R. A.

Layden, r. f. r. f., Zammiello
 Crowley, l. f. l. f., Lannon
 Beardsley, c. c., Hastings
 Keefe, r. g. r. g., B. Chiolina
 Canty, l. g. l. g., F. Chiolina

R. H. S., 36; PROCTOR, 18.

Rutland defeated Proctor High School at the armory Saturday night February 4 in the preliminary game of the Norwich-Middlebury contest, obtaining ample revenge for the defeat received last year at the hands of Proctor. The final count was 36-18.

After a slow start, Rutland warmed up and scored at will through the Proctor defense. Proctor depended mainly on Faignant, their big center, and without him it would not have been any kind of a contest.

Crowley was the high point man of the game with 15 points. Beardsley also played well for Rutland.

The line-up:

Rutland

Proctor

Layden, r. f. r. f., Chehy
 Crowley, l. f. l. f., Swanson
 Beardsley, c. c., Faignant
 Canty, r. b. r. b., Buggiani
 Keefe, l. b. l. b., Kallio

R. H. S. LOSES TO SPRINGFIELD.

Rutland High School, playing Springfield High School at Springfield, Friday night, February 10, was defeated in a game in which guarding played a large part.

Rutland could not work the ball under Springfield's basket due to the fine guarding of Racy and Dressel and consequently most of their points came by the long shot route, Layden getting six points in this manner.

The game was quite rough, due undoubtedly to the close guarding and Joe Canty was taken out in the second quarter with a sprained ankle.

Springfield, with Charley Tarro and Dressel working together, relied mostly on long shots, but occasionally scored from under the basket, by virtue of their clever floorwork. They led all the way, the score at the half being 13-5.

The line-up:

Rutland

Springfield

Crowley, r. f. r. f., Hopkins
 Layden, l. f. l. f., Tarro
 Beardsley, c. c., Russell
 Canty, r. g. r. g., Racy
 Keefe, l. g. l. g., Dressell

BURLINGTON WINS OVER RUTLAND.

Rutland journeyed to Burlington Saturday, February 18 for a return game with B. H. S. and were defeated in the U. V. M. gym by the count of 21-14.

During the first half Rutland put up a fine exhibition of basketball and clearly outplayed the Blue and White, leading at half-time by the score 7-5.

At the beginning of the second half, however, Rutland started dropping behind. With Boyd and Preston getting three and two baskets respectively, Burlington put the game on ice.

Teed Levins, starting the game in Canty's place, played a stellar game at guard. Johnny Keefe also played a good defensive game.

The defence of both teams was notable. Rutland was unable to penetrate the Burlington defense and were forced to take many long shots. Burlington, on the other hand, had a much harder time getting through to the Red and White goal than they did when they played here.

The line-up:

Rutland

Burlington

Layden, r. f. r. f., Boyd
 Crowley, l. c. l. c., Gadue
 Beardsley, c. c., Preston
 Keefe, r. g. r. g., Akins
 Levins, l. g. l. g., Niles

TOURNAMENT GAMES.

RUTLAND DEFEATS BELLOWS FALLS.

In one of the preliminary games of the Rutland Rotary Club Tournament, Rutland High School defeated Bellows Falls High School by the count of 23 to 19. A sensational comeback, in the last few minutes of play, in which the Red and White netted 8 points, enabled them to win.

The lead alternated during the first half and the score at half-time was 12 to 10 in favor of Bellows Falls. However, in the third quarter Bellows Falls unleashed an attack which put them four points in the lead. Tom Eddy then came into the game and on the first score tossed in a pretty basket which was soon followed by another. This was what was needed to start the rally. Crowley and Layden each tossed one in and put the game on the ice.

Fish stood out for Bellows Falls and as for Rutland pick your own, they were all stars.

The line-up:

Rutland	Bellows Falls
Crowley, r. f.	r. f., Fish
Layden, l. f.	l. f., Griffin
Beardsley, c.	c., Foster
Keefe, r. b.	r. b., Zeno
Canty, l. b.	l. b., Johnson

RUTLAND, 14; HARTFORD, 12.

Rutland nosed out Hartford in one of the semi final games of the Rotary Club Tournament by the close score of 14-12. It was a game in which close guarding was the feature.

Neither team could seem to score and both concentrated on their defense. The score at the half was 7-6 in favor of Hartford.

The lead see-sawed back and forth during the last half, until two baskets, one by Keefe and the other by Crowley, decided the game for Rutland.

The line-up:

Rutland	Hartford
Crowley, r. f.	r. f., Regioni
Layden, l. f.	l. f., Falzarano
Beardsley, c.	c., White
Keefe, r. b.	r. b., Rogenski
Canty, l. b.	l. b., Johnson

SPRINGFIELD WINS OVER RUTLAND.

In the final game of the Rutland Rotary Club Tournament for the championship of Southern Vermont, Springfield High School won over Rutland High School by the score of 41-19.

Except during the second quarter, when Rutland defense showed its best, Springfield had everything their own way.

Springfield had 7 points before the Red and White scored with a long shot. When the Rutland defense started working and the

play was fast and clean with Springfield gradually increasing their lead until at the half time the score was 19-10.

In the second half there was no stopping Springfield. With Tarro and Dressell scoring almost at will the score mounted higher and higher until the final whistle ended the game, giving Springfield the championship.

Layden and Crowley stood out for Rutland, with Tarro and Dressell starring for Springfield.

The line-up:

Rutland	Springfield
Crowley, r. f.	r. f., Tarro
Layden, l. f.	l. f., Hopkins
Beardsley, c.	c., Russell
Keefe, r. g.	r. g., Dressell
Canty, l. g.	l. g., Racy

GIRLS' GAMES.

T. C. A., 22; RUTLAND, 18.

Coming from behind after a disastrous start that gave the T. C. A. girls a 12-1 lead in the first quarter at Poultney on February 4 the local girls were nosed out at the finish 22-18. The game was played under three-division rules. This was one of the roughest games played this season and although T. C. A. had 17 fouls called, the Rutland girls only made 7 points from the free throw line.

D. Davies with two baskets and five foul shots was high for the Red and White. E. Holland scored three floor goals and two fouls. J. Cioffi tallied once from the foul line.

All of the T. C. A. points were made by the two forwards, Capt. Ross with six baskets and Ellis with five baskets.

Referee—F. Jones.

Scorer—Miss Howlett.

RUTLAND, 40; BENNINGTON, 11.

The Rutland Girls met the Bennington Girls in a return game February 18, playing a consistent defensive game. At all times the Red and White Athletes had little difficulty in holding the Bennington girls to a low score. Aggressive team work enabled them to find the basket almost at will, their clever passing and shooting completely bewildered their opponents. E. Holland was high scorer for Rutland, totaling 19 points.

The line-up:

Rutland**Bennington**

Davies, r. f. r. f., Rizeo
 Holland, l. f. l. f., Fitzgerald
 Grandey, c. c., Colegan
 Juleff, side c. side c., Griffith
 Goddard, r. g. r. g., Pebris
 Chamberland, l. g. l. g., Bennett

Points by Holland, 19; Davies, 14; Grandey, 7; Rizeo, 2; Fitzgerald, 4; Colegan, 5.

Referee—Marrsu of Bennington. Scorer—Miss Hackett of Rutland. Timer—Pello of Bennington.

T. C. A., 11; RUTLAND, 9.

The Rutland girls played a hard fought game with the Troy Conference Girls' Academy on January 14, and lost by only two points. Close thru out with the local girls leading at the half by one point, the T. C. A. girls depended on the uncanny shooting of Capt. Ross to bring their score to 11, while Rutland strived to tie the score in the last minutes of play. The game was played in a continuous uproar from the fans, and was considered one of the best girls games ever seen in Rutland.

The line-up:

Rutland**T. C. A.**

K. Grandey, c. c., Pray
 D. Davies, r. f. r. f., Ross
 E. Holland, l. f. l. f., Ellis
 F. Perfetti, s. c. s. c., Broughton
 J. Goddard, r. g. r. g., Roberts
 I. Chamberland, l. g. l. g., Parker

Substitute for Davies—Cioffi.

Baskets by Ross, 3; Pray, 1; Grandey, 2; Davies, 1; Holland, 1. Foul shots by Ross, 2; Ellis, 1; and Holland, 1.

Referee—M. Walbridge. Scorer—Miss R. Quigley. Timer—J. Quigley.

RUTLAND, 24; B. R. A., 3.

The Rutland girls easily outclassed the Black River girls in floor work and passing when the two teams met on January 31, in the Armory. The Rutland forwards, K. Grandey, E. Holland, D. Davies and J. Cioffi had things their own way under the basket while the guards, I. Chamberland, J. Goddard, M. McHugh and F.

Perfetti broke up the Black River offensive before it became effective. Baskets by Grandey, 3; Cioffi, 1; Davies, 3; Holland, 4; Rock, 1. Fouls by Grandey, 1; Holland, 1; and Fitzpatrick, 1. Referee—Walbridge. Scorer—Miss Howlett. Timer—Lanzillo.

RUTLAND, 30; BENNINGTON, 11.

The R. H. S. Girls' basketball team began its season January 6 with a victory over the Bennington Girls' team with a score of 30-11. In the first minute of play Jennie Cioffi played right forward hooped in a basket from the side of the court. E. Holland scored 13 points; D. Davies, 10; J. Cioffi, 6, and M. Juleff substituting for K. Grandey at center shot one from the foul line. The guards, I. Chamberland, J. Goddard and Florence Perfetti, played a fine game.

The line-up:

Rutland**Bennington**

J. Cioffi, r. f. r. f., A. Colegan
 E. Holland, l. f. l. f., E. Fitzgerald
 K. Grandey, c. c., K. Griffin
 F. Perfetti, side c. side c., M. Pilling
 I. Chamberland, r. g. r. g., M. Pebras
 J. Goddard, l. g. l. g., E. Bennett

Substitutes: For Cioffi, Davies; for Grandey, Juleff; for Colegan, E. Drobet; Rizia.

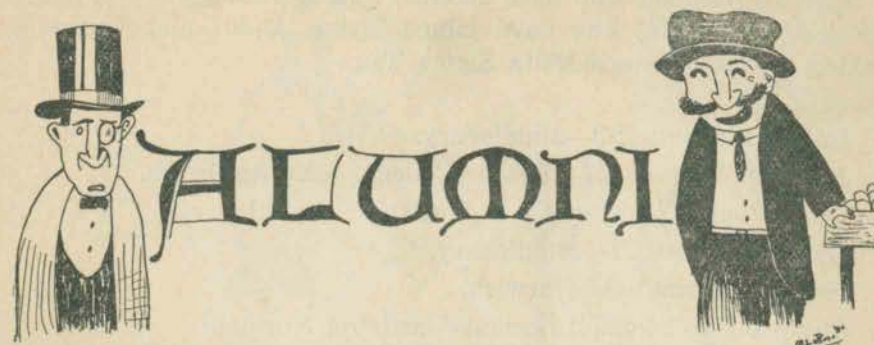
Referee, M. Walbridge. Scorer, Miss R. Quigley. Timer, E. Purdy.

BURLINGTON, 42; RUTLAND, 9.

The Burlington Girls' team, champions of the Winooski Valley Girls' League, defeated the Red and White team in a game played in Burlington on Feb. 22. The entire first team and principal subs. on the Burlington team will be lost by graduation in June.

Points: By Guremett 9, Kidder 5, Capt. Niles 24, Moulton 4, Davies 7 and Holland 2.

Referee, Carney. Scorer, L. O. Johnson.



Robert W. Tracy, a graduate of Rutland High School, who now attends U. V. M., has been elected editor-in-chief of the Cynic. He is one of the most prominent journalists on the campus. He was elected editor of the 1929 Ariel, junior year book, but resigned; has been a member of the Cynic staff for three years. During the past year he was news editor of that organization. He has been a member of Gold Key, sophomore honorary society, and belongs to Phi-Mu-Delta fraternity.

Delmer F. Borah of Fairhaven, Mass., has been engaged as athletic coach and teacher at Newburyport, Mass. High School. Mr. Borah is a graduate of Rutland High School. Before going to Fairhaven he was coach at Sanborn seminary in New Hampshire.

John Lanzillo, former Rutland High School football star, is placed by George Trevor, sports writer of the New York Sun, on the tentative second team of the Princeton football line-up for 1928. Lanzillo was on the Rutland High School eleven in 1921-23 and was a member of the championship outfit of 1923. Of this promising Rutland athlete Trevor has said: "Much is expected of John Lanzillo who alternates between guard and tackle. Princeton's active New England alumni discovered John at Exeter. He has simian arms and hands of inordinate strength. This even tempered giant is the placid, easy going sort that has to be spurred to a fighting frenzy. When aroused he has the strength of an ox. Perhaps Lanzillo is a Charlie Chadwick in making. He should respond to Roper's dynamic coaching."

Members of the basketball teams made up of R. H. S. alumni which clashed at the Armory some time ago included Bedeke Belle-rose and Ernie Reed of Dartmouth, Pete Bove of Holy Cross, Chunky Beale of Boston University, Austin Wright of the Howe Athletic Association team and Fred Atherton, Bernard Dick, Bunsie Keefe and George Newton of Norwich.

Cadet Freshmen who have recently joined Fraternities are Ken Day and Leo Keefe, who have joined Sigma Alpha, and Theodore Hinkley, who has joined Delta Sigma Tau.

Hubert Gosselin '27—Middlebury.

Jeanette Baldwin '27—Beaver College, Jenkintown, Pa.

Irma Stone '27—Training at Rutland Hospital.

Donald Russell '27—Middlebury.

Horace Yarrington—Norwich.

Cecile Balch '26 Salutatorian—Castleton Normal.

Neva Morse—Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School at Boston.

Ruth Corcoran '27—Office at Howe Scale Co.

Ola La Rose '27—Office at Howe Scale Co.

Antoinette Cioffi '27—Dr. Jenney's Office.

Ruth Bourquin—Syracuse University.

Ethel Palmer—Middlebury.

Carolyn Allen—Middlebury.

Roy Davenport—Middlebury.

Joe Hagan—Norwich.

Louise Pierce—Rutland Business College.

Virginia Marshall—School of Fine Arts, New York.

Josephine Pye—Keene Normal School.

Richard Ryan—St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.

Fred Taylor '25—Norwich.

Sam Young '25—Norwich.

Francis Sabourin '27—Railroad Office.

Luigi Sabatasso '27—Ass't Manager of Merit Shoe Store.

N. K. Chaffee, Jr., of Rutland has been promoted from corporal to sergeant in the R. O. T. C. at the University of Vermont.

Miss Angeline Icolari became Mrs. August F. Corsini October 24. Mrs. Corsini is a graduate of Rutland High School '25, and of the New York School of Applied Design. During the past summer she was handicraft instructor at the Rutland Playgrounds.

Miss M. Coletta Mumford recently became the bride of M. Harrison Baker. Mrs. Baker is a graduate of Rutland High School and has taught school in Springfield for the past two years.



We will do our best to give merited praise or unprejudiced criticism to the members of our exchange department and we hope to receive the same from them. Suggestions are always welcome! Our suggestions to others:

Orange and Black, Dearborn, Mich.

A neat paper. Your arrangement might be improved.

H. H. S. Nooz, Hinesburg, Vt.

Cuts at the heading of the departments would add a great deal to an otherwise excellent magazine.

The Mountaineer, Grafton, W. Va.

A very well-balanced paper. The article, "Facts About West Virginia" gives a fuller acquaintance with your state. Come again.

Winooski High School Banner, Winooski, Vt.

Although your literary work is lacking in quantity, the quality is above the ordinary.

The Register, Burlington, Vt.

Original cuts head interesting and well-developed departments. The literary work is especially well-done.

Reflector, Leonardo, N. J.

You have a well-balanced front page that lends attractiveness to a neat, well written paper.

Lasell Leaves, Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

Your magazine contains some excellent stories and poetry.

Goddard Record, Seminary, Barre, Vt.

Brevity is your sole error. Your advertising department deserves commendation.

Echo, Wilson H. S., Easton, Pa.

A comprehensive magazine with interesting articles, humor, neat cuts, and pointed criticism.

Sportlight, Chelsea, Vt.

Cleverly conceived, particularly the school register but drab for inadequacy of cuts.

Broadcast, Everett, Mass.

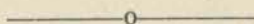
Inclusive and interesting but sameness of head-lettering detracts from your paper's appeal. We envy your proposed stadium. Why subordinate news to jokes?

Slate, Fair Haven, Vt.

Unique cover design, well displayed departments. There is beauty in your memorial to Mr. Leavenworth.

Peopleonian, Morrisville, Vt.

A few cuts would lend color to your magazine.



Hardwickian, Hardwick, Vt.

"Dust-Pan-Dirt" is a clever idea. Perhaps it would be better if the joke department was after the athletic and poetry departments.

Buzzer, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

We sent a great distance for the "Buzzer" and were amply rewarded. Perfectly balanced make-up, concise articles, meaningful editorials. Congratulations.

Static, Brandon, Vt.

Your second issue is a great improvement on your first issue. Where is the exchange department?

Standard Bearer, Rome, N. Y.

A magazine of very good quality.

Green and Gold, West Rutland, Vt.

There is obvious talent in your articles. We are awaiting your next, more extensive, number with interest.

Orleansonian, Orleans, Vt.

Brevity is your only fault.

Spaulding Sentinel, Barre, Vt.

Your magazine holds our interest from cover to cover.

Campus Chronicle, T. C. A., Poultney, Vt.

After reading your magazine we regret that you have ever discontinued.

Sentinel, New Haven, Conn.

If your "Inquiring Reporter" should ask, we like your paper, particularly the features.

Servitor, Bellows Falls, Vt.

When the commercial department does so well, the entire school should create a commendable paper. Why not?

Purple Pennant, Courtland, N. Y.

Your exchange is good but too limited. Why so many jokes and such scattered advertisements?

Clark News, Worcester, Mass.

A neat, newsy paper, but inclined toward editorial lengthiness.

Catamount, Bennington, Vt.

Appealing cuts draw the reader to well-composed sections.

Bi-Weekly, Wallingford, Vt.

An humble beginning displaying talent that will surely develop. Keep coming.

Reporter, Academy, Bradford, Vt.

Brevity is not always a virtue, especially when a paper shows as worthy material as yours.

Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

The "Letter Box" deserves emulation. Other sections are in keeping.

Red and Blue, Jenkintown, Pa.

An enviable exchange and evidence of promising contributors. It becomes, however, slightly tedious trailing "broken" stories through page after page. A few more notes from the classes.

Triangle, Misses' Hebb's School, Wilmington, Del.

We sought editorials and found dramatics, exchange comment and went unrewarded. The articles and stories are entertaining and the advertising—it speaks for itself.

Vermont Cynic, U. V. M., Burlington, Vt.

A real newspaper!

OTHERS' SUGGESTIONS TO US:

We are glad to have your paper on our exchange department. Thank you, come again!

—Station B. H. S., Bristol, Vt.

We congratulate your school on having such a scholar as John Livak. Why not have a department for your excellent poetry?

—Hardwickian, Hardwick, Vt.

It pays to work hard. To possess the knowledge such as is revealed in the intelligent essay by Livak, is rare indeed for a high school boy. You starred again in athletics. One tip might be to lessen the number of jokes and allow for a larger exchange department.

—Spaulding Sentinel, Barre, Vt.

We are glad to hear that your school has been honored by the writing of John Livak. His essay "The Relation of Chemistry to Agriculture", needs no comment, for, it speaks for itself. We offer our congratulations on his works.

—Winooski High School Banner, Winooski, Vt.

We enjoyed reading the entire paper. The literary department is especially good.

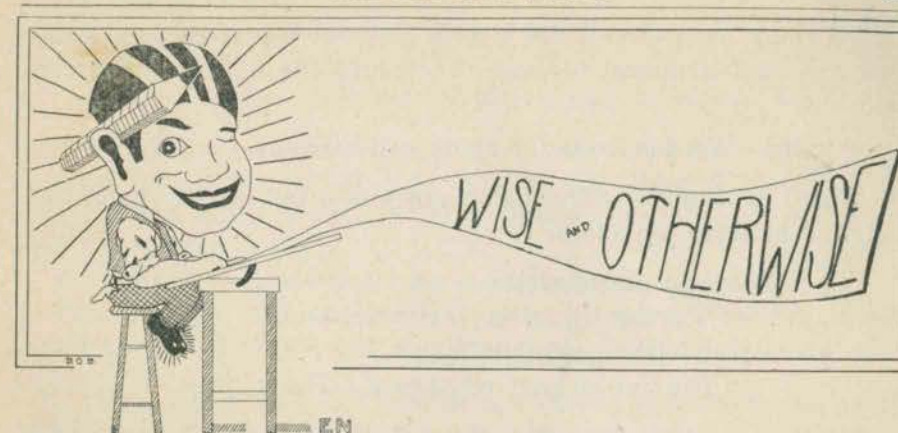
—H. H. S. Nooz, Hinesburg, Vt.

A fine magazine. Your literary and joke departments are excellent.

—Register, Burlington, Vt.

The late issue of your paper was interesting. Your cuts are above the average and show clever thinking on your part.

—Catamount, Bennington, Vt.



TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR R. H. S.

1. Thou shalt not skip school.
2. Thou shalt not compose thine own excuses.
3. Thou shalt not cast paper wads at thy neighbor nor yet kick thy neighbor's shins in class.
4. Thou shalt make thy way dutifully to the office of thy principal when thou has been evicted from thy class room.
5. Thou shalt sing with all thy heart and all thou soul and all thy vocal cords in Wednesday morning assembly.
6. Thou shalt reverence the dignity of Minerva and thou shalt not endeavor to enhance her charms with the aid of cosmetics.
7. Thou shalt arrive at school as soon after 7:30 as possible.
8. Thou shalt not get E on thy report card lest thy principal be wroth.
9. Thou shalt not masticate thy gum noisily nor with too much energy lest it make thy teacher nervous.
10. Thou shalt obey all these commandments that thy days may be long in the place where thy parents have put thee.

* * * * *

Found on a Frosh composition—He had on a blue pair of pance and his head was bawled.

Layden in Biology class—The natural enemies of the frog are snakes, man, and other long-legged water birds.

A certain Sophomore could not account for his low marks in a Biology test. Rising and waving his paper in the air, he said—"I have corns, flat feet and bunions. What's the matter with that?"

Teachers have been asked not to give out report cards the day after girls get a marcel because they cause the hair to straighten right out.

Wanted—Wooden heels for study hall teachers.

Heard in English—Silas Lampham was a tall, broad shouldered man, and he wore ten shoes.

I love to do Geometry—

'Tis the joy of my existence—

I just follow one main line:

The line of least resistance.—The Iriquois.

* * * * *

T. Eddy—Do you ever expect to find the perfect girl?

Beardsley—No, but I have a great time hunting.

McGuinnis—How do you earn your living? Do you pick pockets?

Mangan—No, I take them as they come.

Noyes—Dearest, I always think of you—always.

J. Plunkett—You do think of the most wonderful things.

Ted Olson's pet wisecrack—"You know how it is; when you're sick you don't feel well and everything you eat goes to your stomach."

Dan Farnsworth—"Did you cut my hair last time I was here?"

Barber—"I don't think so, sir. I've been here only a year."

Many a young man spends a lot time tinkering with a miss in their motor.

Albie H. wants to know if a sleeping bag is the same thing as a knapsack.

John Quigley—"That girl is grace personified."

John Russell—"What did you say her last name was?"

Taylor—"Gee, your car sounds like an old wreck."

Al Rabidou—"It isn't the car. It's the rumble seat."

Holly Whay—"Say do you remember that car you sold me? You said it would give splendid performance."

Dealer—"Yes, why?"

Holly—"Well it did all right. Climbed fences, jumped ditches, turned over and threw a wheel."

Fran Mason—"Since he's been away at college Hubert's letters are so short."

Pauline Lamb—"So's Hubert, that's why he writes 'em."

Tubby Tree considered himself a lady-killer tho' the ladies seemed unaware of it. He was walking with Francis Crowley when they passed Ruth Berry. At once Tubby turned to his companion with a superior smile.

"Did you see that charming young lady smile at me?"

"Oh that's nothing to worry about," replied Hambone consolingly, "the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

"Gin" Kent and Ruth Pinchin met on the street and kissed each other rapturously. Ed Layden and Johnnie Quigley watched the meeting. "There's another of those things that are so unfair" said Ed.

"What's that?" said Johnnie.

He pointed to the scene. "Women doing men's work."

Mr. Phillips—"You haven't changed much since vacation time."

Dot. Boyden—"Is that so! I've changed sweethearts three times!"

Marion Wilcox—"I'll never marry a man I don't love."

Jean Simpson—"But suppose a millionaire wanted to marry you?"

Marion—"I'd love him, that's all!"

* * * * *

A TRAGEDY IN OUTLINE FORM

A little boy—a pair of skates—a hole in the ice—a funeral.

* * * * *

During the flood, when the water started coming into Gemo's basement, he sawed the cellar stairs off so the water couldn't come upstairs.

What's the difference between vision and sight?

That's easy; my girl is a vision, yours is a sight.

Do you think the eyes are an index to the mind?

No. I know lots of girls with bright eyes.

Moreau—"Now I know why you can see so well in the dark."

Hiers—"How come?"

Moreau—"Lookit the lantern jaw you carry."

Purdy—"How did Peter Stuyvesant rule New York?"

George Costello—"With an iron hand and a wooden leg."

Speaking of absent-minded professors, did you hear about Harry Menten?

No, what about him?

He shaved himself three times before he found out there wasn't any blade in his razor.

Rabidou—I hear you're ousted from the Glee club. What's the matter?

Quigley—I had no voice in the matter.

J. Keefe—That sure was a dirty sock that guard gave you.

Crowley—Sock, me eye. That dirty bum used the toe of his shoe.

Harold Allen (At Tuttle's)—I'd like a pencil.

Clerk—Hard or soft?

Harold—Soft. It's for writing love letters.

WHO ARE THEY?

E. L.—He was only a prohibition agent's son but oh how he loved his Gin.

J. C.—He was only a blacksmith's son but oh how he adores his Smith.

J. K.—He was only a paperhanger's son but oh how he liked his Wall.

Miss Howlett in Modern History Class, exhibiting a small piece of paper which represented a dollar bill, exclaimed as she held it in front of her: "Understand class, it isn't the paper that is worth anything, but that which is in back of it."

REMARKS HEARD IN CLASS:

(behind Teacher's back)

"Got your French done? Let me see your paper?"

"Gee, she's crabby this morning!"

"I bet Mrs. Crowley has read everything published!"

"Miss Willis is a good coach, isn't she?"

"Keep still, I want to hear O'Bie's wise cracks!"

"Miss Hackett looks like Pola Negri, eh?"

"Gosh, teacher's nice this morning!"

"I like Miss Higgins, don't you?"

"We had some good chaperones on the Fair Haven trip!"

Miss Johnson said we could type-write this afternoon! She's a peach!"

Layden—Why do girls walk home?

Kent—They don't, they stop at a farmhouse.

P. G. Student—The Sophomores are certainly fast this year.

Senior—Fast?

P. G. Student—Yes, fast asleep!

Mary Houghton—Where are you from?

Charlie Spencer—Home.

Doris Smith—Why did they take Joe out of the game?

Claire Wall—For holding.

Doris Smith—Oh, isn't that just like Joe.

SMILING ALONG

To Mildred Ball.

Some girls smile at evening

Some girls smile at dawn

But the girl worth-while

Is the girl who can smile

When her two front teeth are gone!

Jean McKay—Is she a nice girl?

Ruth Bucklin—I'll say so. The other night when she dreamt of an auto ride she walked in her asleep.

Al Rabidou—Are you letting your hair grow?

Skinny Ball—It will anyway, so I might as well.

Joe Mangan, while introducing the famous "Kitchen Band":

I wish to present this teature attraction for your approval. One member of the orchestra plays a frying pan, another a toaster, and still another plays a unique egg-beater. The leader plays on the floor. (He is old enough to know better.)

O'Brien—Well, Noyes, how near the right answer did you come?

Wendell—Only three blackboards.

Tom Holden—We young people don't need chaperons on parties any more.

Cel Purdy—Naw! What you need are some referees.

Boy Friend—May I kiss you?

Mary Stearns—Heavens! Another amateur.

Ed Pike—My grandfather was a successful man. He made his mark.

Amidon—Yeh, mine couldn't write either.

Soph—Are you a freshman?

Ile—No, I fell out of my crib when I was a baby and it left me in this condition.

Joe Canty—"The more I look at you the more beautiful you seem."

Doris—"Oh!"

Joe—"I ought to look at you oftener."

Mary Sterns—"Did you see the cute miniature "Al" gave me?"

Dorothy Boyden—"Yes, I recognized it."

Al Penta—"Do you smoke?"

John McGarry—"Well, rather" (very hopefullike).

Al Penta—"Well John, let me give you this little book on curing the tobacco habit."

Blessed is the Sophomore who keepeth quiet and peace within his ranks: and who in fiendish joy, makes no sarcastic remarks at the mistakes of the upper classmen; for he is the delight of the Senior, and on him some day may that worthy name rest.

When you have been struggling with the first question of an exam, and with much effort have a half-page written, isn't it a joy-killer to hear the "Savants" tearing up front for more paper?

Martin Chioffi—"What 'cha doing, Zeke, your Virgil?"

Zeke Eddy (in desperation)—"No, I'm flying kites in a telephone booth."

Crawf Taylor—"Behold! I possess a ten dollar William."

Joe Moloney—"Why that appellation?"

Crawf—"I'm not familiar enough to call it Bill."

Miss Hackett—"What's a metaphor?"

Junior—"For cows to graze in."

Levins—"What makes you breathe so fast?"

Ki-Yi—"My lungs."

W. Curtis—"Does the moon affect the tide?"

Ed. Rounds—"No, only the untied."

Coach Willis—"How come you're all banged up?"

Chamberlain—"I was talking when I should have been listening."

A lot of High School men have formed the habit of looking for this label,

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Albie H. wants to know if a sleeping bag is the same thing as a knapsack.

Judge Purdy—"What's your name?"

Convict Smith—"Smith."

Judge Purdy—"Your occupation?"

Convict Smith—"Locksmith."

Judge Purdy—"Locksmith up."

Mr. Bridges—Describe the mechanism of a steam shovel.

Poquette—Don't kid me. You can't carry steam on a shovel.

John Quigley—That girl is grace personified.

John Russell—What did you say her last name was?

Taylor—Gee, your car sounds like an old wreck.

Al. Rabidou—It isn't the car. It's the rumble seat.

K. Beardsley—It looks like rain.

Levins—What looks like rain?

Ki-Yi—Water.

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The
Red and White

Freshmen Issue



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**Editors****VOL. 8****OCTOBER, 1928****No. 1**

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Editorials



WELCOME.

New teachers and Freshmen R. H. S. welcomes you!

Although laboring under difficulties, unique to all of us, you have proven yourselves masters of the situation.

Freshmen, we want you to take an interest in your school and in your school teams. Don't think that you are confined to Freshman activities. You are just as much a part of the school as the upper classmen. Therefore recognize your strength and capabilities and make the class of '32 one of which old R. H. S. may well be proud!

W. J. B. '29.

As this school year gets under way it is hard for us to overcome the great misfortune which has befallen not only us, the student body, but all who are in any way connected with our Alma Mater, in the resignation of Harold I. O'Brien. With much sorrow we realize that "O'Bie" who has aided so much in boosting our school to the scholastic and athletic standing which it maintains today, is to be with us no more.

Never again, in the classroom, shall we hear his jokes, experience his smile for all and see him crouched on the sidelines cheering his boys to victory. To those who knew him the memories of the happy days they spent in his classes and the athletic glory gained under his tutelage will be foremost in their minds when they think of their first Alma Mater.

The student body of R. H. S. in all sincerity wish him success in his new profession.

W. J. B. '29.

THE PRESENT SCHOOL CONDITIONS.

Much to our sorrow the new high school building was not completed in time to open for the Fall term. After waiting for one week it was decided to send the two upper classes, in an afternoon session, to the Longfellow school and the Freshmen and Sophomore classes to the Meldon school.

Although the conditions are such that it is very difficult for both teachers and students to get the most out of their classes nevertheless, thanks to the good co-operation of all, progress is being made and many troublesome situations overcome. Let's do our best under present conditions.

W. W. B. '30.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

As the bulk of expenses of any school paper is paid through the financial aid of the business department, this part of the Red and White is most important. In fact the paper could not exist without its help, and in turn the success of this department depends on advertising.

Our advertisers have responded nobly and we thank them for their assistance. We earnestly urge our friends to patronize them for we realize that without their assistance our paper could not exist. With community co-operation we hope to make this paper rank among the best and a credit to our institution. We hope that we may maintain our present standard and believe that with the right support we can gain success.

W. W. B. '30.

A PLEA FOR STUDY

How often you hear the words, "I don't know what we go to high school for anyway, we never use half the stuff we learn when we are through." What a big jolt some of those people are going to get when someday they have to turn down some good position because their English is too poor or because they have need for some mathematical knowledge they didn't see fit to absorb in school.

Whether we are going to be able to put to practical use what we learn now, isn't a thing to wear out our brain thinking about because as some clever person once said, "you never can tell," which proves to be quite a true statement after all, as we recall, can't look into the future and find out just what we will have need for and what we won't. If we never use anything which we learn our time won't be wasted because the harder we work our minds studying the more developed they will be and consequently more quick to grasp and solve the problems that everyone comes up against sometime in the process of living.

O. & B.



THE HARVEST MOON.

The earth and all its creatures are hushed. A breathless waiting pervades the air. Slowly a light glows on the horizon, growing ever brighter and brighter until, in breath-taking beauty a huge ball of smoldering fire appears. The Harvest Moon, smiling serenely, has come to watch over this shadowy, sleeping world. Tonight she shines with a knowing twinkle on a hidden clearing in the forest. Can she know what will happen there before her watch is done?

The first to enter this eerie spot is a huge grey timber wolf. She slinks across the clearing and comes to rest in the shadows around its edge where she sits pondering on the mysteries of the night.

Ah! A twig has cracked, ever so softly, 'tis true, but the nostrils of the wolf tremble. This second nocturnal wanderer is Nika, the small but sturdy son of his tribes chieftain. A queer compelling feeling has awakened him and he has slipped forth into the blackness of the night to follow where it leads. The hair on the wolf's back bristles and her lips draw back to show sharp pointed teeth, but Nika, for all his bright little eyes is unaware of her.

He starts to cross the clearing when suddenly he sees two burning eyes gleaming at him from the shadows. But they are not the eyes of a wolf. They belong to that most hated of wild creatures, the jaguar. As quick as a flash Nika draws his bow and lets fly but his brave little arrow only pricks and angers the beast.

With a howl the fierce, maddened animal draws back and springs. Nika is lost! But no, what is that grey mass of energy that has hurled itself at the springing cat? It is the lone sentinel of the woods, the timber wolf. With never a sound the deadly struggle is on. Back and forth, over and under they roll tearing with cruel fangs in a battle to the death. At last the wolf finds the throat of her enemy and the jaguar, fighting to the end, is killed.

With a shake the conqueror gets up and with never a sniff at her victim lopes off into the forest. Little Nika is saved. Stunned, he lies and watches his protectress until she has vanished in the black

curtain of night. Then slowly he rises, filled with wonder, and runs, fleet as an arrow to tell his people of this strange happening.

Why did the wolf, who could so easily have devoured the boy, endanger her own life to save him? We cannot tell, only the wise old moon, smiling down on this mysterious shadowy world, seems to know.

R. B. '29.

REVERIES OF A SICK MAN.

So, a mere infected throat would keep him in bed, eh? Oh, well, time enough to see about that! But—better take care of himself for a while, though. Thinking thus he dropped off to sleep.

Then . . . dreams. Beautiful dreams. And at last wakefulness. Suddenly he felt fine, for she had been in those dreams. He sat up, started to sing, coughed, swallowed hard—and choked. He fell back on his pillows, red in the face, gasping for breath.

"What the deuce!" Ah, yes. He was sick, curse the luck. He must lie there until he became weary with rest. He must see no one. He couldn't talk, he couldn't sing! (No, not even if they'd let him.) His palate had dropped! These thoughts rushed on him, for a time bewilderingly. Then as his head began to clear . . . "What a fine mess to be in," he thought bitterly.

The hopelessness of it all was suddenly made clear to him. The Prom that night and *she* would be ready, waiting for him . . . and it was only another day.

If only he could kid the doctor into thinking him all sound! If only he might fool the nurse! He'd try, anyway. Steve Brodie took a chance . . . Oh, why must that nurse go about so softly? Anybody would think they were at a wake or something. Then he smiled grimly. Maybe there would be one if he went out *that* night. He sighed resignedly. What was the use? He punched his pillows again and lay back restlessly. He wished the doctor would come.

Time passed slowly. He read the newspaper. Rot! What did he care who was elected president, it mattered not to him that the Giants had again beaten the Pirates. (And the Giants were his pet team, too).

"Huh? Eat? Say listen, sister, how can I eat when I can hardly swallow as it is? Now I ask you, huh?"

"Whoopee, here comes the doctor! Now for it!"

"I can't, huh? Well, let me tell you something. If you or anybody else have the slightest notion that I am going to stay at home,

you're due for a disappointment. 'N what's more neither you or your whole army of sawbones couldn't keep me here."

Well, now, 'at wasn't half bad, was it? 'N you heard me tell him, too, didn'tcha? You can betcha life you did.

Eight bells. Time to get ready. He wouldn't miss this for all the doctors in the world. Not this one! No sir, not him!

Darn this tie. Never could tie one well, and with one of these bat wings . . . Never mind now . . . *She* knows how.

Getting pretty dizzy. I wonder what was in that stuff the doctor gave me? D'yuh suppose he. . . ? He didn't say much.

Suddenly he reeled and fell back. His head felt like a ton of lead. Things went black . . . and as he fell on the bed, he caught sight of a grinning face that looked suspiciously like that cursed doctor's. Ther consciousness left him.

Well, he finally made that dance like he said he would. He wouldn't miss this for anyone, would he? And sufferin' cats didn't she look great? Wasn't she a knockout, though? Wish I could think of some more nice things to say about her.

Funny, head doesn't work right, I wonder why? Clearing up a bit now. Oh, yes, but what . . . where in . . . ?

He was in bed, half dressed and he should be at the Prom. by rights, anyhow. Now, what could have happened? Accident?

He felt of his members, his joints, his . . . oh, well . . . most everything. No, that couldn't be it. It was only when he tried to talk and then thought of that . . . doctor that he remembered.

He raged and grumbled, cursed and swore, and all for naught, for he swooned again as he was in the middle of a glorious oration about that beknighted fourflusher, king of the sawbones.

So, what's the use, boys, what's the use?

F. W. F. '29.

THE OTHER HOUDINI.

It was Houdini's boast that with his death his wonderous secrets and discoveries would be forever out of the reach of any human being, for he was well aware of the fact that if some individual who was not of the same mind as he should obtain his knowledge of locks, etc., a very great harm could be done to the human race. There was, however, a chapter in Houdini's life which has just recently been brought to light, and it is with that chapter which we are to deal.

Two months before Houdini's death he was taken with an attack of heart trouble, and to remedy this he called upon a very noted phy-

sician with whom he had an acquaintance. The doctor, Mr. Manning, found it necessary to operate upon him three months later, this time for his appendix. It was shortly after this operation that the great "Master of Locks" died.

A year later a very bewildering robbery occurred in New York city. A great art gallery was entered in the night and one of the most valuable paintings was stolen, besides a number of other valuables. The next night, despite every possible precaution more things disappeared. This went on for five nights, each time the museum being robbed of at least \$10,000 worth of valuables. And then it ceased and the city breathed once more. Several yegg-men were suspected of being guilty of the crime, but each asserted his innocence. However the criminal was not through yet. Scarcely a month after the art gallery robbery there commenced a series of raids upon private homes which completely baffled the police. Fortunes were stolen at each raid, but, no matter what steps the police took to catch the law-breaker, he always succeeded in getting away. Banks were entered and deprived of their wealth, yet there was never an alarm until the next morning. Furthermore, the great vaults were not blown open in the manner which is generally used but opened by the combination. All this went on for about a year, with an average of three burglaries a week, and then, as quickly as it had started, it stopped. All during this time theories had been advanced as to the method employed by the criminal, books had been written about the dangers in which the universe was if it could not stop this avalanch of criminal outbreaks. However, in a short while things quieted down and every one but the detectives forgot the matter. And this group, too, eventually turned their thoughts into what seemed more worthy channels.

Several years later a man was caught house-breaking and sentenced to a term in jail. That night he escaped. The next morning he was picked up again, intoxicated. As soon as he had sobered off a bit he was brought before the judge, who demanded a full explanation of how he had escaped so easily. The prisoner, however, refused to tell, and was condemned to the state prison for ten years. But jails seemed to worry him not at all, for he found a way out during his first week's stay. Were there no bonds to hold such a man? Was this man so much more crafty than the whole police force that they were as naught to him? Such were the questions asked by the press the next day. The force had to reply that they were unable to contrive a device from which he could not escape.

But every criminal has his weak points, and it seems that this one was an opium fiend. One night a detective, strolling into an opium

den, came upon the mystifying jail breaker, deeply sunk in the delicious depths of the dope. It was found that his condition was such that he was in need of instant medical aid, so he was ordered to the hospital. However, he was beyond all help, and as soon as he came to, he was informed of this fact. Upon hearing such news, he smiled, and said that he was glad; that it would be a blessing to be rid of the vice in whose power he was. He then asked for a piece of paper on which he could write a confession, which was to be read after his death. He died two days later.

He was duly buried, and his confession read. It went as follows:

"It was I who gave the ether to the great Houdini when he underwent the operation, shortly before his untimely death. While he was coming out of the ether he was very conversational, and began talking about his wonderful ability to break locks. At first I did not listen to him, but as he raved on, explaining all his mysteries, an idea formed in my mind. I would gain all the knowledge I could concerning locks, and it would then be easy for me to mystify audiences as the great Houdini had done. But I could not seem to get a chance to show my ability to the public. Because of this I decided to turn criminal. It was I who robbed the art galleries and banks for so long, but I soon tired of this way of earning a living. I have given all my valuables to charity under an assumed name. It is with pleasure that I await my timely end."

Was this confession the work of a lunatic or was it the truth? The greatest minds in the western hemisphere have pondered upon this subject, but to no avail.

A. A. '29.

COMMON SENSE.

Because of a smile someone gave,
Because of a thought sent to you,
You can't make your heart behave
Though it's the only thing to do.
Because you gave a little kiss,
Because of an endearing word,
Can you build your castles on this?
And on something "nice" you heard?

It doesn't pay to be fooled this way,
It leaves a hurt and a smart.
So turn all thoughts of love away,
Use COMMON SENSE from the heart.

Y. T. '30.

THE BOYS IN OLIVE DRAB.

Over the sea to gay Paree
Went the boys in Olive Drab,
To fight for peace and democracy
For a world that had gone bad.

They fought and fell, and went through a hell
That no words can explain.
Yet they went through that shot and shell
And never once complained.

They endured it all for two long years,
Yes, some of them even more.
And mothers' eyes were filled with tears
For the boys who were in that war.

At last came November, that Armistice day,
That glorious day when peace was made
And weapons of war were laid away,
But dear was the price that the world had paid.

And many of those boys still lie in France,
Out there where the poppies grow.
But God will take care of those buddies in France,
Out there where the poppies grow.

So here's to the boys dressed in Olive Drab,
Who fought for a world gone bad,
Who went o'er the sea to gay Paree
To fight for peace, and democracy.

R. J. B. '30.

OUR NEW SCHOOL.

Things are sort of hushed and solemn around dear Rutland's range
Some familiar spirit's absent and our school days seem so strange
When inspectors gave their verdict in their melancholy voice
At school there was no singing, cause there's no one to rejoice.

All the faculty look sadder, and the skies aren't half so clear
We're a glum lot at Longfellow and we sorely need some cheer.
Life has mocked us since inspectors came to take a look, I guess

The contractor grabbed off more than he had bargained when he
signed the book.

We have tried out several buildings—one was Meldon Jr. High
But dry-eyed we have left them and gone onward with a sigh
So, in case New England papers have a story to relate
All about the new school building and just why it is so late,
It will mean we all are mourning for that structure built divine
Because of the contractor's lateness in erecting it on time.

M. J. '29.

MR. K. CAUSES A DISTURBANCE.

"Now for goodness sake, stay behind that screen, I'm sure I
don't know what John would say if he only knew. Of course you are
an old dear and I do love you, but John is so jealous and not the least
bid broad-minded!"

With these words Betty, a dainty, vivacious brunette, crossed
the room, and sat down meditatively in a large easy chair.

"What will John say, when he finds out!" murmured Betty as
she nervously twisted her handkerchief, and glanced at the tiny
watch on her wrist.

A rap at the door, made Betty jump. She hurried to answer
it. A tall swarthy, evil looking man was standing there. Hurriedly
Betty drew something from her pocket and handing it to him said:
"Here is your fifty dollars, and don't forget the promise—not a
word to Mr. Marsden."

"I am satisfied," answered the man, with a cynical smile, "I will
not breathe a word of this confidential matter." Still smiling, he
disappeared.

Betty returned to her chair and picking up a magazine tried to
read. Suddenly the door burst open, and John Marsden, a tall genial
looking chap rushed in.

"Hello dear," he said pleasantly, "how's the little wife?"

"Fine John." Then thoughtfully, "Listen dear, wouldn't you
like to go out for dinner?"

John's sunny smile vanished, "Now Betty," he remonstrated,
"You told me this morning you were sick of going out to dine. I
have a lovely dinner ordered and I had planned on a quiet meal, just
you and I."

"Just you and I," Betty mused, "oh to be sure. Well John I've
—er— changed my mind. I want to go out to dine, and perhaps

take in a theatre later. Yes John, I want to go. It is settled. We shall go."

"Oh is it settled!" retorted John angrily, "I suppose you want to go out, and smile at some of the numerous shieks, who turn themselves into apes to make you look at them."

"John, you can be utterly ridiculous when your jealousy gets the better of you," Betty pouted, "Why you are so jealous I can't even have a dog to play with!"

"No you can't, Betty," snapped John, "I am not going over that with you again!"

"John please get my scarf, it is on the bed." John left the room. As soon as he disappeared through the door, Betty ran to the screen.

"Be quiet," she whispered, "for goodness sake don't move darling." Betty hurried back to her chair and sat down, just in time to see John enter with her scarf.

"What did I hear you say?" he asked in low even tones, "Who were you speaking to? There must be some one here and if—"

Betty interrupted him, "Don't be silly dear, I was—er —just rehearsing my monologue for the Woman's Club meeting."

"Humph," ejaculated John, "I suppose you have to say 'don't move' or the audience will all walk out and leave you. There is some one here, and if I find a man concealed in this apartment I will blow his brains out," he repeated in louder tones, "Yes, blow his brains out!"

"What a fuss over a monologue," murmured Betty, trying to conceal her nervousness.

John rushed into the bed-room, immediately returning with an automatic in his hand.

"Oh what shall I do!" Betty whispered in an agonized voice.

John stood in the center of the room glowering first at Betty and then at the screen. A queer look passed over his face. He uttered in a thick voice, "That screen moved!"

Betty gasped, and turned deathly pale. "Only imagination dear, the wind often does that!"

"The wind! Oh good heavens," laughed John hysterically. He hurled himself toward the screen but Betty threw herself in front of him. "No!" she cried, "Oh no, John!"

"No, what?" he stormed, "Get out of the way, woman. I am going to kill that bounder! Kill him! Kill him!"

He pushed Betty aside and tore down the screen.

There sat—a pathetically tiny white dog.

John staggered, gasped, and turned to his wife with a sickly smile.

"Betty dear, it nearly broke my heart when I thought it was a man. My! I'm glad it was this cute little pup."

In John's arms a moment later, Betty murmured, "Thank you dear. I was so afraid you would be very angry, you threatened so, when I spoke of wanting a dog—but it was lonesome here alone all day long. I hid the doggie, because I feared what you might say—but John dear, may I keep him?"

"Of course love. Isn't it true a woman has the privilege of changing her mind? According to equal suffrage, couldn't a man change his mind too?"

M. H. '29.

A ROOKIE'S DREAM.

It was a cold bleak night and as a drizzling rain which had been falling for two days began to let up, a messenger appeared in our trench with information. It seemed that a German machine gun crew was wiping out every line of American advance which had that sector in which they would either become heroes or corpse, to overcome. After the captain had read it he asked for a volunteer. "Sir, let me go", said a voice from the rear.

So it was that Private "Pat" Levins, of the glorified Medics happened to be crawling through that murky darkness with a crew of German gunners as his objective. As he crawled in and out of those shell holes, he was thinking of the loved ones and looking forward to the day when he would be holding his twins, one upon each knee and telling them how he wiped out the enemy's strongest point on the Western Front and thus saved the A. E. F. from further destruction.

As he quietly stole along the thought of what he was really doing flashed across his brain and instinct cautioned him to go more carefully lest he fall into the hands of the enemy. Overhead some allied plane or, was it an enemy plane, was humming out its song of challenge. A shell burst and revealed the plane to be a Fokker, the type of plane then being used by the Imperial Air Force. Our hero immediately leveled his trusty 22 on the huge silver war-bird and pulled the trigger.

"Ah!" he sighed, "I have failed." But in another fifteen minutes he had another chance to shoot down his enemy. This time his aim was more careful and he was reconciled to his first miss when he saw the plane burst into flames and crash to earth in a dizzy spin.

Now that this was over he again put his mind on his objective and resumed that crawling which might bring him to his death. At last he heard the voices of the enemy and he well knew that he would be upon them in a short time. More crawling and more shells bursting and more men yelling their death cry was all that "Pat" was conscious of until suddenly he arrived at his objective.

When he gazed down and saw those twelve gunners it made his blood run cold, and he was half determined to turn away from his mission but, no, he couldn't do that. "I must use strategy, for by no other means can I overwhelm the enemy," said our hero to himself.

At this point of his exploit the memory of how he had victoriously man-handled fifty Indians with his bare fists as his only weapons came back to give him courage, so he started to hunt up some means by which he could coil and outwit these men who had slain so many of his comrades. As he was making his way around the pit he found a bunch of rifles and American helmets. He remembered how "Buck Jones", his movie hero, had foiled the trainmen in a train which he had robbed, so he decided to try the same trick.

Quietly he crawled around, placing a gun and helmet every four feet until he had encircled the pit. All in all he had fourteen guns pointed down at the Boche. Now came the greatest moment in his life! When he had inspected all his dummy men he leaped into view with a menacing looking gat in each hand.

The Germans up to this time had known nothing of what was going on around them. Upon seeing the muzzles of fourteen American rifles looking them in the face they threw up their hands and yelled, "Kamerade!" Our hero would have to work fast so that they would not see how they had been foiled and send him to "kingdom come". He formed them in as close a formation as possible and warned them that any one who dared to look left or right would be shot instantly.

At last "Pat" had his Boche prisoners marching on towards his own lines and in about two hours had landed them safely in his own dugout. When he marched in with his spoils the whole company gave him three hearty cheers. Captain Mattison, a close friend of Pat, guaranteed that he would receive the highest honors for his bravery.

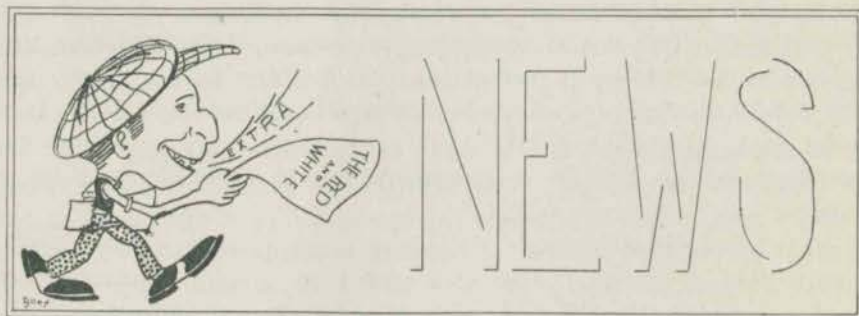
For a day or two they remained in their dugout and then came

the dawn of the day which the whole world will never forget. The day of the great American advance which crushed the Germans and was one of the turning points of the World War. In the battle, Privates Bill Burk, Jimmy Scanlon, Fran Forcier and Orderly Charlie Doolley all gave up their lives for that great cause. At last came the Armistice and the A. E. F. was recalled from the now bloody fields of France.

Just before that wonderful fighting machine embarked for home Private Patrick Barret Levins was called to general headquarters. There assembled to meet him were Marshal Foch representing the French, General Pershing representing the A. E. F., Gen. Newt Rogers representing the Reveuse English. General Motors, General Nuisance and General Electric were also there. As each of them praised him they put the medal of their own country over his heart. When the last medal was pinned upon his proud chest General Pershing handed him an envelope and Pat opening it found a commission which made him an Adjutant General. However just as he was about to thank all of his friends there came that shrill whistling sound which disheartens even the bravest men. It was the top-kick whistling and yelling, "Pile out you bunch of goldbricks or you get K. P."

So, just as Pat was about to realize his position and think again of his loved ones at home, he awakened from his dream to find that he was still 1st class Private P. B. Levins in the disgrorified Medical Detachment, 172 Inf., Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont.

R. J. B. '30.



Sept. 17 marked the day for the opening of school. Because of the crowded conditions, the freshmen and sophomores gathered for classes at the Meldon school in charge of Mr. Johnson while the juniors and seniors reported at Longfellow under the supervision of Mr. Phillips. The sessions are from 1 P. M. to 5 P. M. and teachers having classes in both buildings are transported by means of a taxi; the students walk.

It is hoped that the new High School will be ready as soon possible in order that both students and teachers may receive the benefits of a well equipped building.

TEACHERS' VACATIONS.

Mr. Johnson combined work with play this summer when he motored to Minneapolis, Minn., to attend the National Educational Association Convention, July 3-7. Mrs. Johnson and their daughter, Elpeth, accompanied him.

Mrs. Spooner, head of the Latin department, travelled (quite extensively) this summer. During the month of July, accompanied by Miss Catlin and Miss Higgins, she motored to Cape Cod for a fortnight's stay. Returning home, she immediately packed up and went to Sinclairville, Chautauqua County, New York, for the month of August.

We hope to hear more about the vacations of the members of the faculty.

NEW TEACHERS.

Rutland High School welcomes its new teachers and we hope that you will enjoy your work with us.

Miss Dorothy Newton, a graduate of Middlebury College, and

formerly an instructor at Oneonta High School, Oneonta, N. Y., is teaching freshmen and sophomore English which was taught last year by Miss Rosalind Higgins.

Miss Elsie Trevett, who teaches commercial geography, was graduated from Salem Normal School, Salem, Mass. in 1927. She comes to us from Mapleton, Me. and we hope that her year with us will prove to be a pleasant one.

We are very fortunate in having obtained the services of H. E. Turck, who resigned his post at the Connecticut College of Pharmacy to teach the young hopefuls of R. H. S.

Other new teachers who are endeavoring to guide our wayward feet over the thorny path of knowledge are:

Richard Hayden, an instructor in physical training, one of the new courses recently added to the high school curriculum.

George MacKenzie, supervisor in manual training.

Mrs. Thomas Hart, who teaches elementary business.

Mrs. Doane teacher of art.

MELDON SCHOOL.

There have been several changes and improvements made in the Meldon School during the past summer.

The entire interior has been repainted and some of it redecorated. New lighting fixtures have been installed in all the rooms.

A new stage has been built at the south end of the assembly hall. It is much larger than the former one and has a dressing room on either side, reducing the size of the auditorium. There is also an additional door entering upon a new fire escape on the west side of the hall.

The class rooms along the main corridor downstairs which were numbers 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, have been divided into six equal sized rooms.

The old library, now a stockroom, has been greatly improved. Glass panels replace the former south wall affording the upper hall more light.

In many of the rooms, dressing-rooms which may be converted into blackboards, have been built.

In addition to these more noticeable changes, a minor improvement has been effected. The entire system of numbering has been changed. Instead of having the rooms begin at 1 and go up, now the

rooms downstairs start at 101 to 110, and the rooms on the upper floor at 201 to 207.

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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE VISITS RUTLAND.

The students of Rutland High School and the citizens of Rutland were highly honored by a visit from the President of the United States and the First Lady of the Land.

Sept. 20 the special train bearing the Presidential party on its tour of Vermont arrived in Rutland at 5.20 P. M. and pulled out at 5.30 P. M. Practically all the high school students were present to get a glimpse of the distinguished visitors.

The following day the high school was dismissed at 3.10 P. M. in order that the pupils might again see Vermont's favorite son during his ten minute stay in the Marble City.

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The Senior Class Officers are as follows:

President	Barrett Levins
Vice-President	Ruth Pinchin
Secretary	Ethel Brims
Treasurer	Tom Porter
Chairman of Freshman Reception ..	Albert Holland

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William Pond '24, won the state championship at the golf tournament held at Manchester. He is also on the all Princeton team.

Miss Erminie Ostiguy, class of '20, is an instructor of French in the high school at New Haven, Conn.

Frances Baldwin, a former R. H. S. girl, is now Mrs. Wallace Patch. Her home is in Framingham, Mass.

Herbert Davidson's marriage to Leona Hickok took place in August. They are living in California where the groom is an instructor in Latin.

Isabelle Marshall, an R. H. S. alumnae, recently became the bride of Phillip Howard. Their home is in Detroit, Mich.

Hilda Mintzer was married in June to William Ginesburg of Glens Falls. The bride was a graduate in the class of '24.

CLASS OF '28.

Jean Matthews—Emerson College, Boston, Mass.
 Edward Layden—Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.
 John Quigley—St. John's Prep, Danvers, Mass.
 Leona L'Ange—St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Marjorie Loveland—Samaritan Hospital, Troy, N. Y.
 Mary Morris—U. V. M., Burlington, Vt.
 Phillip Billings—U. V. M., Burlington, Vt.
 Thomas Holden—Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.
 Edgar Stickney—Rensselaer Institute, Troy, N. Y.
 Marion Willcox—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.
 Grace Briggs—Castleton Normal, Castleton, Vt.

Edward Pike—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.
 Dorothy Boyden—Skidmore College, Saratoga, N. Y.
 Gabrielle Charron—Reed's Electric Shop.
 Belle Ingalls—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.
 Ada Haley—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.
 Ella Congdon—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.
 Edith Cutler—Howe Scale Works.
 Catherine Balch—Ross-Huntress Co., Rutland, Vt.
 Claire Wall—Howard's Jewelry Store, Rutland.
 Goldie Gilson—Rutland Free Library.
 Mary Lanahan—Boston University, Boston, Mass.
 Ruth Woodfall—Percy Wood's Store, Rutland
 Jean Simpson—Castleton Normal, Castleton, Vt.
 Marion LaVenture—Rutland Business College.
 Pauline Lamb—Rutland Business College.
 Eva Seward—Rutland Business College.
 Frances Mason—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.
 Dan Farnsworth—Deerfield Academy, Deerfield, Mass.
 Perry Bove—U. V. M., Burlington, Vt.
 Crawford Taylor—Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.
 Charles Spencer—Clark School, Hanover, N. H.
 Barbara Farnsworth—Pine Manor, Wellesley, Mass.
 Edward Fox—Tilton Academy, Tilton, N. H.
 Gertrude Shanahan—Castleton Normal, Castleton, Vt.
 Katherine Grandey—Roosevelt Hospital, New York City.
 Jean Phillips—Boston School of Domestic Science, Boston, Mass.
 Joseph Moloney—Clark School, Hanover, N. H.
 Harriet Mattison, Rudolph Morse, Joseph Mangan, John Sterns
 and Cecil Utley are taking a post graduate course.

CLASS OF '27.

Nathalie Lewis—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.
 Donald McGillivray—Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.
 Hugh Kingsley—Reporter at the Rutland Herald.
 Gerald McLaughlin—Reporter at the Rutland Herald.
 Bernard Dick—University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
 Dortha Carbine—Stenographer at Tuttle Co.
 Helen Strubbe—Roosevelt Hospital, New York City.
 Hubert Gosselin—Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

CLASS OF '26

Ralph Clarke—Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.
 Irma Day—Rutland Business College.
 Edward McClallen—Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind.
 John Livak, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

CLASS OF '25

Lucy Gooding—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

CLASS OF '24.

Roy Davenport—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.
 Temple Russell—Employed in New York City.
 Milford Smith—Albany Law School, Albany, N. Y.
 Helen Kent—Beaver College, Jenkinstown, Pa.
 Dorothy Kirk—Employed in New York City.

Harry Dorian of Rutland is a candidate for end on the Freshman team at the University of Vermont.

Perry Bove and Phillip Billings are candidates for assistant football manager at the same institution.



Rena Patnode, a graduate of R. H. S. in the class of '28 was recently married to Oris Corruth of this city.

Bernard McHugh, '26 and Robert Carbine, '27 are working in New York City, for the Grand Central Railroad.

Mable Stearns, '24 is employed in the law firm of Fenton, Wing and Morse.

Martin Schillinger, '24 who is working in New York, was a recent visitor in this city.

John Riter, '28 and Geno Baccei, '28 are working for the Rutland Railroad.

Francis Clark, '28 is at Syracuse University.

Mrs. George Harris '21, formerly Madeline Hodsdon, is visiting her parents in this city.



ATHLETIC PROSPECTS FOR 1928-1929.

Under the direction of Mr. Hayden the boys are becoming acquainted with a new form of exercise familiarly called "gym" work.

It is planned to have teams in soccer, a new sport for R. H. S., inter-class races and track meets, basketball and baseball.

Although very little can be accomplished until the new gymnasium is ready, classes will be held every week. As soon as the gym is ready work will be carried out on schedule and Mr. Hayden promises to turn out better trained athletes than any other high school in this section.

FOOTBALL PRACTICE STARTS.

Under the direction of Coach Purdy and Jim Rice about 75 boys of the four classes were assembled on St. Peters field September 10th for the first day of practice. Since that date the boys have been practicing every day, some joining the squad others dropping off. This year, owing to the present schedule, the Freshmen are eligible to the squad this accounting for the large number out for the squad.

Coach Purdy feels sure that Rutland's team this year will equal if not surpass the expectations of the fans.

The squad at the present time comprises the following: Captain Levins, Ianni, Rabidou, Rousseau, Byrne, Fineburg, Costello, Paul, Mathews, Mattison, Kent, Knox, Lanahan, backfield; Alexander, Beardsley, Holland, A. Holland, Longley, Lewis, Mason, Phelps, Ryan, Stafford, guards; Clifford, Laird, Palmer, Cioffi, Vargas, Smart, Smith, L. Joly, Baker, Bove, Dooley, Geno, Holden, Howard, Hudson,

Hatch, Demarais, Sanders, ends; Crowley, Porter, Earle, Marks, Trinci, tackles; Hakins, P. Joly, Tree, center; William James Burke, manager.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

September	29	Middlebury at Rutland
October	6	Alumni at Rutland
October	13	Spaulding at Spaulding
October	20	Burlington at Burlington
October	27	Lyndonville at Rutland
November	3	Springfield at Springfield.
November	12	St. Albans (pending).

SENIORS, 12; JUNIORS, 0.

SOPHS, 6; FROSH, 0.

The first football scrimmage of the year was in the form of inter-class games between the Seniors and Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen.

The games were held as a try-out for places on the Varsity squad. In the Senior-Junior game both teams were evenly matched in weight and speed. Capt. Levins of the Seniors showed good form and quick thinking throughout the game. The line held solidly with such giants as Porter and Crowley refusing to let the Juniors through. For the Juniors Freddie Lanahan showed the best running form, making all the important gains for his side.

In the second quarter of the Senior game Crowley playing in the backfield broke away in a 40-yard run which netted the Seniors a touchdown. In the third quarter Capt. Levins again carried the ball over after a hard struggle. At no time in the game was the Senior's goal line in danger of being crossed by the Juniors.

In the Sophomore-Freshmen game the Sophs had the advantage of weight and experienced men, but the hard fighting Frosh made up what they lacked in weight and experience by speed and headwork. In the first quarter the teams rushed up and down the field neither one being able to score.

During the second quarter, Vick Bove, by one of his spectacular runs, succeeded in crossing the goal line of the Frosh for the only touch-down of the game. In the remainder of the game, although

gains were made by both sides no scores resulted. Sanders played a good game for the Frosh.

RUTLAND, 6; MIDDLEBURY, 0.

With a lone touch-down our boys succeeded in white-washing the strong and much praised Middlebury High eleven.

Only by a hard fought battle was this accomplished and then at a sacrifice of all our reserves.

With last year's picture of an uncrossed goal line before them, Capt. Levins kicked off to Middlebury; the ball went to the Middlebury 30-yard line, where George Costello tackled the heaviest and most dangerous man of the Middlebury team, stopping him in his tracks. Costello was so injured by this spectacular play that he was unable to play the rest of the game. Middlebury seemed to have no difficulty in plowing through Rutland's line in the first half, but as soon as Porter and Crowley were warmed up all offensive plays by the Middlebury men met a stone wall. The touch-down for Rutland came in the last of the second quarter. Middlebury made a successful forward pass which gained them 20 yards but immediately they lost the ball on a fumble. Spurred on by this bit of luck the Red & White warriors tramped down the field, for a touch-down. After this neither team threatened the goals of the other. All through the game Rutland showed good judgment and it was only by clever work that Lanahan succeeded in securing the lone touch-down.

At the close Coach Purdy expressed his opinion that after this practice game the boys should be in perfect form for the next contest. He also commented on the line speaking favorably of the good work of Porter and Crowley, and of Levins and Ianni in the backfield. Asst. Coach Rice later told the boys that Costello's tackle, in the first quarter, was the neatest piece of work in the game.

The line-up was as follows:

Rutland

Clifford, Laird, re., re., Baldwin
Porter, Earle, rt. rt., Halpin
Ryan, rg. rg., Birchard
Hakins, c. c., LaPan
Beardsley, lg. lg., Preble
Crowley, lt. lt., Stone
Perry, A. Holland, le. le., Noyes
Levins (Captain), Rabidou, qb. qb., Coul

Middlebury

Costello, Kent, rhb. rhb., McCormick
Lanahan, Rabidou, lhb. lhb., Beamis
Ianni, Paul, fb. fb., Shacket (Captain)

ALUMNI, 18; VARSITY, 6.

Experience triumphed over training when Coach O'Brien's Alumni eleven, under Capt. Bob Levins played the R. H. S. varsity eleven under Capt. Tied Levins.

Coach Purdy's men started the game with a flash. Ianni kicked off, the receiver was downed on his twenty-yard line and after unsuccessful tries to carry the ball up the field Capt. Levins dropped back to punt, the kick was blocked and Laird fell on the ball gaining it for the varsity team. With two tries Lanahan carried the ball over the line for the varsity's only touch-down. The Alumni's first score came in the first quarter with Joe Canty, last year's flash, receiving a 25 yard pass, and later carrying the ball over for the first tally.

In the last quarter Joe again scored a touch-down after a 30-yard run around right end. The final touch-down came in the last few minutes to play with Capt. Bob Levins plowing through tackle for a ten-yard run. This made the total score, Varsity 6, Alumni 18.

The game was valuable experience for the younger players and will help them in their next game. The plays used by the Alumni were doped out for them by O'Bie Friday night before the game.

Th line-up follows:

Alumni

Rutland

Shedd, le. re., Smart, Perry, Joly
Harrington, lt. rt., Porter, Crowley, Earle
Chapman, lg. c., Hakins, Holden, Joly
McCormick, c. rg., Beardsley, Robinson
Muscatello, rg. lg., Ryan, Pressau
Goddard, rt. lt., Trinci, Alexander
Sabourin, re. le., Laird, Bove
Stevens, qb. qb., Levins, Paul, Mathews
Canty, rhb. rhb., Lanahan, Rabidou
Holland, Rabidou, lhb. lhb., Ianni
B. Levins, (Capt.) fb. fb., Costello,

RUTLAND SWAMPS BARRE, 13-0.

Fighting and smashing their way through a bigger and better rated team the Red and White boys succeeded in white-washing Spaulding in the game October 13th.

Coach Purdy with thirty warriors invaded the granite town, ready for a hard fight, and played the offensive throughout the game.

With a kick that could be heard around the world, Rutland kicked off, the ball going well past the Spaulding 25-yard line. Before the ball landed Rutland was under it and dropped the receiver in his tracks. Figuring to completely subdue and cripple the midgets from Rutland, Spaulding started to tear down the field, but met with opposition at every step. Having given up every hope of moving Crowley and Porter Spaulding kicked to Rutland's territory, Beardsley receiving the ball started it up the field. Two spectacular plays by Lanahan, and quick thinking and action by Costello and Ianni scored the first touchdown, Costello carrying the ball over.

In the second period, Rutland again started an offensive going through and around Spaulding's line at will, using a simple but perfected play, which the Granite boys could not solve. Lanahan again advanced up the field, bringing the ball into Barre's territory, finally arriving at the three-yard line; Capt. Levins carried the ball over for the second tally, making the score, 13-0. The extra point after a touchdown was made by Levins' drop kicking the ball over the bars.

During the remainder of the game, Coach Purdy's second and third team were let in to gain practice from Spaulding. Matthews and P. Joly starring for the subs.

Every man that made the trip played in the game, the line-up follows:

Perry, re.; Trinci, rt.; Ryan, rg.; Porter, c.; A. Holland, le.; Crowley, lt.; Beardsley, rg.; Capt. Levins, qb.; Costello, rhb.; Lanahan, lhb.; Ianni, fb. Substitutions: Clifford, Laird, Smart, A. Bove, Alexander, Phelps, Earle, H. Holland, Hakins, L. Joly, P. Joly, Matthews, Rabidou, Paul, Rousseau, Kent.

Manager Burke accompanied the boys on the trip.

Extract from a letter received by Mr. Johnson from former Coach O'Brien:

"Please extend to the coaches, players and school my congratulations on their well merited victory at Barre. To me it seems an outstanding accomplishment and augurs well for a most successful sea-

son. As a Rutland citizen and one vitally interested in the school affairs I am proud of all who had a part in making the victory possible."

Sincerely yours,

Harold I. O'Brien.

Athletic Rules of the HEADMASTERS' CLUB OF VERMONT

As revised at a meeting held May 3, 1928.

Rules to be effective September 1, 1928 unless otherwise specified.

These rules apply only to interscholastic contests and have no effect upon games played by school teams with town teams or college teams, nor with schools from outside the state.

1. The Principal of each school shall supervise and control all athletic teams.
2. If a pupil transfers from one secondary school to another he shall be ineligible for eighteen (18) school weeks from the date of his registration in the school to which he transfers, unless the transfer is the direct result of a change in the residence of his family, in which case he shall be eligible at once providing his record conforms with the other eligibility requirements of this Club.

NOTE: Appeal to the Athletic Committee may be made by boarding or private schools.

No transfer student shall be eligible unless he has been a bonafide student in some approved Secondary School during the entire preceding eighteen (18) school weeks and is eligible under Rule 3. This rule shall not apply to the first marking period of the Freshman Year (i. e. Grade 9).

3. To be eligible a contestant must be a bonafide student carrying work involving at least fifteen (15) prepared recitations or their equivalent per week—two (2) unprepared recitations are equivalent to one (1) prepared recitation. His standing in the above stated work must be of passing grade (i. e. full standing for promotion) from the beginning of the school year up to and including the last regular marking period. Marking periods must be not less than four nor more than seven weeks in length, vacations excluded; such standing shall determine the eligibility during the following marking period. The contestant's standing at the end of the Spring term shall determine his eligibility for the first marking period of the following Fall term.

No make-up examinations to determine eligibility shall be held less than two (2) weeks after the regular mid-year examinations.

Make-up examinations to determine period eligibility are not permitted.

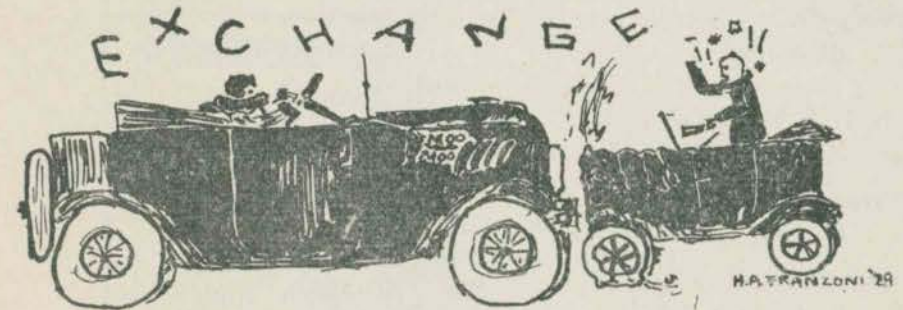
No athlete shall be permitted any make-up examination which is not offered to all other pupils in the school.

No work for which passing credit has been given may be counted toward eligibility.

4. A pupil must not represent any Secondary School or schools for more than four (4) years except as indicated in Rule 10.
5. Any student twenty years of age shall be ineligible for all athletic teams.

(THIS RULE TO BECOME EFFECTIVE SEPT. 1, 1929)

6. No member of any school team shall receive compensation in any form or from any source in order that he may play on a school team.
7. Whenever a contest is scheduled, the Principals of the competing schools shall interchange statements by mail or by the hand of an instructor certifying to the eligibility, under these rules, of the players representing their schools.
8. No games shall be cancelled nor dates changed except by mutual consent of the Principals concerned.
9. Neither former pupils nor persons connected with the competing schools shall act as an official in Interscholastic contests except by mutual consent of the Principals concerned.
10. School teams under these rules may contain pupils under seventeen (17) years of age of affiliated Grammar Schools upon receiving the approval of the Athletic Committee of the Headmasters' Club. This permission shall not be granted by the Committee unless they are satisfied that there is a necessity for the exception. In no case shall this privilege be granted to a school with more than fifty (50) boys enrolled in Grades 9 to 12. Athletes being granted this permission shall not compete more than five (5) years.
11. The Athletic Committee may investigate the case of a boy who re-enters school after an absence for one or more semesters (eighteen weeks per semester) and grant permission to play if other eligibility rules have been observed.
12. The Athletic Committee of the Headmasters' Club of Vermont shall act as a board of interpretation and appeal in all questions arising under these rules.



TO FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF R. H. S.

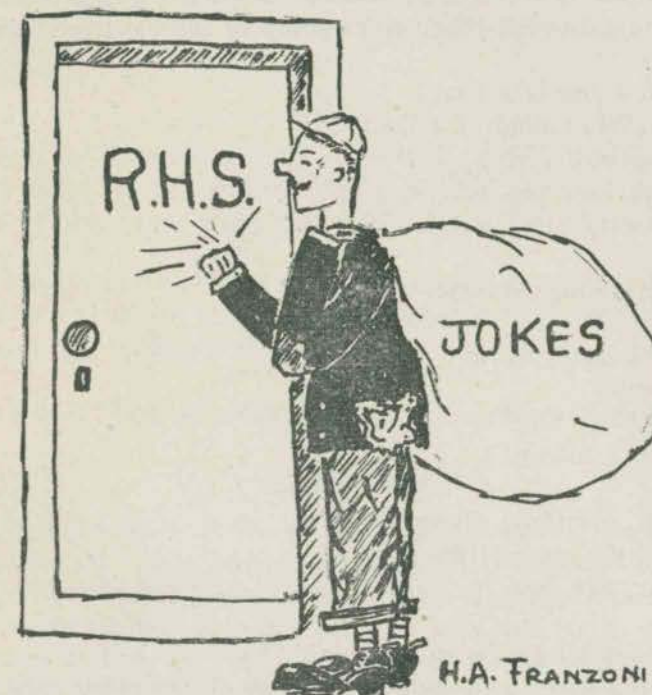
We would appreciate any suggestions you may have which would improve our Exchange Department, and lengthen our list of exchanges.

A few of our last year's exchanges from whom we hope to hear again are:—

"The Tattler"— Bloomfield, Conn.	"Winooski H. S. Banner"— Winooski, Vt.
"The Enfield Echo"— Thompsonville, Conn.	"The Catamount"— Bennington, Vt.
"The Signboard"— Springfield, Mass.	"Spaulding Sentinel"— Barre, Vt.
"The Whittier Town Sentinel"— Amesbury, Mass.	"Peopleonian"— Morrisville, Vt.
"The Megaphone"— Franklin, Mass.	"Hardwickian"— Hardwick, Vt.
"The Echo"— Winthrop, Mass.	"Station B. H. S."— Bristol, Vt.
"The Enterprise"— Keene, N. H.	"The Blue and White"— Vergennes, Vt.
"The Academy Student"— St. Johnsbury, Vt.	"The Northfield News"— Northfield, Vt.
"The Clarion"— Fair Haven, Vt.	"The Pheonix"— Montpelier, Vt.
"The Hartfordian"— White River Jct., Vt.	"The Register"— Burlington, Vt.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| "Chips"—
Richmond, Vt. | "Hi-Spirit"—
Enosburg Falls, Vt. |
| "N. H. S. Oracle"—
Newport, Vt. | "The Johnsonian"—
Johnson, Vt. |
| "Orange and Black"—
Barton, Vt. | "Salmon Sheet"—
Bloomfield, Vt. |
| "The Sky Lark"—
Hyde Park, Vt. | "The Auroran"—
Muscatine High School
Muscatine, Iowa. |
| "Skool Nooz"—
Randolph, Vt. | "The Lewis and Clark Journal"—
Spokane, Washington. |
| "The Mirror"—
Wilmington, Vt. | "The Spotlight"—
Fort Wayne, Ind. |
| "The Dial"—
Brattleboro, Vt. | "The Whisk"—
Wilmington High School
Wilmington, Del. |
| "The Clarion"—
Essex Jct., Vt. | "The Q"—
Quincy High School,
Quincy, Ill. |
| "The Orleansonian"—
Orleans, Vt. | "The Purple Pennant"—
Cortland, N. Y. |
| "The Prophet"—
Jeffersonville, Vt. | |
| "The Sentinel"—
New Haven, Conn. | |

We congratulate "The Catamount" (Bennington High School) for again receiving the University of Vermont scholarship.



Miss Trevett: Why didn't the British cross the Charles at Concord Bridge?

Johnny Keefe: They forgot their water wings.

Crowley on football trip: Say, did you ever hear of The Rock of Gibraltar?

Clerk: Oh, yes.

Crowley: Well, you'll find it in that bed up in 275.

We Wonder:

Why Fran Forcier is called Birdie.

How Maynard Welsh gets the wave.

What Reg. does without—?

What Ned would do without his Gin.

Lawson Smart as he is looking through singing book: Oh, I have found it!

Al Penta: What have you found?

Alec: The lost chord.

We think that the height of meanness is when a guy gives his pal a continued story to read just before going to the electric chair.

Al Penta: How big is a boat?

Tubby Tree: What kind of a boat?

A. P.: A Tugboat.

T. T.: I dunno how big.

A. P.: Oh, pretty big I guess.

Mr. Purdy (in history class): "Smart!"

Dead silence.

Mr. Purdy—"Smart! Smart! Wake up!"

Smart: "I can't."

Mr. Purdy: "Why not?"

Smart: "I ain't asleep!"

To "Gin" Kent: "Hello, Clara"

"Gin": "Why do you call me Clara?"

"Because your legs bow."

Goodrich: "What kind of a car is this?"

Matthews: "It's called a 'Regulator' because all the other cars go by it."

R. Pinchon: "If I address a letter to the sweetest girl in America to whom do you suppose it would go?"

I. Kirk: (Who doth know her onions) "They'd probably return it to the sender."

Mr. Costello: "Why don't you send your son to school? Don't you want him to learn to read?"

Pa: "It isn't necessary now that we have talking movies."

Walt Haskins: "I see by the paper that a guy wears a wrist-watch that weighs a half pound."

Dudy Morse: "Gee, the time must hang heavy on his hands."

Holly Whay received the following letter:

"Sir: My typist, being a lady cannot take down what I think of you. I being a gentleman, cannot write it. You, being neither can guess it all."

"How can any of the English teachers expect us to write a whole story in one day, when it often takes more than a year for a convict to finish one sentence."

Fran Forcier (in a play): "A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

Porter (from the gallery): "Will a jackass do?"

Fran: "Sure, come right down."

"This case is more serious than I thought" said Mr. Johnson, when he saw that the black-board eraser that bounced off of Saunders' head had broken both sides of the window-glass.

"What's odd," said the clerk, as he picked up the extra shoe.

THE END

It would soon be over—he looked at the pistol, fingered the trigger and sighed. Why must it all end? Why did not time stop in its eternal flight? He looked around him—a sea of faces hilarious—hardly realizing that in a few minutes he would end it all. Why did they stare at him so? Why did some shout for him to stop? He'd show them—the pistol! That was it. He raised it toward his head—took a last deep breath, and fired! A woman screamed—the game was over. Rutland had won again.

Question in Biology test—

"What is a bacteria?"

Answer on paper: "The rear door to a cafeteria."

Bus Geno (excitedly): "Do you know where I can get hold of Babe Ridlon?"

Don Desmarais: "I don't know; she's awfully ticklish."

Mrs. Crowley: "How do you know Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"

Bill Tarbell: "Just look at the spelling."

Judge: "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

Prisoner Keefe (hard of hearing): "I beg pardon."

Hendee: "Yes, I was a freshman once. I spent some of the happiest years of my life in that position."

Ki Yi Beardsley: "Can I lend you five dollars?"

Porter: "Sure."

Beardsley: "Wrong again. I can't."

Albie Holland: "Do you want to marry a one-eyed man?"

Mary Ellen: "No! Why?"

Albie: "Then let me carry the umbrella."

A girl with cotton stockings on never sees a mouse.

M. Waite: "How do you like bathing beauties?"

Holland: "I don't know. I never bathed one."

Father: "Mary, is that young man there yet?"

Mary: "No, father, but he's getting there."

"Gee! Isn't Cy Oakman a dumb guy?"

"Why?"

"He thinks a pile driver is a surgical instrument."

Holly Whay: "Gee! That's a funny dress."

Mary Sterns: "What do you mean?"

Holly: "Well, brevity is the soul of wit, isn't it?"

Flanders: "Oh! Doctor, I'm going to die."

Doc: "What makes you think so?"

Flanders: "My lifetime fountain-pen just broke."

Mr. Purdy: "I see you're from Chicago!"

Saunders: "No, that's just a birthmark."

J K: "A B C D Y L S?"

A B: "L M N O Y L S S A R A D O!"

J K: "O S A Y L S R A D O."

(The guy that thought of this sure knew his ABC'S.)

E. Holland: "Don't you think those stars are wonderful?"

Gage: "I'm not in a position to say."

Bill Matthews: "I'm going to kiss you and kiss you and kiss you!"

Barbara Butterfield: "But that would be only three times."

The following is the financial report of the RED and WHITE for the year 27-28, which has been signed and approved by the business manager:

Advertising	\$1,264,972.05
Subscriptions	59.60
Gifts (pledged)	45,000.00
Gifts (collected)10
Postage—Annual Business	1.26
Postage—Asst. Editors Personal	79.30
Rewards to Freshmen for locating Bus. Mgr. at various times	4,000.00
Gum for Consulting Editor	99.99
Murads and Tareytons for female members of staff	472.36
Cadillac for Business Manager	6,000.00
Annual Banquet of staff	0,000.00

All the profits were given back to the students, the Business Manager and Joke Editor calling off their trip to Europe.

MY FORD

(Dedicated to Levins & Company, Ford Owners.)

"I have a Ford,
Last week it made me late
To a history Quiz.
On Wednesday it ran out of
Gas right in a lotta traffic.
Yesterday the front tire went flat.
Last night I had a date.
We were miles from anywhere
Way out in the country—
And the darn thing ran like a top."

Hambone: "Gee! Where did you get the black eye, Johnny?"

Johnny Keefe: "Oh, I was chasing that new kid next door and I caught him."

Fran Forcier: "Say, do you know the tuxedo song?"

Slick Dooley: "No, what is it?"

Fran: "Although you belong to somebody else, tonight you belong to me."

THE STORY OF A WICKED CITY'S LIFE

A man stops on Broadway and looks puzzled
 Two boys stop
 Three women and a child stop
 A taxi stops
 More men stop
 A car stops
 Two policemen arrive
 Three taxis stop
 A fight starts
 The patrol is called
 It knocks down a boy
 A woman faints
 The ambulance is called
 The reserves are called
 The fire alarm is rung
 The engines come
 Broadway is closed to traffic
 The man remembers the address and continues his walk up Broadway.

EXTRACT FROM WRITE-UP OF HIT THE DECK

They advertised a chorus of sixty, and they looked it.

Billado: "My girl got sore the other day and walked home?"

Noyes: "Why? Did you insult her?"

Billado: "No, you see, we were horse-back riding."

Sign on back of a slicker—

"Do right and fear no man; don't write and fear no woman."

THE HISTORY STUDENT'S PRAYER

Mr. Purdy is our téacher. We shall not want another. He maketh us study hard lessons. He leadeth us through the pages of our history; he bringeth us knowledge for our diplomas' sake. Yea, though we walk into the classroom, we shall fear no hundreds, for he is with us. His questions discomfort us. He prepareth an examination before us in the presence of our ignorance. He labeleth our papers with red marks. Our grades runneth low. Surely ignorance and failure shall follow us all the days of our life, and we shall dwell in the High School forever.

E. A. '30.

YE OLDE TIME TAYLE

Of Y^e Knight, Y^e Yeo-Manne, and Y^e Faire Damosel.

CANTO I.

In which y^e olde-tyme
 tayle y^s begunne.

Y^e reste of y^e name
 omytted, y^e tayle
 goeth on.

Y^e knighte seemeth
 a junk-shope on
 legs, forsooth!

Hee was wealthie,
 hee was.

Hee carryes hys
 coales toe New-
 castle.

Sam-u-el's dresse
 is neate butte notte
 gaudie.

Hee was noe mil-
 lionaire, notte hee.

Once onne a tyme there bin a knighte,
 Was called Sir Dominoes
 Johannes Houven-Gouven-Schnouvers
 San Domingo Mose—
 A warrior hee of noble bloode
 As e'er founde funne in fyghte.
 Oh, when hee putte hys armoure on
 Hee was a fearsome sighte!
 Bounde rounde with strappes, and strippes,
 and stryngs,
 With thingumbobbes and pegs,
 With stove-liddes buckled on hys breaste,
 And stove-pypes on hys legs,
 An ironne potte upon hys headde.
 A brazen horne foe toote,
 A sworde stucke uppe hys burlie backe,
 A razor downe hys boote.
 Hee owned greate castles, landes, and menne,
 And gallant shyppes, and steedes,
 And twice as manie goldenne coignes
 As aniebodie needes.
 Y^e knighte hee loved a farmer's lass:
 Alas! Shee loved notte hym;
 But doted on a yeo-manne bolde,
 By name Sam-u-el Slimme,
 Who ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and
 binned,
 Who stanchlie tilled y^e dirte,
 And wore a look of honestie,
 Likewise a flannel shirte.
 Stronge was hys arme; warme was his
 hearte;
 Colde was hys common-sense;
 Butte, otherwise, poore Sam-u-el
 Hadde notte a dozen pence.
 Yet Albacinda scoffed and scorned
 Y^e high and haughtie knighte:
 She did notte like hys ironne clothes,

A wilfulle woman
will have her waye.

Nor care to see hym fyghte.
Hys castle was too olde and darke;
She scorned hys golde as welle—
Her father on Sir Mose dyd smyle:
She clung to Sam-u-el.

CANTO II.

Y^e birdes synge and
Sprynge comen in.

Y^e knighte speaketh
pleasauntlie.

Y^e dogges of warre
are sycked onne.

Sam-u-el saveth
hys baconne.

Y^e knighte doeth
a grande circusse
acte.

A warnynge 'gainst
full-dresse suits.

A plainfulle tailor-
ynge-forsoothe.

It pleaseth Sam-
u-el toe bee sar-
casticalle.

One mornynge in y^e monthe of Maye,
Admidst y^e growinge graine,
Y^e rivalle lovers met, eftsoon,
A-comynge downe y^e lane.
'Give waye, vile caitiff!' cryed Sir Mose,
"And lette me journeye on;
Or I will strewe thy fragmentes uppe
And downe y^e horizonne!"
Then bolde Sir Mose hee drewe hys sworde,
Felte once its rustie edge,
And slashed a slash at Sam-u-el
That mowed tenne yardes of hedge.
I' faithe! It was a vicious blowe
And whystled in y^e aire!
Butte when it reached brave Sam-u-el,
Sam-u-el was notte there.
Soe fierce and fearfulle was y^e stroke
Sir What 's-hys-name arose,
Turned three successyve summersaultes,
And landed on hys nose.
Hys stove-plates drove hymn in y^e mudde
Six inches by y^e falle:
Y^e knighte, soe weightilie got uppe,
Coulde notte gette uppe atte alle.
Sam-u-el did notte haste awaye,
For hee hadde cutte a sticke
Four tymes as longe as hys righte arme,
Ande 'en a'moste as thicke;
Then, thoughe y^e knighte was well dressed
uppe,
Y^e farmer dressed hym downe,
He mayde ye knighte soe blacke and blue
Hee was quite done uppe browne.
'Ye picked thys bedde," quoth Sam-u-el,
"Methinkes I 'll lette thee lie:

Thy lying once wille bee grimme truthe.
Sweet dreams, faire Sir! Goode-by!"
Y^e knighte, soe sorelie taken in,
Woulde fain been taken oute;
"I stycke at thys!" in wrathe hee cryed,
And loude for helpe dyd shoute.
And eke hee sware a mightie vow,
"Greate fishynge-hookes, Y' bette,
By my beste Sunday garter-stryngs,
I'll beate y^e plough-manne yette!"
Hys haire it stooode straythe uppe for rage;
His lippes were whyte with foame;
Hee sware toe goe that nighte and burne
Sam-u-el's humble home.

Y^e knighte howleth.

And threateneth
paine toe Sam-u-el.

Perchance a bon-
fyre later.

CANTO III.

Above y^e deepe and danksome delle
Beneathe y^e gloomye woode,
Y^e wynde it howled a dismalle straine,
Y^e knighte hee howled for bloode;

But as hee stole alonge, a bulle
Espied y^e lanterne dimme,
And whyles hee hunted Sam-u-el,
Y^e bulle it hunted hym!
When it flewe in, y^e lighte flewe oute;
Y^e knighte flewe, with a crye;
Hys coat-tayles they flewe oute beehynde;
Hys legges how they dyd flye!
Y^e stove-pypes flewe; y^e stove-liddes too;
Hys weaponnes wente toe potte;
Sir Mose arose upon hys toes:
Hee juste gotte uppe and gotte!
With those greate hornes, three cloth-yardes
longe,
A whvstlynge in y^e wynde,
Soe on y^e knighte spedde, like some curre
with a tinne canne beehynde.
For e'en a'moste twoe myles hee fledde;
Nigh tuckered oute was hee,

Being y^e nighte-tyme,
when honeste folke
are safe abedde.

It groweth interest-
ynge for Sir Mose.

Y^e knighte moveth
hys bootes.

Hee hath a pressynge
engagemente else-
wheres.

Hee taketh "Excel-
sior" for hys
mottoe and clymbeth
upward.

Introducynge Sam-
u-el and hys
ironnie again.

Y^e knighte meeteth
with a fearsome
mishappe, and
flyeth high.

"Huddup!" cryeth
Sam-u-el.

Wherein Sam-u-el
wooeth boldlie.

Thys is a joke.

They proceede toe
flye.

Maud S., please take
notyce hereabouts!

When oute of danger's waye hee clomb,
Into an apple-tree,
Whereon hee hunge a-shiverynge
And shriekynge atte y^e beaste,
Till Sam-u-el came oute toe worke,
When daye dawned in y^e easte.
Forsooth, Sam-u-el's rage waxed hotte;
Then loude hee 'gan toe laugh:
"Toe judge by thy companion, Sir,
Thou art a bawlynge calfe—
For menne are knowne, I trow, Sir, by
Y^e companie they keepe—
Thoughe onlie chickens rooste in trees
Whyles honeste people sleepe!"
Sir Mose yelled fiercelie; butte, quite weake
From hangynge alle y^e nighte,
Hee felle upon y^e bulle, which tossed
Hym clean uppe oute of syghte!

CANTO III.

Then uppe gat bolde younge Sam-u-el
And galloped downe y^e lane,
Unto hys true-love's windowe-ledge,
And tapped upon y^e pane:
"Come forthe, sweete-hearte; my love thou
art!
Come forthe and hie awaye!
Thou'lt married bee, deare girle, toe mee
Before highe noone thys daye.
Sweete Albacinda, flye with mee,
And rule these vaste concernes,
Helde safe in truste for bolde Sir Mose!
(If ever hee returnes!)"

Now gallop, gallop, gallant horse!
Now gallop with thy prize!
And hurle y^e claye in chunkes awaye
As bigge as apple-pies!
Flye downe y^e roade, arounde y^e hille,
Uppe toe y^e castle doore;
Across y^e tremblynge drawbrydge flye

RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

Troy, New York

A School of Engineering and Science

The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was established at Troy, New York, in 1824, and is the oldest school of engineering and science in the United States. Students have come to it from all of the states and territories of the Union and from thirty-nine foreign countries. At the present time, there are 1400 students enrolled at the school.

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Y^e friar cometh
forth.

Y^e bells turne some
summersaultes.

—If hee knoweth
upon whych side
hys breade is but-
tered.

Uppe toe y^e banquette floore!
Quicke, calle y^e gray-haired friar in
From oute hys gloomie celle,
Toe tie these twoe younge true-loves tichte!
Ryng oute, y^e marriage bell!
Ryng "jingle-jangle jangle jing!"
Ryng "fol-de-riddle-laye!"
Bolde Sam-u-el has wonne hys bryde
For ever and a daye!
Goe, bidde y^e foolishe father
Toe forgette hys angrie pride,
Accepte hys new-made son-in-lawe,
And blesse y^e bonnie bryde.

—Jack Bennett.

Hen: "I sure like to take these experienced girls home."

Izzy: "Why, I'm no experienced girl."

Hen: "Naw, and you aren't home yet!"

Vesta Ridlon: "Thanks for the hug and kiss!"

W. Goodrich: "Don't mention it. The pressure was all mine."

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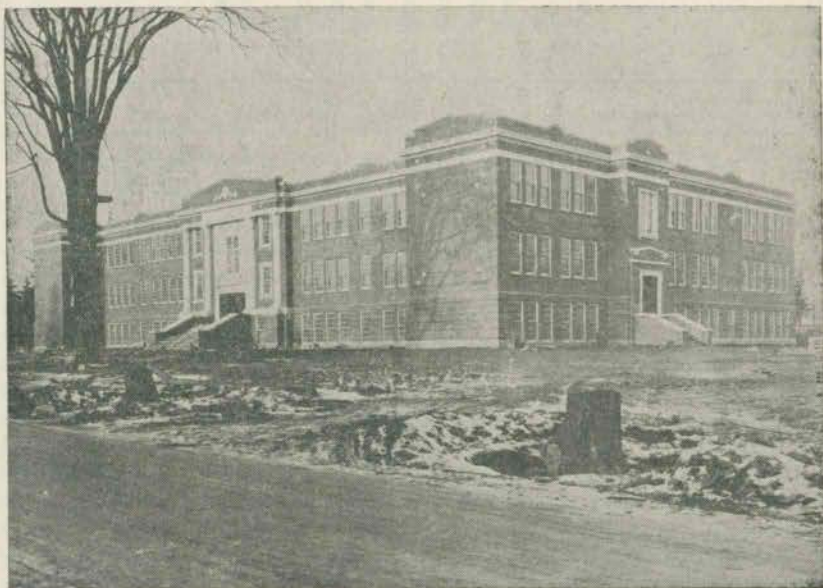
FRESHMEN

Ernest Berry	Ruth Ridlon
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Views of the new
RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL



East wing and front



West wing and front



Editorials



SOPHOMORES

A plea is extended to you, Sophomores, by the upperclassmen. It is up to you to keep order at the end of your school session. We cannot enter our new school with part of our well disciplined student body disregarding all rules concerning order in passing to classes and at dismissal. You can, and will do this, we are sure, Sophomores. You have proved your ability in every situation and have made yourselves worthy of the title, upperclassmen. Keep it up, and bring to the new school a well disciplined class with whom the rest of the student body will be pleased to mingle.

SUPPORT THE CHEERING SQUAD

The important problem of supporting the cheering squad is with us again.

During the football season, just passed, lack of support at our home games was evident. It is true that we had a good turn out at the last game but for a school of our size it should be the same at every contest. Cheer rallies are held to instill spirit but the result of these gatherings is not what it should be. Then again all those who attend the games do not sit with the cheering squad. This condition is not right and something must be done to remedy it.

In the coming basketball season, see if we can not make a better showing. Let us have a large student attendance at all the games and remember students, that your place is with the cheering squad.

DAD.

He may wear a last year's straw hat, his finger nails may need manicuring, his vest may hang a little loose, his pants may bag at the knees, his face may show signs of a second day's growth, and the tin dinner bucket he carries may be full of dents and doughnuts; but don't you call him "the old man". He's your father.

For years and years he has been rustling around to get things together. Never once has he failed to do the right thing by you. He thinks you are the greatest boy on earth, bar none, even though you plaster your hair back, wear smart clothes, smoke cigarettes, and

fail to bring home a cent. He is the man who won the love and life partnership of the greatest woman on earth, your mother.

He is "some" man and not "the old man". If you win as good a wife as he did, you will have to go some, boy.

How about it fellows? Don't you think this makes pretty good sense. Think about it a while, and maybe you'll have a little more respect for "the old man".

CHRISTMAS.

With only a few short days before Christmas, the Yule-tide spell is upon us—starry blue nights, Mother earth under a blanket of sparkling white snow, and glass-like icicles hanging from every crevice and window-ledge.

At this memorable period of the year a kindly spirit should be in all our hearts. Not the type of spirit which should be confined to self but the sort which should be transmuted to others. Most of us are happy on this great day, as we sit and think of the presents we are about to receive and the wonderful time which we are going to have, but, how many of us think of the poverty-stricken people who cannot give the presents that our fathers and mothers are capable of giving?

Why not help to make these people as happy as we are? Just think of how much more Christmas would mean if you felt at heart that you had done your little bit toward making Christmas a time of happiness for everyone.

So do not allow a selfish spirit to take possession of you but make Christmas a time when that spirit of kindness, of giving and aiding, and of love for your fellowmen, will be uppermost in your hearts.

ROTARIANS BANQUET FOOTBALL SQUAD.

Rutland High School's football team was given a supper November 26, at the Berwick Hotel which formally closed the football season. Twenty-two members of the team, two coaches and the manager were included.

After the banquet speeches were given relative to the work done by the team this season and of the high morale of the team in playing and management.

Coach Ellery R. Purdy gave a brief review of the season telling of the defeat and victories of the team. He complimented the team on its clean cut playing and its faithful observance of the training

rules throughout the season. He told of receiving letters from principals of teams that they had played complimenting the boys on their good sportsmanship.

Coach Beck of Middlebury gave examples of how teams are run in other places, and how Rutland High's team could be taken for an example of a perfect team.

The feature of the evening was a speech given by Capt. Levins, in which he gave praise to the coach and the team. Captain Levins thanked the club for its good work in encouraging athletics in Rutland High. He gave a brief description of the work done by Coach Purdy during the season, saying that not enough credit was given to a good coach for a winning team.



"WHEN THE TIME COMES"

CHARACTERS

Professor Singleman

Mrs. Lamira Singleman

Percival Jordon Singleman—son of the Prof., 11 years of age

Josanna Jones—colored cook and servant in general

Powers—Bible Society Agent.

SCENE: Dining room of the Singleman residence. L. back is an old fashioned heavy sideboard. Upon its many shelves and small projections are various silver dishes of many designs. To the right of this is a large open fireplace, over which hangs the picture "Home, Sweet Home". At side R. is a large bay window before which is a large fern, while overhanging it is canary cage upon its standard. A large soft chair is a little to the right of window, and small stand beside same. Dining room table is a little to left of center. At side left toward back is the door. To the left of same a settee. Josanna sits before window fanning herself.

J—(Muttering) And just to think o' only a dollar from them, outa so much. A worthy cause, too—an only a dollar, and given grudgingly at that. And all de blessins dey is missin for de Lawd loveth a "cheerful giber". I don't 'magine its any my bizness but I loves dese folks and I wants dem to receive all of de blessins what de Lawd done hab for dem.

Mrs. S. (Entering room quickly and gazing at Josanna) What's on your mind Josanna? What are you talking about?

J—(Puts fan on stand) Oh, Ise pretty tired and Ise been sittin here thinkin 'bout de blessins I receib from de blessed Lawd and how others might hab um too if dey would, an make em ez happy ez a canary. And I was thinkin 'bout de small amount de Red Cross got after all dese days of canvassin, and I don't believe dat de Lawd am pleased for people to be so selfconcentrated ez to keep all der money what He have giben um to demselves. If it want for

him dey would hab no strenght or 'bility to get dat money. So when He blesses um 'mensely dey oughta give to worthy causes as unto de Lawd.

Mrs. S. (Apparently disturbed and stepping a little forward) Now, Josanna I know that you have in mind Mr. Singleman and myself, but I don't feel that I did wrong when I gave a dollar because this is the hardest time of year for us. . . . And I've got to go to Europe in the spring. Then too, I must have a blue serge suit, a squirrel choker, and a new hat, before I can go. You can't get those thnigs for nothing—not nowadays. And bills will continue to pile up here all the while I'm away. . . . (Fixes sleeve, skirt, etc.) . . . I don't believe the Lord ever intended that we should be so weak-minded as to give away our last cent, and then go to the town farm ourselves. Anyway, what difference does it make if we give all we are able when THE CALL COMES. I don't believe in laying aside a special purse for this kind of calls—it makes the giving seem like a tax. You give cause you feel it your duty, not because your happy in the giving. (Turning back into other room, smilingly) It's only a matter of choice—you like your way, I like mine. Exit.

J—(Changing position and reaching for sewing basket) Looks to me like what de Lawd likes best. And He 'loveth de cheerful giber' what gives joyfully as 'unto de Lawd'. If she didn't give so freely for squirrel chokers she might hab a little WHEN DE TIME COME. She mighta— (Hears voices, listens)

Powers (At front door, to Mrs. S.) You understand of course that these funds are to be used to send Testaments to the children in far away China for Christian Christmas gifts. You surely want a part in this Christlike service.

Mrs. S. (Very feelingly) I'm so sorry this comes just at this time. This is always the hardest part of the year for us, but here's a quarter. It's only a little, but it takes quarters to make the dollars. Wish it was twenty times as much.

Powers (Gratefully) I thank you. We're glad for every donation however large or small it may be. The Lord will certainly reward those who give so gladly to such a cause. Good day.

Mrs. S. Good day. Trust the Lord will bless your efforts graciously.

J—(Again taking up her sewing, sadly) I s'pose I shouldn't fret bout other folks' duties but—

Mrs. S. (Bringing in basket of apples and placing it on table. Picks out one and hands to Josanna) Mrs. Johnston brought over these

apples just before I was interrupted. Aren't they lovely, Josanna, and wasn't it just wonderful of her? When Percival comes in tell him to help himself. Apples are good for growing boys. Tell him they'll make his cheeks rosy like mother's. An apple a day keeps the doctor away, you know. Be sure you save some for lunch. (Goes out).

J—Course, I'll gib ye what der is. (Rises and picks off dead leaves of fern, still eating apple) Lovely apples, Mrs. Johnston gave those apples gladly or she'd neber bro't um over.

P—(Rushing into room, loudly) Josanna, did Mrs. Johnston just bring over a basket of those swell apples?

J—(Turning) Why bless yer soul, Percival, see um. (Points) Help yerself. (Stuffs apples into blouse) An apple per day'll keep the medicine away, an your mither says that it'll make ye have pretty red cheeks like hern. (Percival runs out and Josanna pushes chair up close to window and sits down)

Mrs. S. (Looking in at door) Why Josanna, it's six-thirty now! Aren't we going to have any dinner this evening?

J—(Coolly) Oh yes, dear, we'll have dinner. (Holds up apron to measure its length, calmly) I jes tho't I'd give ya what I could, when the call come.

SCENE II.

Dining room after table has been set; cold meat; butter, sauce and water. (Mr. and Mrs. Singleman enter and scan table).

Mr. S. (Calling toward door they just entered) Josanna . . . what's the matter? Isn't there any **good** meat?

J—(In doorway) Oh, dat's all der cold meat I could find. Ise awful sorry. (Remains in doorway)

(Mr. and Mrs. Singleman seat themselves)

(He helps himself to a slice of the meat)

Mrs. S. Aren't you going to ask the blessing?

Mr. S. On what? It's not worthy of any blessing.

Mrs. S. I beg your pardon, dear. (Turning to Josanna) Haven't you got any potatoes or vegetables in the house?

J—(Thoughtfully) . . . Laws, yes, but it takes an awful lot o' preparation an tho't aforehan' to fix um, an I didn't want ter be bothered way ahead a time, cause it kinda makes one feel it's there duty ta do it, an I wanted ta prepare yer dinna for ya outa my warm

feelins an good will. . . . There, I clean forgot the bread!

(She goes out, meets Percival in kitchen)

J—Dinner's been ready long time. Wanta hurry.

P—(Rushes into dining room and sits down) Gee, what a dinner! Hey, pa why don'cha buy somethin so we can eat with class. This is the kind of stuff they eat down there in Pig Alley.

Mrs. S. (Stoutly) Percival, stop your noise. . . . Let me see your hands.

(He shows hands)

Mrs. S. You leave this table immediately and wash those dirty hands. I wouldn't be surprised if they come to the table in that manner down in Pig Alley. If you don't improve you'll be down there eating some of the 'stuff'. (He goes out).

J—(Enters with three bran muffins on plate) Ain't got any bread, an this is all the muffins thar is. Sorry. Wish it were twenty times as much. (Stands back a little).

Mr. S. (Takes muffin) Why didn't you order what you needed?

J—Well, I kinda hated ta bother. I didn't wanta hab a lotta stuff on my hands, so I jes tho't I'd give ya what I happened to have, when the time come. An you see I didn't happen ta hab much o' nuthin.

Mrs. S. You say you haven't any more bread?

J—No, honey, used it most up fer toast this mornin, an Percival, he ate the las slice this noon.

P—(At door holding up hands) Those all right?

Mrs. S. Yes, come sit down.

P—I should think they oughta be; used half a can of sand soap on um.

Mrs. S. Why, Percival, . . . You mustn't be extravagant. Here, hurry eat your dinner.

P—Aw, I don't want any that trash!

Mrs. S. Learn to eat what's set before you and say nothing.

P—Oh, I'm not hungry, ma, really.

Mrs. S. Josanna, seeing you haven't anything else bring in those apples. (Josanna goes out) I believe she is trying to convince us her way of giving is right. She's got an object, that's sure. . . . She thinks you should give till it hurts worse than hot irons and then live on blessings.

J—(Entering with basket containing two apples) Thar's all. The boy eats a good many; an they get used up in one way or t'other.

Ise sorry thar aint no more, but I hopes you'll enjoy what thar is. Wish it were twenty times as much.

Mr. S. (Quietly) Josanna, couldn't you have laid aside something for us?

J—Well, thar now, 'magine I could; belieb I will nex' time. But I'd heard givin enything ya happened ta hab was so much freer and lovin'er way to serve dem you love der most, I tho't I'd try it. But it 'pears dey fared pretty slim, an I guess I'll go back to de ole plan, an not wait till THE TIME COME.

(Curtain).

R. B. '30.

WINTER JOYS.

Hail, Winter! On all sides we hear the greeting given the King of Seasons! To some it means the never ending joy of snow and brisk winds that whip the roses into cheeks and make one thrill to the joy of life. Out come the skates and the skiis and the toboggans and away we go! Snow men spring out and snow balls find laughing targets and many a romance is tucked away into a soft handful of snow.

That is, for some, all these joys mean winter! But others think of it as a cold, shivery, time of misery. So away they hie to Southern Climes, where they can still find sunshine and surf. Like flowers that die when exposed to a cold wind, so these humans can be termed as flowers of a hothouse that must flee in search of sunshine.

Winter can mean so much that is joyous and thrilling. Is there anything to compare with the ring of skates on the crystal ice and the feeling of flying through the pelting snow flakes? Or the party gathered together and nestled in a sleigh. Winter air! The joy of a snow ball fight and the warmth of a cozy fire, and toasted marshmallows after the brisk cold of a joyous winter day!

Picture yourself riding through a dense forest, trees heavily laden with a snowy blanket, and old Dobbin prancing a jig through the deep snow. The boys and girls in the sleigh are laughing and singing while here and there a boy sneaks a few glances toward someone else's girl. Then a brief pause at some colonial road house, a bit of refreshment, music and warmth. The room is in a chaos of singing, dancing, and laughter. Now and then you may stumble upon Dan Cupid's followers nestled together in a cozy corner of a booth. Then the journey home, through the dark of night, everyone rather silent, perhaps sorry they

are homeward bound. The jingleing of merry bells is heard as the horses trod on. A command from the teamster rings out urging the horses to a faster gait. He turns slowly toward his passengers, and heaves a sigh of happiness, or sorrow, probably drifting back to the memories of by-gone days, dreaming of love either lost or won, or perhaps, of old friends. His head subconsciously raises skyward, seemingly picturing himself riding a magic carpet among the lights of night.

A night or so a week is spent at the skating rink, or some old pond that serves the purpose of the "old swimmin' hole" in summer. Then Jack Frost engages in a game of tag with your toes, and you return to the campfire or shelter house just in spite of him. A hurrying of shoelaces which either break or stick in by numbed hands. All in the fun of Winter!

A retreating shadow is seen in the distance, skates on shoulder, swinging now and then as clumsy feet stagger through the snow. A tune of a popular song is heard, but it fades with the parting shadow, only an echo remaining.

A blot in the darkness, Homeward Bound! These are the joys of Winter.

F. C. '29.

ON TEACHING SOMEONE TO DRIVE.

By Wunhoo Nose.

"Hey, Stupe, want to go down and help give the girl friend a lesson in manipulating an automobile?"

"Sure, my life insurance is all paid to date."

Thus the two young gallants start on their dangerous quest. They arrive at the fair lady's abode and summon her with the best part of the machine in which they ride. She comes quickly to the door to see who her hero might be this time. At first she looks disappointed but seemingly decides to make the best of the situation and comes out.

"Hello, sweetness, want to learn how to drive a good car?"

"Yeah—but where is it?"

"There she is, 'The Spirit of St. Vitus,' the very latest."

"Well, I'll try anything once."

"All right, shove under the wheel."

"Which wheel?"

"The one right over the front seat."

"Now, be sure it is out of gear, turn on the switch, and step on the starter."

The fair maiden releases the emergency brake, turns on the lights and steps on the accelerator.

"No, that is the starter right next to the throttle."

She steps on the brake—but it doesn't start. He points to the exact latitude and longitude of starter and says, "Step on that!"

She does—but in the meantime she has put it in gear and everybody has a lame neck the next day from the sudden shock received.

"Throw out the clutch!"

She takes hold of the pedal and pulls on it.

"I can't it's hitched."

He becomes disgusted and puts it out of gear himself. She then steps on the starter and to the surprise of everyone present, the motor starts. In mingled hope, excitement and self-confidence, she pulls back quickly on the shifting lever and the eighth wonder happens—it goes into gear—sounding much like a load of stones rolling around on a tin roof. She then commences further exploration by putting the hand throttle all the way on—resulting in a non-stop flight of decidedly erratic nature which finally comes to an end across the sidewalk.

"That has something to do with the gas, hasn't it?"

"Sure, but supposing you push it the other way awhile."

He backs the car into the street and gets it under way, then has her get behind the wheel. She regains her previous self-confidence and increases at irregular intervals until she comes to a street intersection, and not knowing how to stop upbraids the approaching motorist with every language she knows. Only the heroic effort of the owner, prevents the car and occupants from a terrible death.

Recovering from a burst of laughter just in time to avoid a tree and a few telephone poles, the self-styled tutor decides it will be a service to his city to take the wheel himself and does so. (Thank goodness!)

W. G. '29.

WHO KILLED COCK-ROBIN?

1928 Version.

"Birdlings of the jury, it is absurd to claim that Jenny Wren, gentle little fuzzy flapper that she is, could have killed old Cock-Robin. Gaze at her soulful eyes, in whose limpid depths are hidden pools of loveliness. Show 'em your eyes, Jen, open wide. Observe the beauty

of her feathers, their delicate coloring, their softness, inviting repose."

"Dear little Jenny! What if she was seen flying from the forest with a tiny dagger under her wing? Jenny was collecting antiques, that was all. Gaze at her kissable bill. Jenny, show the jury your bill. Good! Show it to old Tommy Thrush, juror now."

"Ah, feathered friends, here is a little lass, who prefers her simple nest to high flying at night, an unassuming bird, who, if acquitted of this charge will be seen nesting on the second bough of the old oak tree.

"Rap once and say you were on the Cock-Robin jury. That's all I ask you now, with tears in my eyes, to free Jenny Wren."

A jury before Judge Wise-Old-Owl, sitting in the old Sycamore tree, today returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" in favor of bewitching Jenny Wren, who had been charged with murdering old Cock-Robin, notorious gambler and bird about town.

As soon as the trial was over, the members of the jury and Judge Owl flew to Jenny's charming apartment for an impromptu celebration and a light repast of newly caught worms and mosquitoes.

R. J. B. '30.

WHAT CENTRAL THINKS OF OUR FAMILY.

Have you ever stopped and thought what the girl at the switchboard thinks of your family? I will take as an example the Morse family. In this family there are Mr. Morse, Mrs. Morse, Jimmie Morse and his two sisters Frances and Clara. Pretty big bunch, eh?

Mr. Morse: Click-click-click. "This service is terrible. I'll report it this morning." "Number please." "Well, it's about time. I'm sorry to wake you, 118 please." "Thank you." "That man is the rudest, most unaccommodating person in this city. If I paid any attention to him I would cough up the job this instant."

Mrs. Morse after breakfast decides to call up some of her "social friends." "Number please." "687 please." "Thank you." "Well, some difference, eh? I'd hate to be Ma Morse to hav'ta live with that old tyrant."

After Mrs. Morse calls up about ten ladies, she decides she has bothered "Central" enough. "She sure has got a swell disposition, but like all the rest of our feminine sex is troubled with that lingering disease, 'gossipitis.'"

Now Jimmie must talk with Sallie, his sweetheart. "Number please." "874 and be quick about it." "Well of all the nerve. That young scamp telling me that. Just for that I am going to listen in."

(After a few minutes). "Ha! Ha! Good enough for him. She gave him the mitten. I thought there was something funny, when I saw her out with Jack Sibley, the other night."

Later when Fran is using the phone—They've been talking for the last hour and a half and they haven't said a thing yet. Well it's nice to be in love like that. Anyway, she's a good kid—nothing like Clara."

Then comes Clara's turn—"I said I wanted Bellemont 871—Can't you hear?" "Didn't I say the line was busy?" "Oh dear! Of all things just when I wanted to talk to Fred. I think that girl is awful not to put that party off the wire." "It's a good thing I'm behind the switch-board. I'd show her a few things."

R. C. '29.

THE FOOTBALL GAME.

The first game of the season is on. What a wave of expectancy flashes over the grand stand as the home team flanks bravely out to the field.

"Look! Here's the team—let's give them a big yell—come on now—everybody up,—what's the matter up there—weak lungs?"

"Oh dear, isn't this going to be exciting? Look! Here's the other team. Oh! Aren't their uniforms darling? Wish our boys wore that color. Oh! Aren't they playing slick? Who did that? Oh baby, wasn't that heavenly? Oh look! Somebody's hurt! No, he isn't either. He's all right. Let's give him a cheer. That was great."

Oh Babe isn't your hat cute? Pretty snappy. Look Mary, Babe has a new hat—I hate that color on her don't you? Yes Babe, I think that color suits you perfectly. Oh! What are they cheering about? He made a touchdown? He's wonderful, anyway. What's that? What are they stopping for? The first half? Why, it can't be—I haven't seen it at all.

Oh yes, Babe, she told me too. Yes, trust her to tell when she promised—Oh! Here's Grace and Jane late as usual. Hi! Come on up here. Yes, it's the most wonderful game. You should have seen Jack. Oh! He is wonderful! I didn't take my eyes off the game the whole time. It was so thrilling!

Oh look! The second half! Don't they look tired? Poor kids! Honestly, Grace? Why, you lucky kid. Look! They are cheering somebody! A touchdown! Gee, wasn't that slick? Oh boy! The gun! Is the game over? Why, I didn't see a bit of it."

So she goes home, elated over the game, raving to her friends of the wonderful showing of the team.

C. M., '29.

REVOLUTION IN THE BARBER SHOP.

The older days have gone, and with their going the old fashioned barber shop has disappeared. Where formerly we males sprawled comfortably across the chairs and read the Police Gazette, now dainty women lounge about discussing fashions and reading Snappy Stories. In the very place where there hung an old card board sign covered with prices ranging like bargains in a Woolworth store, now are listed prices that appear to be the result of a mark-down in dresses, gowns, and compacts.

The conversation, too, has changed. In former days all talk was a discussion of prize-fights, wrestling-bouts, horse races, and the like, now are discussed the latest styles, scandals, and society news. Along with the conversation, has changed the personal appearance of the barber. Then a barber was rather careless in his choice of clothes. Neatness was the only requirement. Now, however, the latest styles are followed, and it seems the ambition of every barber to rival the movie hero in the eyes of his feminine customers.

It is to be expected that the barber, the man, would change. All his good nature is lost. Now the barber is an overbearing lord, exercising his divine right on some helpless victim. While our hair is being cut we are overcome by a volley of words, shot from the mouth of our torturer. We are dazed by his questions. When we finally break forth from this seemingly inhuman monster we are reeking with powder and perfume, and are down in pocket as well as heart.

With the woman, however, it is different. She takes pride in being in the chair. There, confident that she is the center of attraction, she showers the barber with directions, warnings, and threats. Where mere man is self-conscious and ill at ease, the woman is self-confident and queenly. To the question of extras she returns a curt "no" and considers the matter closed. The barber knows that it is.

Consequently we find that man is gradually being ousted from his former refuge. His magazines are being replaced by the choice literature of the ladies; his pictures of John L. Sullivan, Jim Jeffries, and Jack Dempsey, are replaced by photos of the Prince of Wales, the latest hats from Paris, or the Marriage of Prince ——— to a rich society girl. In the midst of all this unwelcome femininity poor man may only sit and wonder, "What will the women do next?"

L. N. '29.

The Poet's Corner

When you have gone
 And we have said our last good bye,
 One corner of my heart shall be
 Forever—
 A sacred dedication
 To the immortal ideals
 That you symbolize.
 We must go our separate ways.
 Life is before me.
 May I meet it
 With stronger faith
 In God
 And in humanity
 Because of your love,
 And your worthiness.
 Though we may wander far,
 Yet, an understanding love
 Will bind us
 Ever together,—
 Because you have shown me,
 Because you are leading the way.
 (W.) M. L. B.

THE FOOL.

Try as I might, I cannot see
 The good in learning geometry.
 Why prove a problem at all, I say?
 What do we care how all planes lay?
 Draw a figure and prove it right
 Haunts my brain both day and night.
 What is an angle, define a plane,
 I couldn't tell you to save my name.
 Dreaming, dreaming all the night
 Of angles both obtuse and right

Give the hypothesis, give the conclusion
 Jumbled together in awful confusion.

Make note of the day I came to fame
 By knowing one theorem in its right name.
 History is learned by fools like me
 But teachers only master geometry.

M. J. '29.

TO OUR BOYS.

Down in history shall go the names;
 Of all the boys who played in games
 Of victory, 'till by some unlucky star
 Fair Haven, our record had to mar.

Game after game was won in fair fight
 As hero's battled for their Red and White
 The name of Champion striving to gain
 Yet probably predestined to lose this game

Out on the field they went for victory
 Out on the field our color you must see
 Red and White waved there triumphantly
 As cheers went up, like roars of the sea.

The game began and luck was with us
 'Till half our men began to fuss
 And fumbled the ball in an effort to win
 Trying so hard,—to lose was a sin—

McFarren, Fair Haven's mighty full-back
 Courage in scrimmage did not lack
 He was very successful in dodging our line
 Carrying the ball forward time after time.

But mightier still, worth his weight in gold
 Waited Teid Levins stirling and bold
 Out-punting his foes, but all in vain
 When he missed his chance the crowd went insane

Another brave warrior, our tricky Costello
 A star in football and all round good fellow
 Nothing could phase him, he was out to win
 He fought his opponents with vigor and vim.

Bravely they stood and bravely they fell
 And sports manlike gave Fair Haven a yell
 I'll admit they were fine and true to the letter
 Rutland was good but Fair Haven was better.
 M. J. '29.

IN A RUMBLE SEAT.

When you're feeling bored on a summer's day,
 And your chum spins 'round in his new coupe,
 To take your sweetie and you for a ride
 Over Rutland's old country-side,
 You take one glance at that Lizzie neat
 And both pile into the rumble seat.

You travel far and you travel wide
 You pity the pair cooped up inside,
 You hug your sweetie and she hugs you
 And you get a thrill that's entirely new,
 For nowhere else is she half so sweet
 As snuggled close in a rumble seat.

But when at last the day is done
 And you've started back on the homeward run,
 When the clouds pile up in the western sky,
 And the wind blows dust clouds into your eye,
 And the rain comes down in a solid sheet,
 You wish you were'nt in the rumble seat.

By "Bump".

THE LINEMEN.

Did you ever stop and ponder
 On that grand old Spartan game?
 Did you ever stop and wonder
 Who's the one deserves the fame?

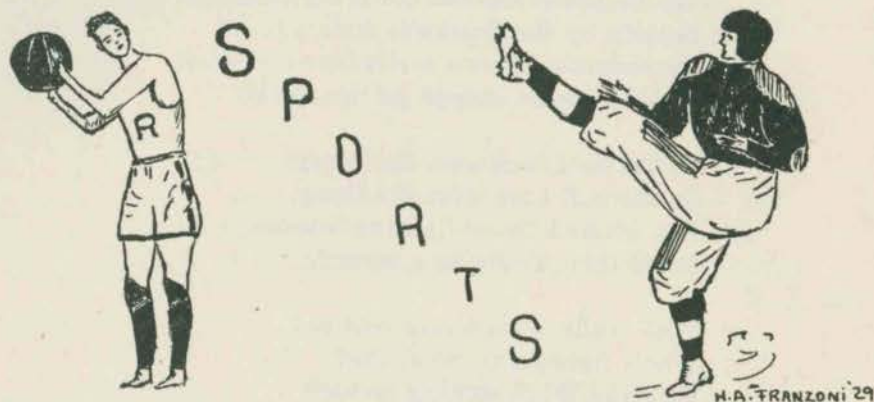
The half-back dashes down the field
 But it's by the linemen's toils.
 So whenever there's a victory
 To the linemen should go the spoils.

To the half-back goes the glory
 To the half-back goes the fame
 But without those fighting linemen
 Could there really be a game?

Who really wins those battles?
 Who's fighting to do or die?
 Who's in there making tackle?
 It's the linemen, you will cry.

So here's to you fighting linemen,
 Who go on without praise or fame
 But who enable those shifty half-backs
 To win, to win, the game.

R. J. B. '30.



LYNDON BOWS TO RUTLAND 13-0.

Playing their best game this year, on a wet and muddy field R. H. S. succeeded in taking another step toward the State Championship by defeating Lyndonville.

A thrill a minute helped to keep the fans in good humor, although a cold wind was sweeping across the swamp, and the ground was damp and muddy after Friday's rain.

Winning the toss-up, Ianni kicked off. The ball went to the Lyndon 18-yd. line where the receiver was downed in his tracks. Lyndon started up the field, and in three plays made a first down. In vain they tried for another, but were held, Dahlbeck punted to Rutland's 20-yard line where it was caught by Costello and advanced 25 yards before he was stopped. With Lanahan, Ianni, and Costello running wild, the ball was taken to Lyndon's 10-yard line, it looked like a touchdown but the Institute boys held. Dahlbeck punted back and Costello started to do it over again with a 20 yard run. Smashing their way through, the R.-H. S. boys were in a position to score when the first quarter ended.

The second quarter turned into a punting contest between Capt. Levins and Dahlbeck. Near the end of the quarter Ianni becoming restless, started to kill the Lyndon line, but Levins, becoming kind hearted threw a 20-yard pass to Lanahan, which placed us on the 8-yard line, then he turned Ianni loose. With two plays George had scored a touchdown. For the first time this year the point after was scored, Costello kicking the ball between the bars. Play had just started again when Lanahan pulled a pass out of the air and put Rut-

land in a scoring position again. The Red and White boys were advancing upon the goal post when the half ended.

The second half started more quietly with neither team being in a position to score. Another punting contest was held and Levins seemed slightly the better. Near the end of the game Ianni sweeping around the right end from his own 30-yard line started up the field for a touchdown, with Costello and Lanahan for interference he eluded all tacklers and with a final spurt gained the end of the field for the second tally, making the score 13-0.

"Porky" Ryan and "Tubby" Ianni were injured during the game but played till the last few minutes.

The line-up for Rutland follows: Perry, re; Trinci, Alexander, rt; Ryan, Tree, Phelps, rg; Porter, c; Beardsley, lg; Crowley, lt; Holland, le; Capt. Levins, qb; Ianni, Mathews, fb; Costello, rhb; Lanahan, lhb.

RUTLAND, 6; BURLINGTON, 0.

With 800 fans cheering Burlington and only 80 for Rutland the hardest fought game of the season was played at South Park, Burlington.

Living up to his title of "Big Chief," Levins led his warriors on to the field confident of victory, yet knowing a hard fight was at hand. Ianni kicked off, one of his beautiful kicks, soaring high and far down the field, sending a thrill through the fans. Burlington receiving the ball started a march down the field, after two unsuccessful tries to break our line they resolved to punt, but were unable to connect with the ball; they were given another try and this time it went nearly ten yards. Having given up all hopes of kicking it further they entrusted it to Rutland's care. Costello, Ianni, and Lanahan were overjoyed at having the ball and gave it a ride to the twenty-five-yard line, where after trying to coax it further they gave it back to the Blue and White. Colburn becoming sore that Rutland was treating the ball better than his team, took the ball for a ride via Clifford's end to Rutland's 40-yard line. Right End Perry entered the game at this point, and although slightly crippled induced the Burlington team to give the ball back to Rutland. The "Three Musketeers", Lanahan, Costello and Ianni, took things in their hands and carried the ball to Burlington's 15-yard line when the half ended.

When the last half started it was getting late and the boys were becoming hungry, so they started to eat up ground. Levins fed Costello short passes; Ianni brought home the bacon with line plunges,

bringing the ball to the Burlington three-yard line. Twice the ball was started on a ride over the line but stalled. Levins then opened his bag of tricks, and with a short pass over the line to Blondy Costello scored the only touchdown. The try for point after touchdown was unsuccessful as the boys did not wish to break their record of not making one all season.

In the last quarter wishing to give the local fans something for their money the "Hardy" lads started for the Rutland goal posts but were stopped and relieved of the ball and it remained in Rutland's possession until the game ended.

Line-up for Rutland: Clifford, Perry, ends; Ryan, Alexander, guards; Trinci, rt; Porter, c; Beardsley, lg; Crowley, lt; Holland, le; Costello, rhb; Ianni, fb; Lanahan, rhb; Capt. Levins, qb; Burke, Mgr.

FAIR HAVEN WINS, 13-6.

Armistice Day was a day of rejoicing for the Allies in 1918, and so it was for Fair Haven in 1928. Taken for a joke the Slate-townners came to Rutland with 550 loyal supporters, a drum corps, and a football team whose acts will go down in history. The weather was perfect, money was plentiful, 2,000 fans were in a gay mood when the game started. The weather was cloudy, all money was on Fair Haven, and 1,500 souls were lamenting the fate of the greatest team that Rutland had produced since the days of "O'Bie."

Over-confidence, fumbles, tough breaks and a better team told the story. Rivalry was keen between the teams, but clean play was seen throughout the game.

Wishing Rutland to remember this game a victory march was staged after the game, headed by the drum corps, which marched from the field to the business district, followed by a crazy crowd of supporters who took the goal posts with them.

The game opened with a silence upon the crowd, while Ianni kicked off, the ball went to the 18-yard line where McFarren catching it made a twenty-yard run to the 40-yard line. Hoping for a touchdown he again carried the ball, with three plays he had advanced to our 25-yard stripe. Then onward to the 15, next to the five, Rutland held then as she always has in an emergency. Aided by a 15-yard penalty the Red and White warriors began an advance up the field. Ianni took the ball and by clever running carried it to the Fair Haven 45-yard line. Costello then taking the ball carried it two steps when he fumbled and Fair Haven recovered. "Micky" wishing to make up for lost ground took the ball and got off for a beautiful start when he

fumbled, Rutland recovered and taking courage at this piece of luck started an offensive. The "three Musketeers", Lanahan, Costello and Ianni, carried the ball to the goal line where Lanahan, the greatest of the three, carried it over for the first tally.

During the remainder of the first half neither team was again in a scoring position.

Two touchdowns in eight minutes, opened the final half. Playing like a demon McFarren and Faryniaz gained yard after yard until with the aid of a 30-yard pass the ball was carried over. This was a catastrophe for the Red and White having played for three years without being scored upon. As though resenting this onslaught Rutland gave all the fight that was in the team until the ball was on the eight-yard line. A pass was thrown, out of the air came Hayes, who after a great leap secured the ball and advanced down the field for another touchdown. After this the playing was in no one's favor, Rutland approaching the Fair Haven goal only once and then to lose the ball by a fumble before it could be carried over.

This was the last game of High School football for both Captain Levins and McFarren, but if they keep up the good fight they showed in this game, they will surely become successes in life. Porter, Crowley, Beardsley, Perry, Costello, Trinci, Ianni, Ryan and Alexander also played their last game for Rutland.

FIELD HOCKEY.

Field hockey practice began the first part of October, and much interest was shown by the members of the squad. This was the second year for field hockey at Rutland High School and many new girls came out for it as well as last year's members.

The squad was divided into three teams at the last of the month. The three teams—Senior-Freshman, Junior and Sophomore teams—played their interclass games on Nov. 14, 15 and 16.

The Senior-Freshman team won the series by defeating the Sophomores and tying the Juniors.

The scores of the contests were:

Senior-Freshman	5	vs.	Sophomores	2
Juniors	1	vs.	Sophomores	1
Senior-Freshman	1	vs.	Juniors	1

The officials for the games were:

Umpire—Miss Louise Willis

Time Keeper—Mrs. E. F. Ireland

Scorer—Miss Ruth Quigley.

The members of the teams were:

Senior-Freshman		Junior	Sophomore
V. Upton	right wing	L. Russell	G. Dudley
L. Spaulding	inside right	R. Bucklin	M. Flory
V. Spaulding	center forward	V. Chamberland	J. Thompson
L. Lamphron	inside left	J. McKay	V. Martin
G. Galak	left wing	A. Chalmers	R. Wilkins
M. Spicer	right half	M. Hodsdon	H. Smith
M. Joly	center half	D. Austin	M. Geno
E. Landon	left half	M. Plue	S. Riberdy
F. Perfetti	right fullback	B. Ashley	B. Gould
V. Keenan	left fullback	M. Juleff	V. Houston
D. Anderson	goal keeper	M. Saunders	E. Russell
		Subs.	Subs.
		D. Bartalena	C. Monnette
		F. Pray	C. Shelvey
		H. Yarrington	R. Young
		M. McHugh	

BASKET BALL COMES.

With football gone for another year, all thoughts turn to basket ball. Pleasant memories of last year linger, and it is hoped that as good a season will result this year.

John Keefe is again captain of an all veteran team, the only face missing being that of Ed. Layden. "Ham" Crowley will be seen at forward with Levins and Howd. Beardsley at center.

Reserve material is in abundance with Vargas, Dwyer, Porter, Paul, Bove, Billado and "Hawk Eye" Costello all ready to step in at a minute's call. A number of new stars are expected to shine forth from the underclasses, Ralph Seeley, Art Dick, Joly brothers and other boys who have been playing on private teams. Those who are going to play for the first time will be seen in action during the inter-class games which will be held shortly. The boys will be picked for the varsity according to their showing in these games.

RED AND WHITE TRIMS GREEN AND WHITE, 6-2.

Before a frenzied, record breaking crowd of 1,500 the Red and White warriors took a hard, closely fought battle from their old rivals, Springfield by a score of 6-2. The "downstaters," led by Captain Cor-

liss played good football and only the "old fight" of the Rutland backs, and a perfect line put the Springfield team down to defeat.

Ianni opened the game by kicking to Springfield's 10-yard line. Rutland smeared three successive plays and held the offenders to no gain. Durovitch sent a nice punt to Rutland's 40-yard line. After unsuccessfully trying to pierce the Green line, Rutland kicked back. The game "seesawed" during the quarter with our boys having a slight advantage in defensive play. The second period opened with the ball in Springfield's possession on Rutland's 35-yard line. Springfield punted and Lanahan ran the ball back to midfield. Ianni took the ball through center for a first down, then Lanahan made a 25-yard run for the first exciting play of the day. Costello took the ball as far as the four-yard line, and with two more tries carried it over for Rutland's first and only tally. Shortly after this the half ended with Rutland leading, 6-0.

Springfield opened the second half with a mighty drive which carried the ball to our five-yard line with five successive first downs. The fans went wild at this point, Rutland shouting, "Hold that line", Springfield, "We want a touchdown". Rutland held. Levins dropped back to punt, but the ball was blocked and Springfield was again on top of our goal. For a second time the prayers of the fans were answered and Rutland held. Levins dropped back again to punt, but, alas, his foot went outside, and Springfield was given two points. Rutland aroused by this trick of fate engineered an onslaught that equaled the drives in the World War. Springfield hoping to increase their score played the best football that was in them but neither team was able to score. The game ended with Rutland holding the big end of the score.

This game was a perfect example of the football that Rutland had played all season. A backfield that could run, punt, give interference, and use its head better than any other school boy team in this state. The line was a vertible stone wall, holding when it should, and breaking through at every play. Our "Three Musketeers", Lanahan, Costello and Ianni, played their best game so far this year. "Big Chief" Levins showed keen judgment in every play, and certainly deserves to be all-state quarter.

Rutland's line-up: Holland, le; Crowley, lt; Beardsley, lg; Porter, c; Ryan, rg; Trinci, Alexander, rt; Perry, Clifford, re; Captain Levins, qb; Costello, lhb; Lanahan, rhb; Ianni, fb.

Touchdowns: Costello.

TENTATIVE BASKET BALL SCHEDULE.

January	4	Open
	5	Open
	11	Burlington, there
	18	Bellows Falls, there
	25	Bennington, here
	26	Burr & Burton, there
February	1	Open
	8	Burr & Burton, here
	9	Open
	12	Burlington, here
	15	Middlebury, here
	18	Springfield here
March	1	Bellows Falls, here
	8-9	State Tournament.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE
BOYS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Sept. 1, 1928 to Nov. 23, 1928.

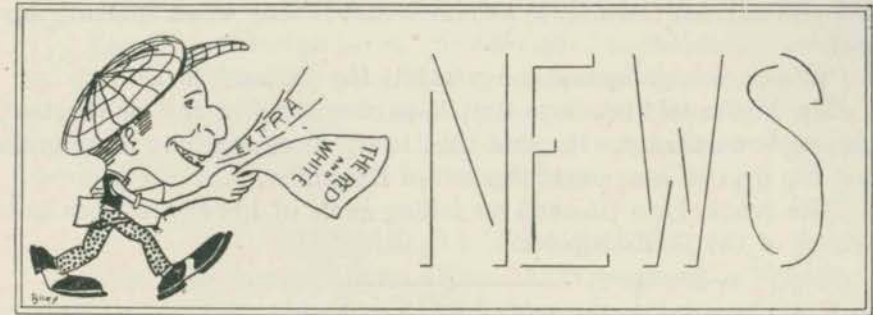
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RECEIPTS

Games (Admissions)	\$ 866.00	
Guarantees	350.00	
Dance (Profits)	10.50	
Board of Education	55.25	
A. A. Dues	121.40	
Total Receipts		1383.15

EXPENSES

Guarantees	225.00	
Officials	80.00	
Travel expenses and meals	334.00	
Equipment	374.12	
Rent of Field	40.00	
Field Expenses	15.14	
Tel. and Tel.	24.05	
Printing	39.20	
Miscellaneous	63.82	
Total Expenses		<u>1195.83</u>
Balance for year 1928-29		187.32
Deficit Sept. 1, 1928		<u>98.66</u>
Balance on Hand		88.66



About 400 R. H. S. students attended the annual Freshmen Reception held on Friday evening October 19. The dance was preceded by an entertainment consisting of several pantomines given by members of the Junior Class. Vocal selections were rendered by "Betty" Ashley accompanied by Janet Goddard. William Tarbell gave zylophone solos. The entertainment was completed as "Charlie" Dooley, "Babe" Earl and "Reggie" Billado, who dressed as hoboes, sang the "Bum Song".

Barrett ("Teid") Levins and Ruth Pinchin, President and Vice-President of the Senior Class did the Grand March. Both showed their good will by munching lollypops along with the "Freshies." The March was followed by an address of welcome to the Freshmen by "Teid."

The committee in charge consisted of Albert Holland, chairman; Marie Joli, George Costello, Ruth Berry and William Mathews. The chaperones were: Mrs. Jack Crowley, Mrs. Helen Doane, and Mr. George McKenzie.

BILL TILDEN ADDRESSES HIGH SCHOOL BOYS.

The boys of Rutland High School were fortunate to have as a speaker at their assembly November 1 the famous tennis star, Bill Tilden.

"Bill Johnson and myself are just as good tennis players today as we ever were. The reason the French players defeated us was because they played better tennis."

That was the high spot of Mr. Tilden's talk to the boys.

He pointed out that new champions came as they solved new ways of baffling their opponents.

He told the boys that it is not a disgrace to be beaten by a better

team and advised them always to have that feeling when entering any sport.

"If you lose, go up and congratulate the winner," he said.

Mr. Tilden told the boys that in participating in any sport, strict training is necessary. He said that to be successful one must train from the first of January to the last of December.

The tennis king finished by telling some of his experiences as a member of the Davis cup team.

Two busses and a number of private cars accompanied the football squad to Springfield for the game Saturday, October 27. It was estimated that, in all, a crowd of two hundred Rutland rooters attended.

The busses under the management of "Fran" Forcier and "Charlie" Dooley, left Rutland at 10:00 A. M. and returned home around 9:00 P. M.

Everyone had a good time and returned home none the worse for the trip.

CHEER RALLY

A cheer rally was held in the assembly hall of the Meldon School, Friday, November 2, to stir up enthusiasm for the game with Lyndon Institute.

"Bill" Burke, manager of the team, gave a short talk in which he made clear the need for the support of the student body at the game.

Following this Captain "Teid" Levins expressed the teams' appreciation of the support of the school at the Springfield game.

"Fran" Forcier, '29 cheerleader, led the students in the usual cheers, between each speech.

"Jim" Rice, Assistant Coach, compared the team "of his day" with the present one.

A plea for school spirit and merits of the 1928 team were the two main features of Coach Purdy's address.

Principal L. O. Johnson concluded the rally with a few news items.

VICTORY DANCE

An athletic dance was held Saturday evening, November 3d, in the Meldon Assembly hall. About a hundred couples attended. Music was furnished by Bill Mangan and His Orchestra. Refreshments were served during intermission. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Purdy, Mr. and Mrs. Ireland and Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Johnson. Dancing began at 8:00 and ended at 11:30. A good time was had by all (as usual)!

EDUCATION WEEK

The week of November 5, was celebrated as Education week in the schools of this city. At the Meldon and Longfellow schools, students from different classes gave short, two-minute talks, on subjects pertaining to education. These talks were given in the various home-rooms and made this week very interesting.

THANKSGIVING BASKETS.

This year as usual, each Home Room prepared a Thanksgiving basket for some needy family that otherwise might not have had a real Thanksgiving. A committee of three or four pupils, according to the size of the room, was appointed. This committee took care of collecting the vegetables, bread, jam, jellies, pickles and dessert. Money was also collected for the food. Doing this each year gives us a pleasant feeling since we each do our bit of charity in helping to fill these baskets. We hope the families enjoyed their dinners as much as we enjoyed giving their dinners to them.

Twenty members of the football squad accompanied by Coach Purdy and Principal Johnson attended the Middlebury-Vermont football contest staged at Porter Field, Middlebury, Saturday, November 17th. The boys, guests of the Middlebury College Athletic Association, were treated "royally" and enjoyed themselves greatly.

Mr. Johnson and Mr. Purdy officiated at the game, the former as head linesman while "Cel" counted the downs. "Obie", our former coach, acted as referee. Thus Rutland was well represented, both on the sidelines and on the field.

REPORT CARDS.

Marks closed November 28 and the report cards were issued December 7. As this was the first marking period it aroused quite a bit of excitement over handing in "eleventh hour" notebooks, etc., also in cramming for the usual tests as the first term drew near completion.

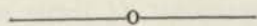
For the Freshmen this was a new experience. At first they seemed rather bewildered and even slightly afraid but we notice that most have survived. Most of the upper classmen, also fared well but as always, there were a few who were unable to keep their heads out of water.

Better luck to those few next time and for the others, keep up the good work!

The Fair Haven High School football team snatched from the undefeated Rutland High eleven the hope of retaining the title of state champions in a hard-fought contest held on Armistice Day.

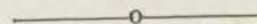
We may well be proud of our boys, however, for accepting defeat as gracefully as they had formerly received victory. Heartbreaking as it was to fail in their objective at the eleventh hour, nevertheless, they proved themselves able to meet the test of being good sports and smiling in defeat which isn't as easy to do as it sounds.

So let's all give three cheers for our football team and give 'em L-O-U-D !



The Athletic Association officers for the year 1928-1929 are as follows:

President—B. Levins
 Vice-President—V. Ridlon
 Secretary—H. Beardsley.
 Representatives: Senior—G. Costello, G. Ianni.
 Junior—F. Perry, M. Tyrrell
 Sophomore—P. Joly.



HONOR ROLL—FIRST AND SECOND MARKING PERIOD

1928

SENIORS

Ruth Berry
 Barbara Butterfield
 Harold Davis
 Virginia Kent
 Vesta Ridlon
 Violet Spalding
 Lucy Williams
 SOPHOMORES
 Gertrude Block
 Gladys Hall
 Ralph Seeley
 Ralph Sussman

JUNIORS

William Brislin
 Helen Congdon
 Elizabeth Corcoran
 Margery Blue

FRESHMEN

Ernest Berry
 Martha Bucklin
 Blanche Kazon
 Roberta Puckeridge
 Gladys Trombley

REQUIREMENTS:

A in three prepared subjects or their equivalents.
 No prepared subject lower than B—.

PARENT-TEACHERS' MEETING.

The first High School Parent-Teachers' meeting was held in the Meldon School auditorium, Monday November 26.

Mrs. W. G. Hodsdon conducted the business meeting. Following that, a trio composed of Clarice Mintzer, cellist, Vesta Ridlon, pianist and Maynard Welch, violinist, gave two selections: "At Dawning" and "Still as the Night."

Mr. Hayden gave a talk on the values of physical education. He was followed by Mr. Mackenzie who described the courses of manual training. The meeting was closed with the serving of refreshments.

THE SENIOR PLAY

The cast and committee for the Senior play "Charlie's Aunt" which will be given in February are as follows:

Sir Christopher Munroe Waite
 Jack Francis Forcier
 Brasset George Squiers
 Charles Wykeham Allen Adams
 Spettigue William Burke
 Amy Ruth Berry
 Kitty Virginia Kent
 Ella Elizabeth Landon
 Babberley Thomas Porter
 Donna Lucia deAlvaradorze Clarice Mintzer

Robert Carpenter heads the committee assisted by Margaret Hufert, Helen Franzoni, Vesta Ridlon, Barbara Butterfield, Irvin Beinhower, Harvey Sanders.

Miss Nellie H. Newton is coaching the production.

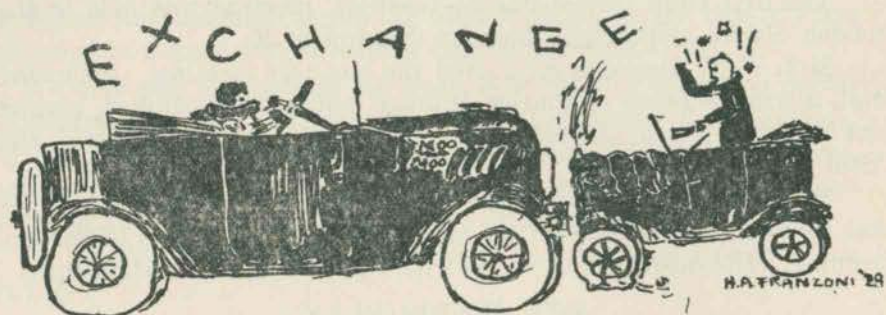
HOCKEY.

The following girls have been selected for the All-School field hockey team: Forwards—V. Spaulding, R. Bucklin, J. McKay, D. Bartelena, G. Dudley; Half-backs—M. Joly, S. Riberdy, M. Plue; Full-backs—M. Juleff, B. Gould; Goal-keeper—M. Saunders.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

Basketball practice began December 4. During the first week 57 girls tried out for the first squad. By December 12, twenty girls will be practicing regularly three mornings a week in the Methodist gymnasium.

The basketball schedule has not been completed. The first game of the season will be staged here between West Rutland and Coach Willis' girls January 4. Miss Willis will issue later the complete schedule for the 1929 season.



We have heard from the following:

The Enfield Echo

Thompsonville, Connecticut

A very good number, but why mix Exchange with Athletics?

Orange and Black

Dearborn, Michigan

This is a fine paper. Your "Hall of Fame" is very clever.

The Spaulding Sentinel

Barre, Vermont

(Anniversary Number). A real paper this; the cover design is very clever.—Come again.

The Vermont Cynic, University of Vermont

Burlington, Vermont

A very good entertainer and cleverly arranged.

The Sentinel

New Haven, Connecticut

This is a very interesting weekly. Your "Mail Bag" contains good advice.

The Hardwickian

Hardwick, Vermont

We enjoy your "Poetry" very much. More editorials would greatly improve your paper.

R. H. S. Chips

Richmond, Vermont

The Poets' Corner and your Literary Dept. is very good. Why not enlarge your Athletic Dept.?

The Clark News

Worcester, Mass.

We like the arrangement of your paper. Your "Lim-o-Bunk" is well done.

Boston University News

Boston, Mass.

Your paper is very interesting, much is added by the photos.

The Catamount

Bennington, Vermont

Your book is certainly very fine; excellent cover design.

To the Exchange Editors:

Any suggestions or criticisms which you can offer will be welcome, as we are working for a better magazine.

—o—



Mrs. Miriam Barrett Dunton 89, widow of Judge W. C. Dunton, died at her home in Rutland, November 3. Mrs. Dunton was the last of three who graduated in 1853, when the first class of the Rutland Academy, predecessor to the Rutland High School, received its diplomas.

William W. Wilson was married to Hazel Burdick in November. The bride is a graduate of the class of 1924.

Edward Lowe Temple, 83, of Wellesley, Mass., a graduate in one of the early classes of high school died at Newton, Mass., on October 9. He was superintendent of schools in Rutland from 1887-1898.

The alumnus of R. H. S. at Norwich who received major letters in track are: Fred Taylor '24, Horace Yarrington '26 and Theodore Hinckley '27. Frederick Atherton '26 and George Newton '26 earned minor letters in the same sport.

Olive Ball '24, a student at Battle Creek College, Michigan, was chosen president of the Senior class.

R. H. S. is well represented at U. V. M. this year: Newman Chaffee '26 has been made a Cadet Sergeant in the R. O. T. C. Battalion at this institution. James Reedy '27 and Perry Bove '28 have recently been pledged to the Zeta Chi Fraternity. Philip Billings '28 was pledged by the Sigma Phi Fraternity. Frances Howley '26 has been chosen a member of the Senior volley ball team.

Harold Adams '27, Harley Chatterton '27 and Mary Morris '28 are studying also at this institution.

Bernard McHugh '26 is a student at Fordham University, New York City.

Edward Pike '28 has been chosen chief of the College Fire Department at Middlebury. He also plays in the College Band.

Mildred Gifford '28 is attending Dean Academy.

Lloyd Riberdy '28 is employed by the Rutland Railroad.

Ethel Palmer '24 is working in New York.

Edward Forcier '25 and Tillie Ballard '27 are employed at Percy Wood's store.

Dorothy Seff '28 is working for the Vermont Publicity Association.

Anna Considine '28 and Rita Bishop '28 are taking Post Graduate Courses at Rutland High School.

Doris Richards '26 is attending Simmons College.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Hodsdon, of Boston, Mass. Mr. Hodsdon is a graduate in the class of 1919.

Robert Sullivan '27 is attending the Lewis Hotel Training School at Washington, D. C.

John Russell '28 is employed by the Noyes Construction Co.

John Quigley '28 is at Dean Academy.

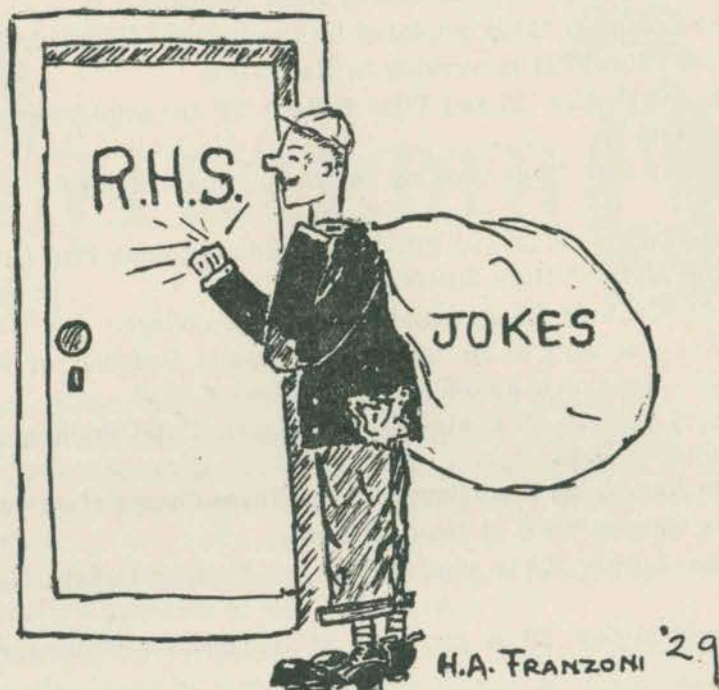
Helen Jasmin '28 is employed at the Rutland County National Bank.

Harold Mielely '28 is employed at Shangraw's Pharmacy, this city.

The following was received from Clarkson College recently:

"At a recent meeting of the Sophomore Class of Clarkson College of Technology, Edward J. Crowley of 87 Brown Street, Rutland, Vt., was elected Class Treasurer. Mr. Crowley graduated from Rutland High School in 1926 and entered Clarkson the fall of 1927.

Last year he played inter-fraternity hockey and this fall was prominent in the inter-class "Rushes". Mr. Crowley is registered in the Mechanical Engineering Department of the College and is a member of Lambda Iota Fraternity. His election is significant of his popularity on the Campus.



Babe Ridlon: "So you let Harold kiss you last night."
 Mary Geno: "How did you know?"
 Babe: "He asked me this morning if I would forgive him."

Johnny Keefe: "Pa, in politics is it dishonest to buy votes?"
 Papa Keefe: "Yes, my son, if you don't pay for them."

Dick Stevens: "What are you going around in?"
 Golfer Pond: "Oh! just a sweater and an old pair of pants."

REVENGE

I hope the man who stole my watch
 Whoever stooped so low—
 Will miss more trains than I have missed
 Because the thing is slow.

Ernest Berry: "What does money say when it talks?"
 Normmy Mathews (speaking from personal experience): "Good-bye."

FAITH

I want to trust my fellow-men
 I like to think their morals sound
 And yet the column headed "Lost"
 Is thrice the size of that called "Found."

Vee Martin: "I suppose you're crazy to kiss me."
 Johnny Lear: "Yeah; I'd have to be."

THE FAMOUS FOUR

"Mr. Joly, who were the Four Horsemen?"
 "Sir, they were Paul Revere, Theodore Roosevelt, Jesse James
 and Barney Google."

A college man is something that can see a pretty ankle three
 blocks away while driving a motor car in a crowded city street, but
 will fail to notice, in the wide, open countryside, the approach of a
 locomotive the size of a school house and accompanied by a flock of
 fifty box cars.

"Just one more glass, boys, and then we'll all go home," said
 the dishwasher as he laid down the soap.

ALARMING

Mr. Phillips: "What made you oversleep this morning?"
 H. Allen: "There are eight of us in the house, but the alarm was
 only set for seven."

W. Goodrich: "Hey, you're sitting on some of my jokes I've
 just written."
 "Bean" Goodrich: "I thought I felt something funny."

ALWAYS AN OBJECTION

Earle Taylor: "Do you like these talking pictures?"
 "Nick" Smith: "Now, they make it so hard for my girl friend
 to hear what I'm saying."

Mary Gilrain: "It must be after twelve o'clock. Father will be crazy!"
 Bob Stanley: "Fine! We'll send him to an asylum."

Miss Newton: "Almo, from where do we get pepper?"
 Franzoni: "From peppermints, I guess!"

Dot Provost: "Did you hear that Timmie Thompson got poisoned from eating chicken?"

Mary Geno: "Croquette?"

Dot: "Not yet! But he's pretty sick."

M. Flory: "Last night I was dreaming of the best looking boy?"

Perry: "And what was I doing?"

"I don't like that chap," said Vera Martin, as she applied the cold-cream.

Jack Brislin (holding up a book): "This book makes me think."

Mr. Ireland: "Yea, verily, it must be a book of magic."

Chapman: "What did you get on the exam?"

Jeff Rousseau: "Zero, but that's nothing for me."

Holly Whay: "What is the name of the selection the orchestra is playing?"

Bill Tarbell: "Go feather your nest."

Holly: "Go jump in the lake. I asked you a civil question."

Howard Cobb: "Give me a sentence with the word rhapsody in it."

"Vic" Bove: "I gave Mike a rhapsody boy would keep quiet."

Father: "My boy, think of the future."

V. Gage: "I can't. Today is my girl's birthday, and I've got to think of the present."

Tubby Tree: "She thinks I have a very bright mind."

G. Costello: "What makes you think so?"

Tubby: "She said I was light-headed."

Senior: "It must be wonderful to be a humorist. Tell me a funny story."

Frosh: "I'm pleased to meet you."

Mrs. Johnson: "I take great pleasure in giving you 81 in Math."

J. Kimen: "Oh, make it a hundred and enjoy yourself."

Modern Version: Little girls should be seen and not heard.

Famous last words: "I refuse to take the assignment."

Handley: "I've had this car for years and never had a wreck."

Flanders: "You mean you've had this wreck for years and never had a car."

G. Corpron: "Why do you always wash your knife and fork in the finger bowl when we come into a restaurant?"

W. Haskins: "Well, you wouldn't want to get egg in your pocket either."

V. Martin: "Know anything that will stop falling hair?"

M. Geno: "Yeah,—the floor."

Joe Carbine: "This match won't light!"

Jack Conway: "What's the matter?"

Joe: "Don't know! It lit all right a minute ago."

Izzy: "Billy grabbed me last night and said he was going to kiss me."

Yvonne: "I bet you were scared."

Izzy: "I was, I thought for a minute he was going to back out."

Collin Woodfall: "How's your new girl?"

Robert Stevens: "Not so good."

Collin Woodfall: "You always were lucky."

Carl Howard: "Could I get away with kissing you?"

Ruth Bucklin: "Try and get away without kissing me!"

Vesta Ridlon: "I'm a firm believer in the fact that a man's clothes should match his hair. A man with black hair should wear black clothes and a man with brown hair should wear brown clothes and so on."

Warren Goodrich: "But suppose a man is bald?"

Pete Taylor: "The first time you contradict me I'm going to kiss you."

Mary Stearns: "You are not!"

Betty Ashley: "Haven't I seen you somewhere?"

Grasshopper Cioffi: "No, I've never been anywhere."

Mrs. Spooner: "Your history paper is just like the student's who sat next to you!"

Lee Joly: "Well, they say history repeats itself."

Tubby: "Did you hear the one 'bout John Gilbert 'N Greta Garbo kissing?"

M. Tyrrell (innocently): "No."

T. Tree: "Well, you see it was this way—"

Mrs. Crowley: "What do you think of 'Il Penseroso'?"

Charley Dooley: "It's the best ten cent cigar on the market."

Antique Dealer: "Yes sir, this is the very handkerchief used by the father of William Penn."

Bernard Riter: "Ah, the original pen wiper."

TACT PLUS

Sanders: "Darling, I lay my fortune at your feet."

M. Joly: "But you have no fortune."

Sanders: "No, but what I have will look immense beside your dainty feet."

She calls her friend Pilgrim because he makes so much progress.

Inquisitive Friend: "I understand that your son is a finished saxophonist."

Mr. Mathews: "No, not yet. But the neighbors almost got him last night."

Miss Hackett: "Now James, tell me why we put a hyphen in bird cage."

Slattery: "It's for the bird to sit on."

Lovell: "I hear that you herd sheep."

John Quirk: "Yeh, that's what I herd."

Trinci: "Why did Conant have a profile picture taken for graduation."

Vargas: "He was too lazy to shave the other side of his face."

Dog Catcher: "Has your dog got a license?"

"Clayt" Maurice: "No, sir, but he's got calluses."

Mr. Purdy: "What are you scratching your head for?"

Jimmy Scanlon: "I'm trying to get an inspiration."

Mr. P.: "That's a new name for them."

Mary Ellen: "And do you mean to tell me you laughed in the face of death?"

Joe Mangan: "Laugh? I thought I'd die."

Librarian: "Your name please?"

John Quirk: "Quirk, ma'am."

Librarian: "Your first name please?"

John (blushing): "Are you that interested?"

Miss Willis: "Gracious! You're soaked, is it raining?"

Alec Smart: "I didn't look."

Tubby Mintzer: "Can you sing soprano?"

Allen Hendee: "I dunno! How does the first verse start?"

Mr. Turk: (in Science): "Now is there any experiment you don't understand on page 20."

Dooly: "Yes Sir, the 10th, on page 64."

Ralph Seeley: "Do you drink coffee?"

Art Dick: "Sure, did ya think I chewed it."

R. Keyes: "Say Charlie, you didn't know that I was an electrician. I missed my calling."

Charles Tuttle: "How's that?"

Keyes: "Why last night, over at the girl friend's house the electric light fuse burned out. Guess who fixed it? Me—I—myself."

Charlie: "Huh! You're no electrician—you're an idiot."

Officer: "You are arrested for speeding."

Elmer Lamphron: "Go on. Don't that sign say, 'Fine for speeding'."

COMPLIMENTS OF

Lincoln Iron Works

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Aurelio Bove was reciting his English one day and his teacher asked him to give a sentence containing the words, "defense" and "detail."

The answer:

"When a cat jumps over defence, defeat goes over in front of detail."

Miss Billings: "What is the opposite of Practice?"

R. Sussman: "Preach."

Buddy Connors: "When you sleep, your brow reminds me of a story."

Dave Temple: "What story. Sleeping Beauty?"

Buddy: "No! Sleepy Hollow!"

Exam Question: "Give, for any one year the total cotton output of the United States."

Answer: 1491—None.

Cop: "Say, you, get that car out of here."

Red Holden: "We're just necking, officer."

Cop: "Oh, pardon me. I thought you'd parked next that fire plug by accident."

BOTH UNCERTAIN

W. Pouquette: "Was it you I kissed in the library last night!"

B. Butterfield: "About what time?"

"I heard today that your son was an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a physician."

"Not at all; you misunderstood me. I said he followed the medical profession."

GOING BACK

She: "This dining room table goes back to Louis XIV."

He: "That's nothing. My whole sitting room set goes back to the installment house on the 15th."

"Tib" Riberdy: "Why is a sewing machine like a kiss?"

Peter Altrue: "I don't see the connection."

"Tib" Riberdy: "One sews seams nice and the other seams so nice."

Freshman (to girl walking down street): "May I come too?"

Ruth Pinchin: "You'll never come to, unconscious!"

RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

Troy, New York

A School of Engineering and Science

The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was established at Troy, New York, in 1824, and is the oldest school of engineering and science in the United States. Students have come to it from all of the states and territories of the Union and from thirty-nine foreign countries. At the present time, there are 1400 students enrolled at the school.

Four year courses leading to degrees are offered, in Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Chemical Engineering, and in Business Administration, Physics, Chemistry, and Biology. Graduates of the engineering courses are prepared to take up work in any branch of engineering. Graduates of the course in Business Administration are prepared for careers in business or for the study of law. Graduates of the courses in Physics and Chemistry are fitted for research and teaching in these fields, as well as for practice in many branches of applied science. The course in Biology prepares for research and teaching, for work in sanitary engineering and public health, and for the study of medicine and dentistry.

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Pa: "Now can you give me any reason that I shouldn't spank you?"
 Caroline Woodfin: "Yes, the doctor said that you shouldn't take any violent exercise."

Aggie Lehr: "Walking to the dance?"
 Mary Bruzza: "Almost."
 Aggie: "Why almost?"
 Mary: "Well, I'm supposed to go in that collegiate Ford of Holly's."

Kind old lady: "My child, don't your legs get cold in those thin silk stockings?"
 Izzy Kirk: "Yes, but you can't pull the wool over men's eyes."

Bud Mattison: "Why do you always hold my hands when I start to tell you how much I think of you?"
 Joyce Plunkett: "To make sure you haven't got your fingers crossed."

Harry Holland: "Why are you scratching yourself so much?"
 Harold Saunders: "Oh, I went to a flea circus, and I think that I must have eloped with the leading lady."

Freshman: "I hear you made the football team."
 "Ham" Crowley: "Oh, the other boys helped a little."

Mary Stearns: "My brother threw a cake at me. One that I made myself, too!"
 Lorraine R.: "The Brute! He might have killed you."

Keefe: "I can tell a chicken's age by the teeth."
 Albie Holland: "Chickens don't have teeth."
 Keefe: "No, but I have."

Old Lady: "Doesn't that boy swear terribly?"
 Dudy Morse: "Yes'm he sure does. He don't put no expression in it at all."

Forcier: "I scored the winning basket last night."
 Y. Thompson: "Why how lovely. I didn't know you played basket ball."
 Forcier: "I don't, I run the scoreboard."

Tubby Tree: "Doesn't riding horseback give you a headache?"
 Johnny Keefe: "No, on the contrary."

Lib Sherman: "Say! Pop will you buy me a pair of pumps? I'm going to the fireman's ball."

Miss D. Newton: "I'm tempted to give a test."
 Ernest Berry: "Yield not to temptation."

Johnny Keefe: "If you stand facing the North what will you have in your left hand?"
 Louie Nicklaw: "Fingers."

T. Porter: "If I put my hand in your pocket and took out a dollar, what would I be?"
 Frankie Perry: "A magician."

Mr. Purdy: "Why did Paul Revere ride through Lexington?"
 Levins: "To wake up the people."
 Mr. P.: "Why did he want to awaken them?"
 Teid: "Because they were asleep."

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